

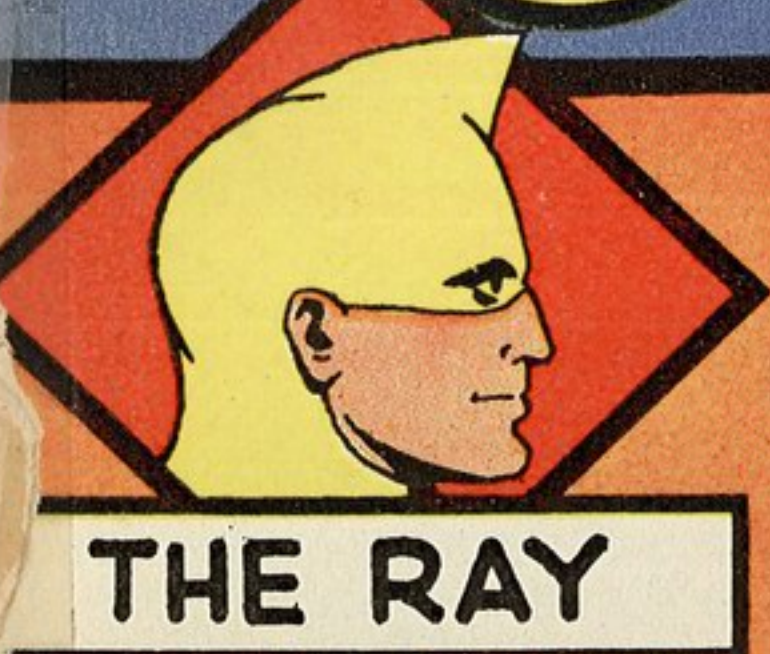
SEPTEMBER

No. 26

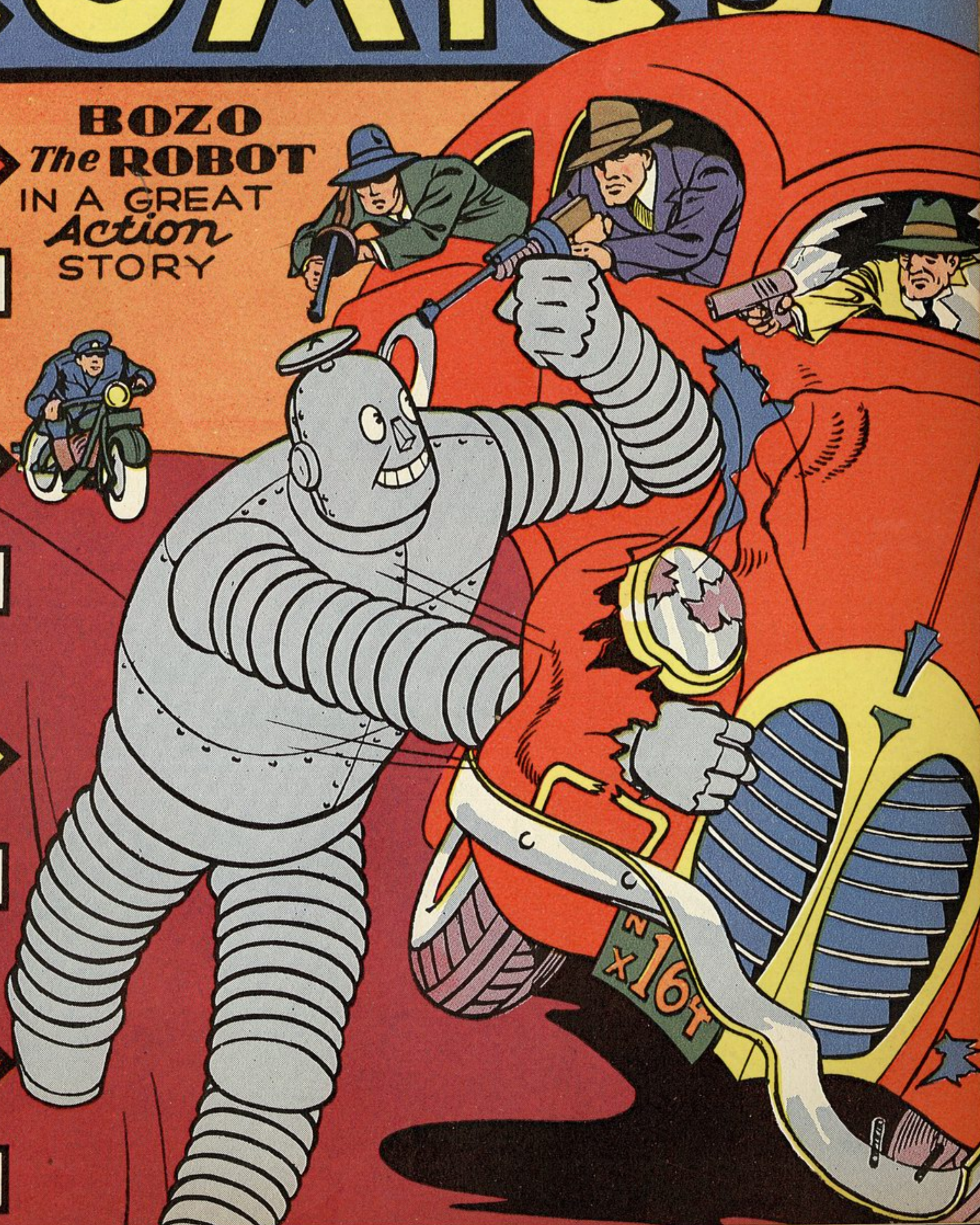
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SECRET WAR NEWS

SECRET WAR NEWS

SCHOOL CHILDREN DEFEAT HITLER

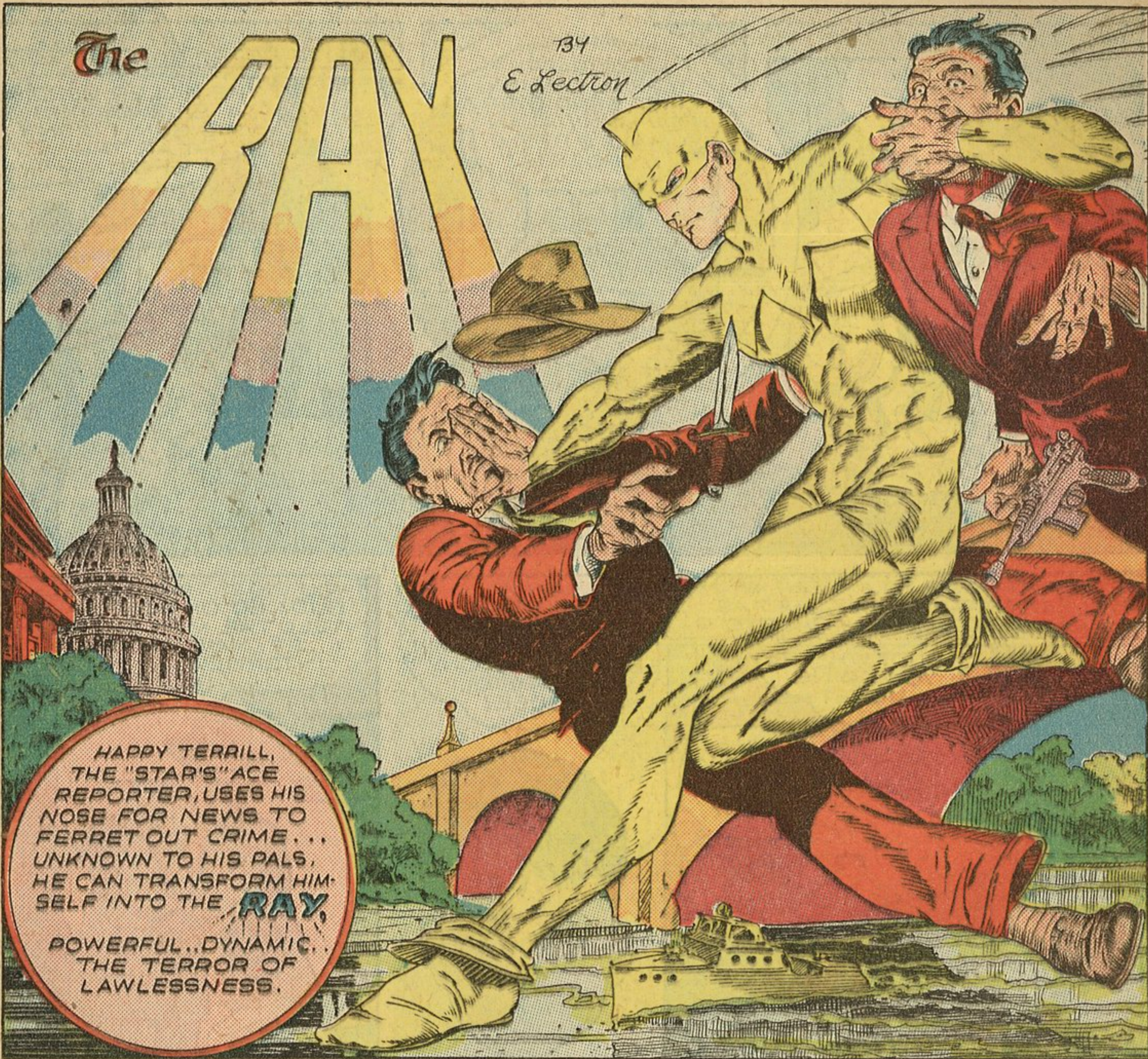
A COMIC
NEWSPAPER

The

BY
E. LECTON

RAY

HAPPY TERRILL,
THE "STAR'S" ACE
REPORTER, USES HIS
NOSE FOR NEWS TO
FERRET OUT CRIME...
UNKNOWN TO HIS PALS,
HE CAN TRANSFORM HIM-
SELF INTO THE **RAY**.
POWERFUL.. DYNAMIC..
THE TERROR OF
LAWLESSNESS.

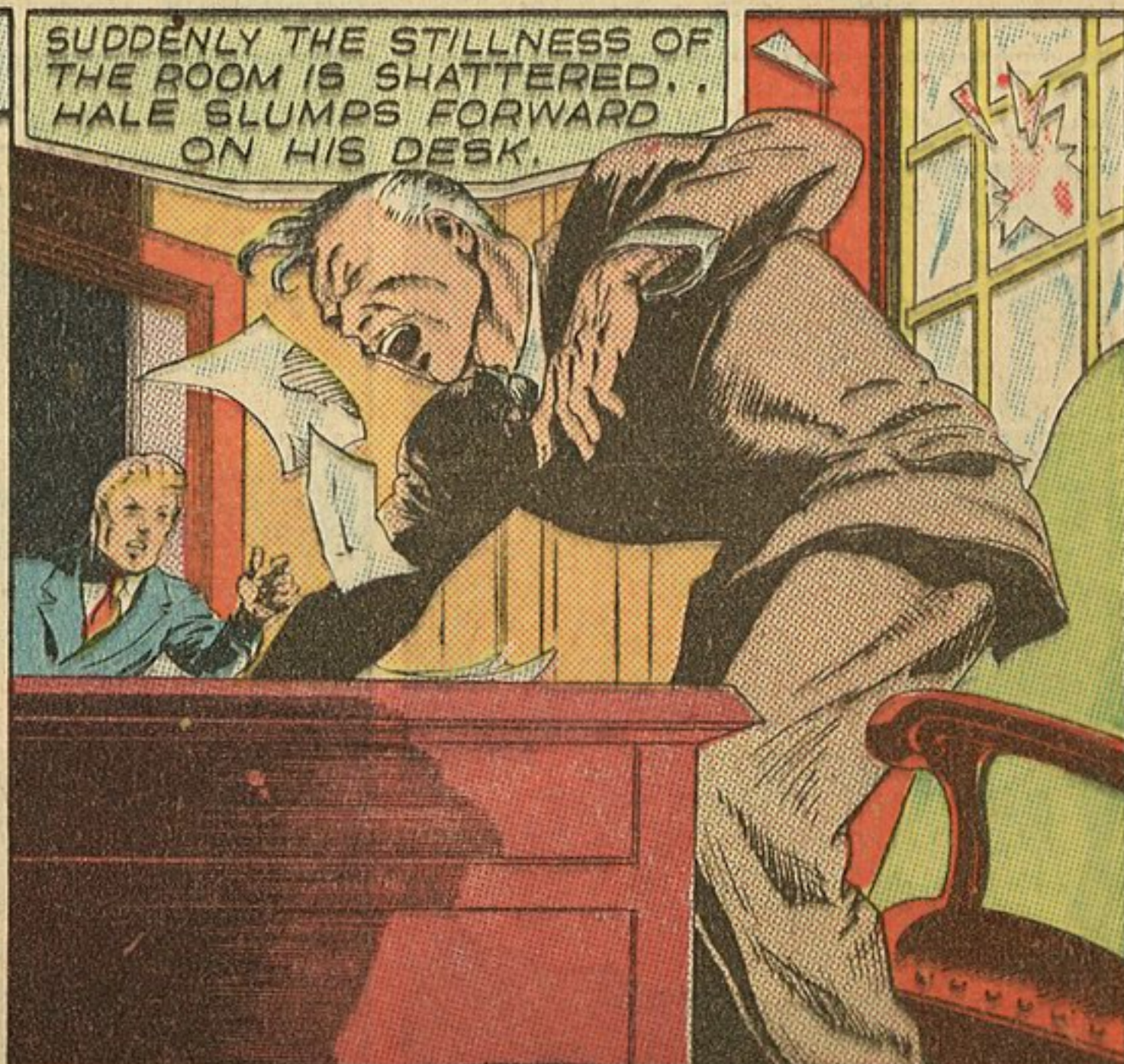


HAPPY IS IN WASHINGTON INTERVIEWING ALAN HALE, CHIEF OF THE ALLIED PURCHASING MISSION.

YOU MAY RELEASE THIS
TO YOUR PAPER, "FIVE
AMERICAN SHIPS CARRYING
MEDICAL SUPPLIES TO
OUR SISTER DEMOCRACY
ARE SCHEDULED TO
SAIL VERY
SOON."



SUDDENLY THE STILLNESS OF
THE ROOM IS SHATTERED..
HALE SLUMPS FORWARD
ON HIS DESK.



HAPPY LEAPS TO AID HALE.

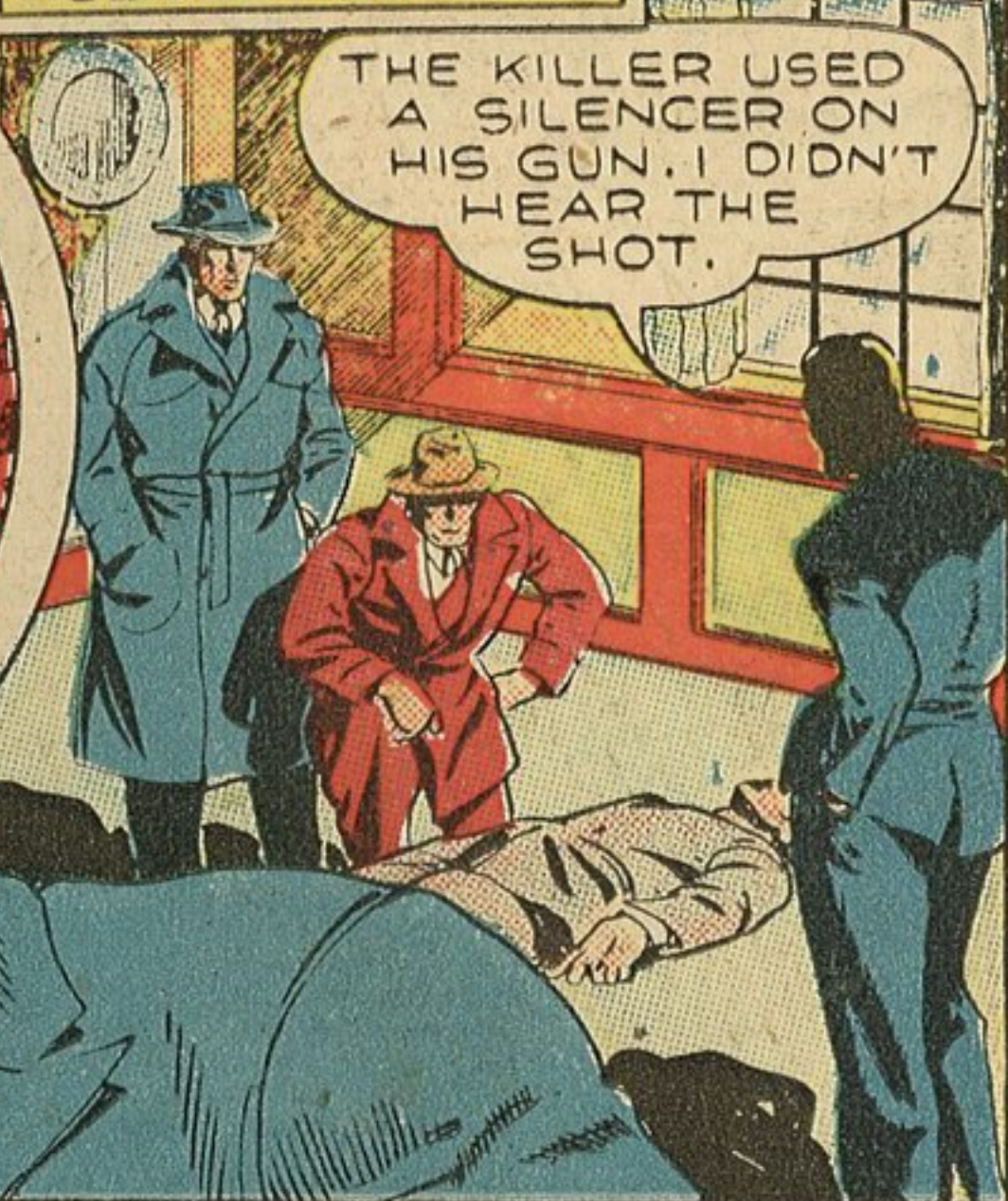


DEAD! THIS IS A CASE FOR THE SECRET SERVICE!

HELLO, HAPPY TERRILL CALLING, CHIEF. SEND OVER A FEW MEN! ALAN HALE'S BEEN MURDERED!

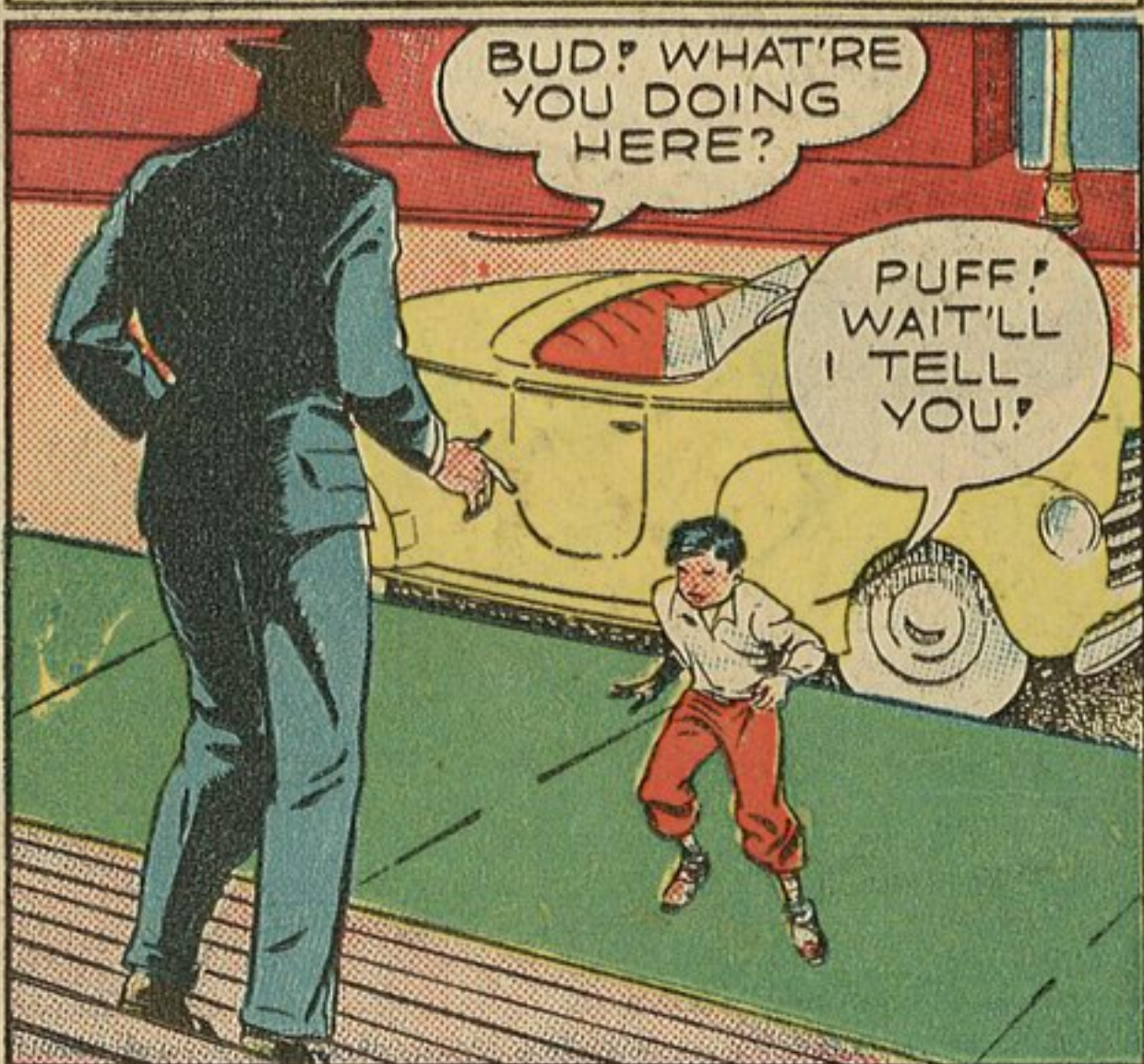


SOON TWO SECRET SERVICE AGENTS REPORT.



THE KILLER USED A SILENCER ON HIS GUN. I DIDN'T HEAR THE SHOT.

AFTER PROMISING TO APPEAR AT THE INQUEST, HAPPY LEAVES, JUST AS HIS PAL BUD DASHES UP THE STEPS.



BUD! WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?

PUFF! WAIT'LL I TELL YOU!

I SAW A FLASH THAT LOOKED LIKE RIFLE FIRE COMIN' FROM A BALCONY ON BRISTOL HOUSE!



YOU DID?? THAT'S SWELL, BUD! GO ON INSIDE AND TELL THE MEN THERE. I... ER... HAVE ANOTHER INTERVIEW TO WRITE UP.

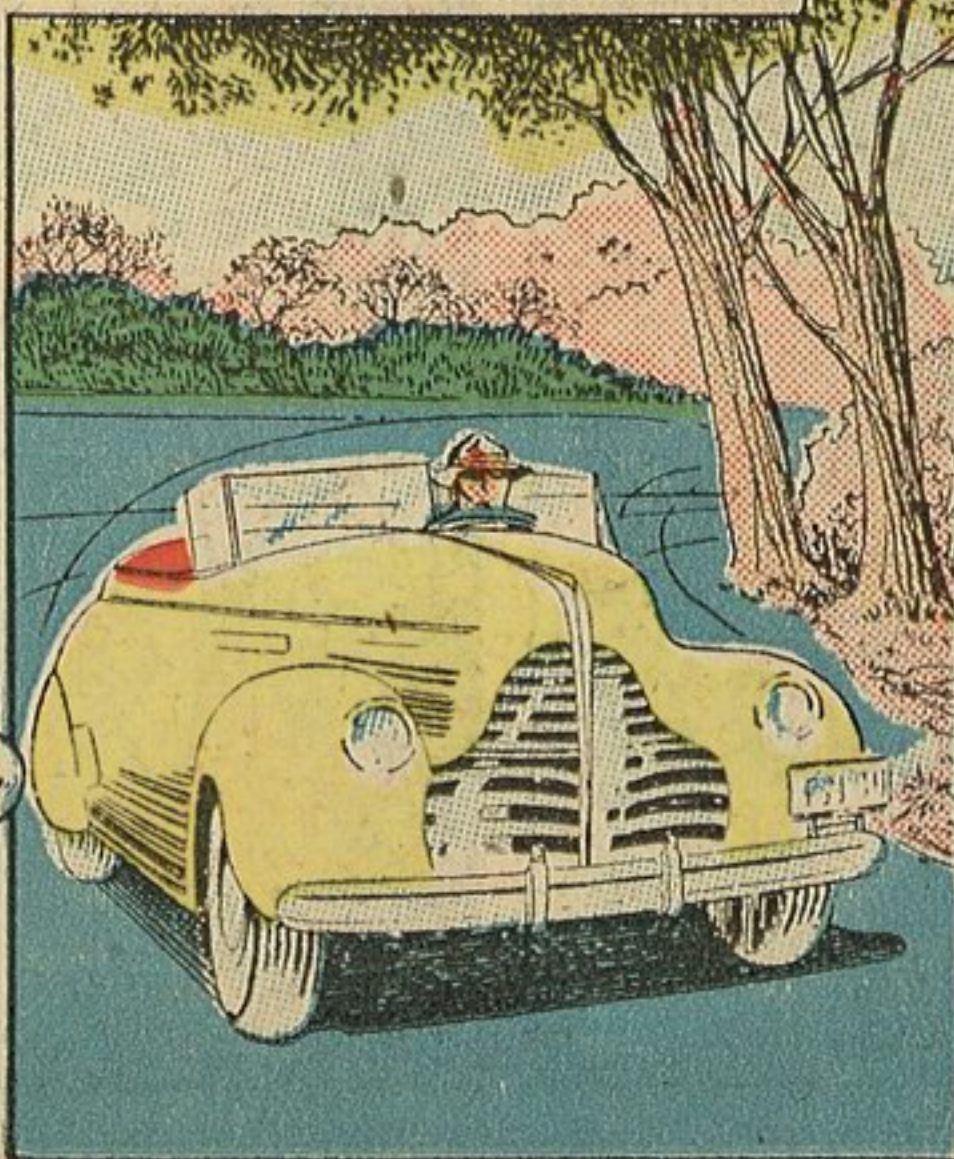


TERRILL CALLS HIS PAPER AND REPORTS THE NEWS.



I HATE TO DITCH BUD LIKE THAT, BUT METHINKS THIS "INTERVIEW" WITH MURDER IS TOO DANGEROUS FOR HIM...

HE ROARS THROUGH THE PARK TOWARD BRISTOL HOUSE, A LUXURIOUS APARTMENT HOTEL.

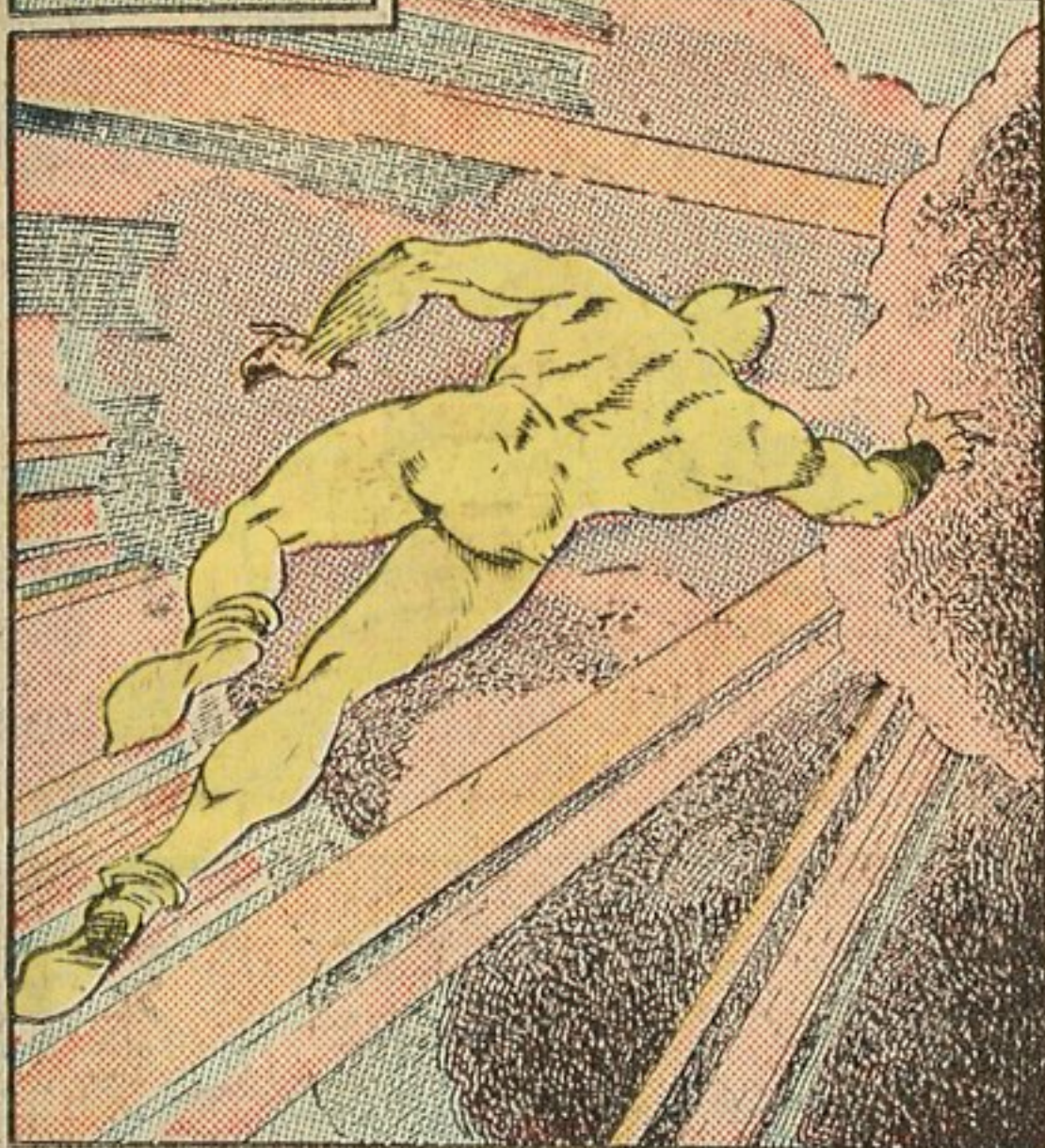


THEN HE STOPS ON A QUIET PARK ROAD.

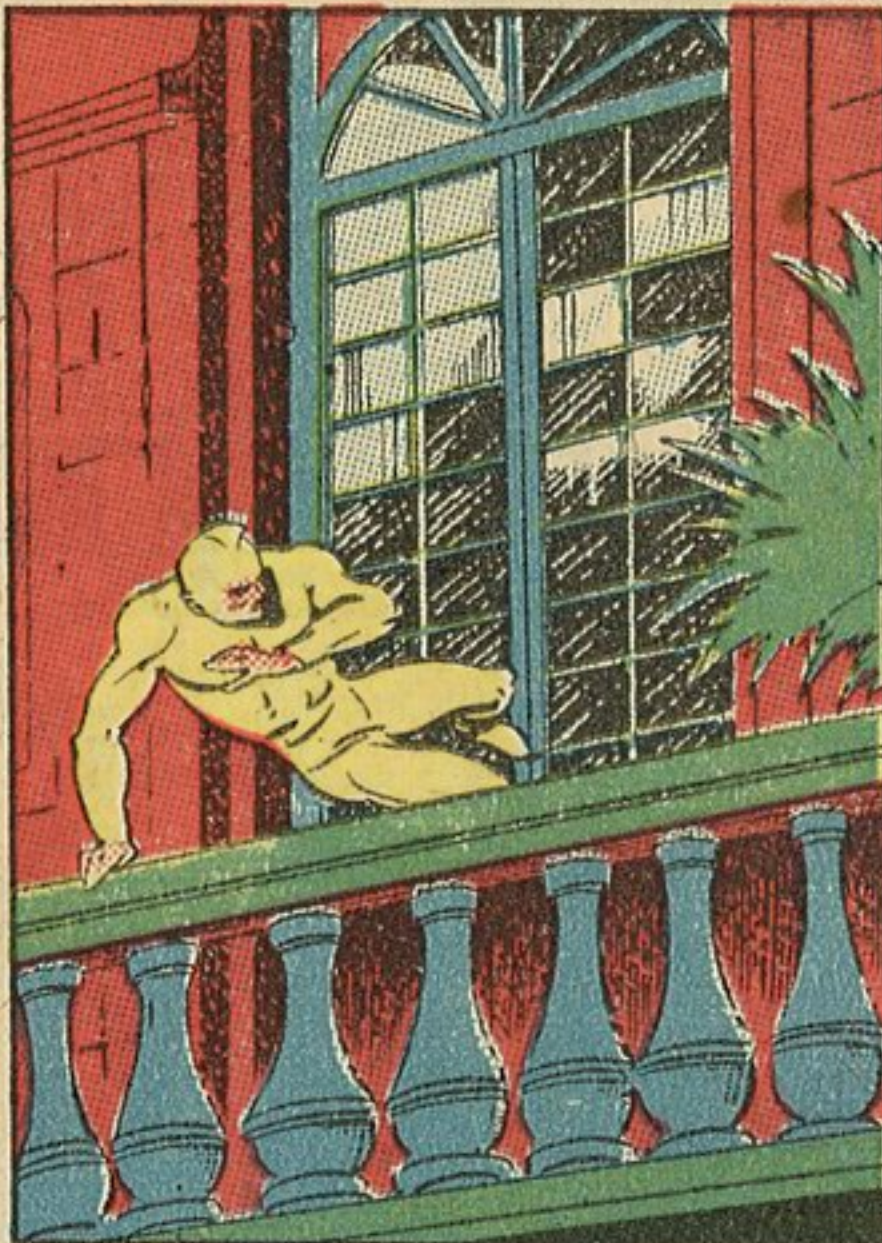


THIS IS A JOB FOR THE RAY!

SECONDS LATER A GOLDEN FIGURE STREAKS ALONG A GLITTERING SUNBEAM.



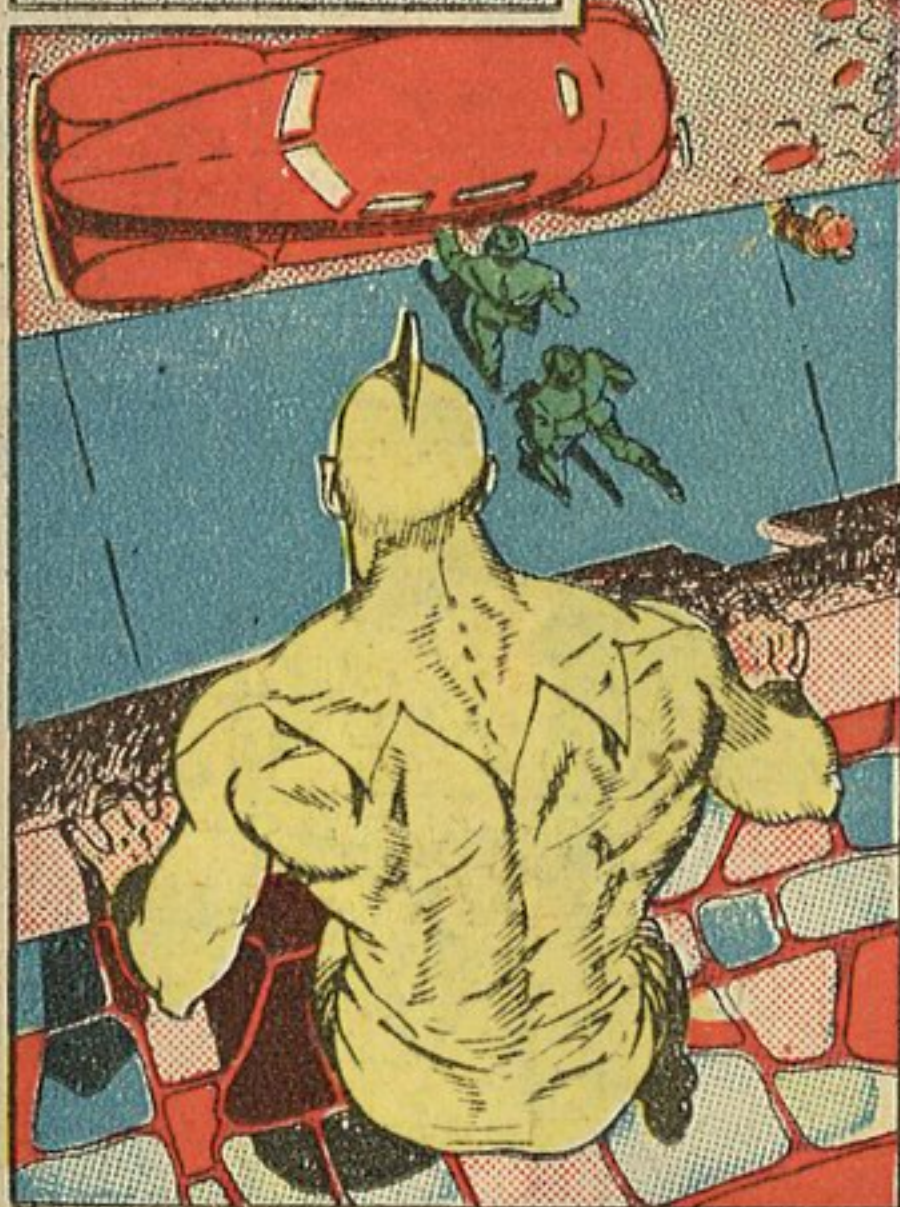
AND LANDS AT THE END OF THE BEAM ON A BALCONY.



HERE IT IS! THIS RIFLE CARTRIDGE WAS JUST FIRED FROM THE MURDER GUN, I'LL BET!



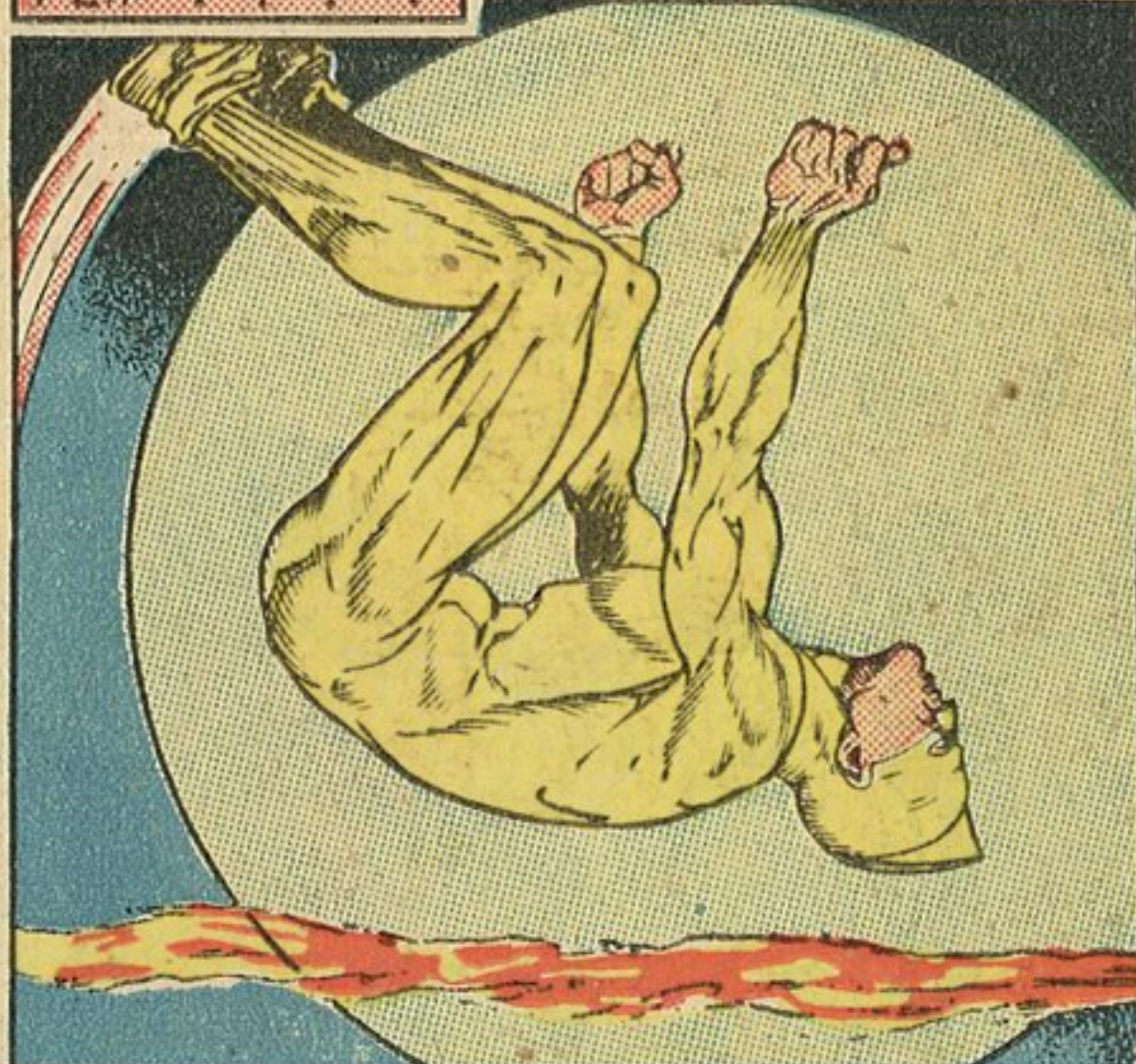
BELOW, MEN ARE RACING TO A PARKED CAR.



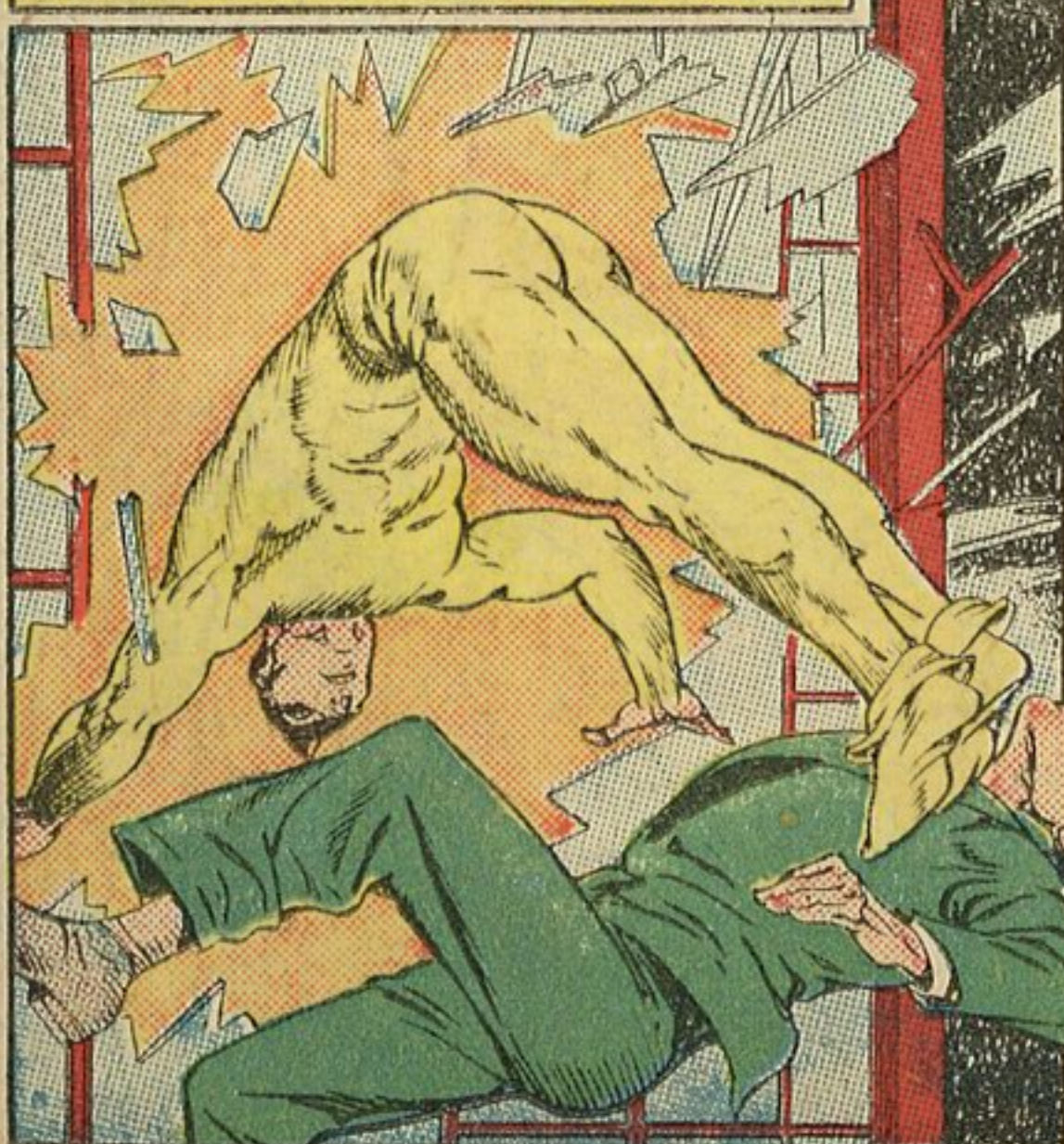
I WONDER IF THEY...? HEY!



A BLAST OF FLAME SPURTS FROM THE FRENCH WINDOW BEHIND HIM. NIMBLY, HE EXECUTES A BACK FLIP.



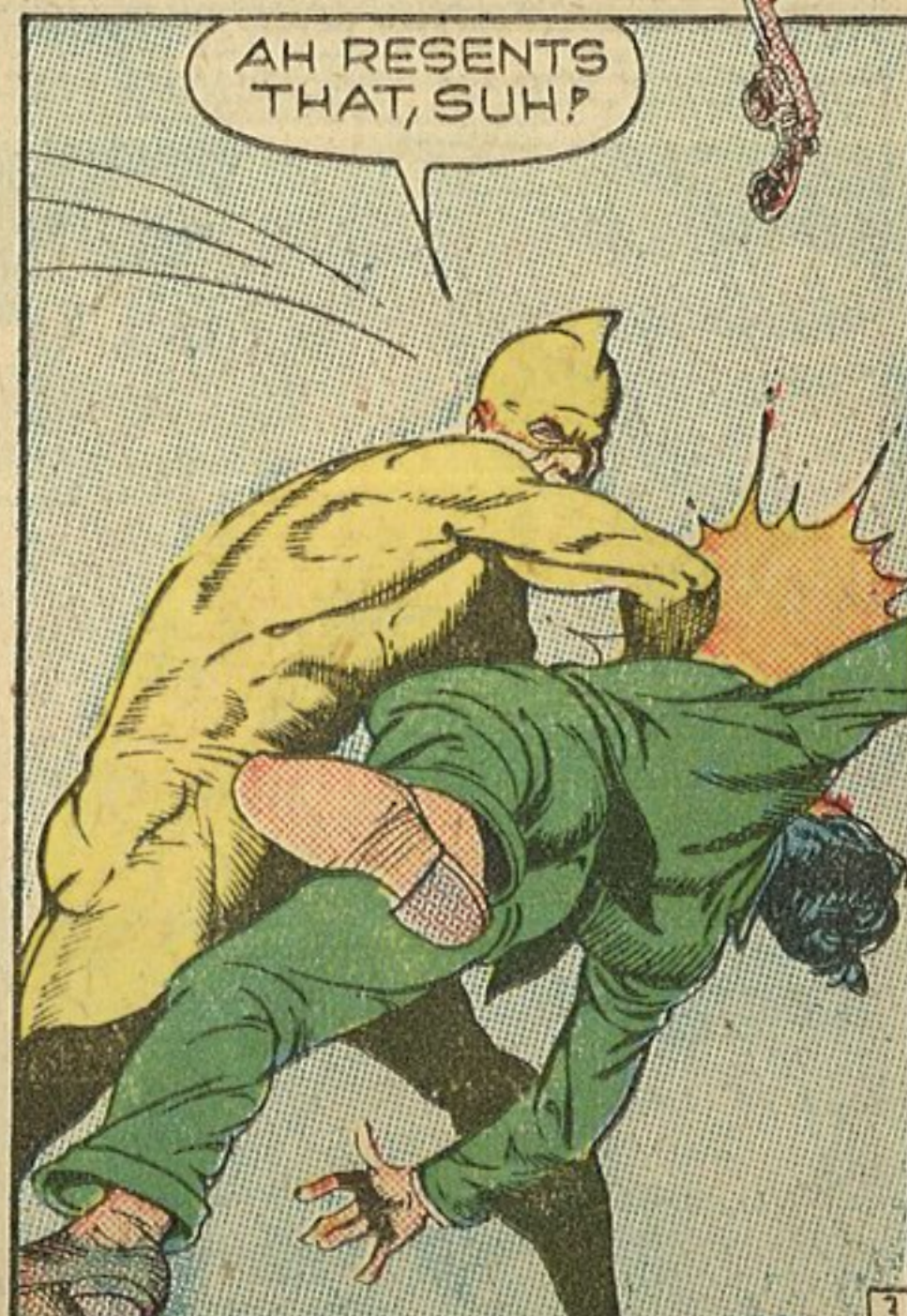
AND FLIES FEET FIRST THROUGH THE GLASS INTO THE WIELDER OF THE FLAME-THROWER.



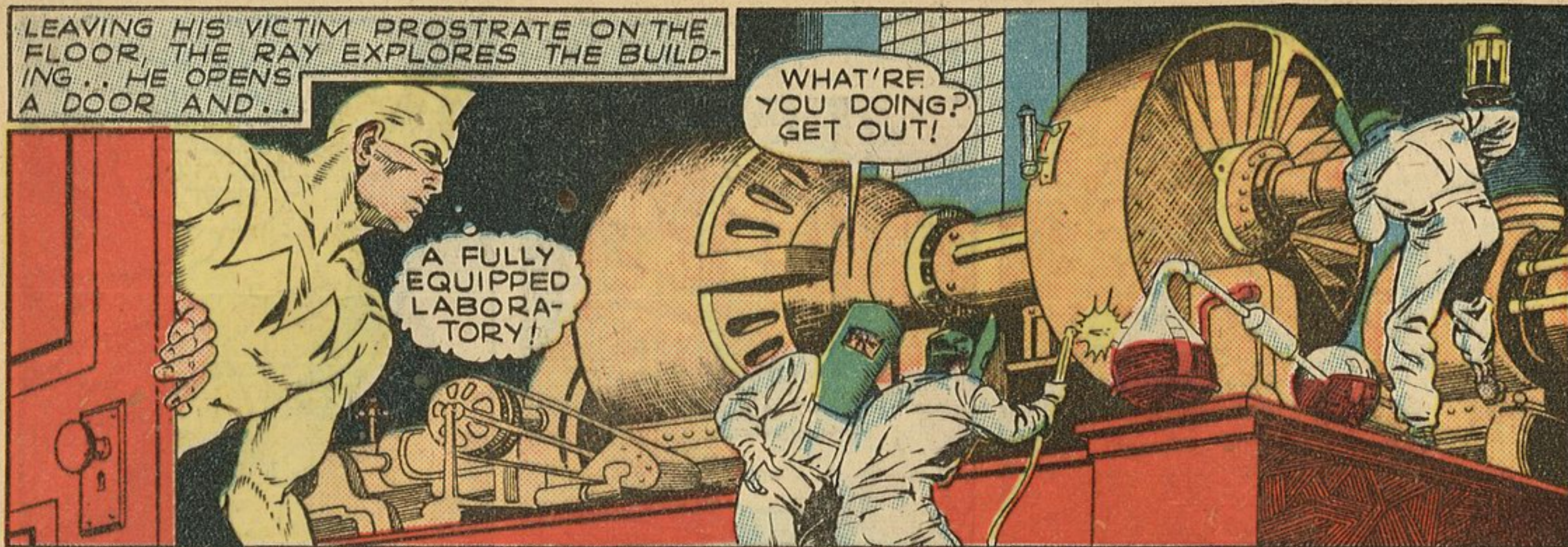
YOU PIG! I KILL YOU!



AH RESENTS THAT, SUH?



LEAVING HIS VICTIM PROSTRATE ON THE FLOOR, THE RAY EXPLORES THE BUILDING... HE OPENS A DOOR AND...



A FULLY EQUIPPED LABORATORY!

WHAT'RE YOU DOING? GET OUT!

HELMETED, ASBESTOS COVERED MEN CHALLENGE HIM...



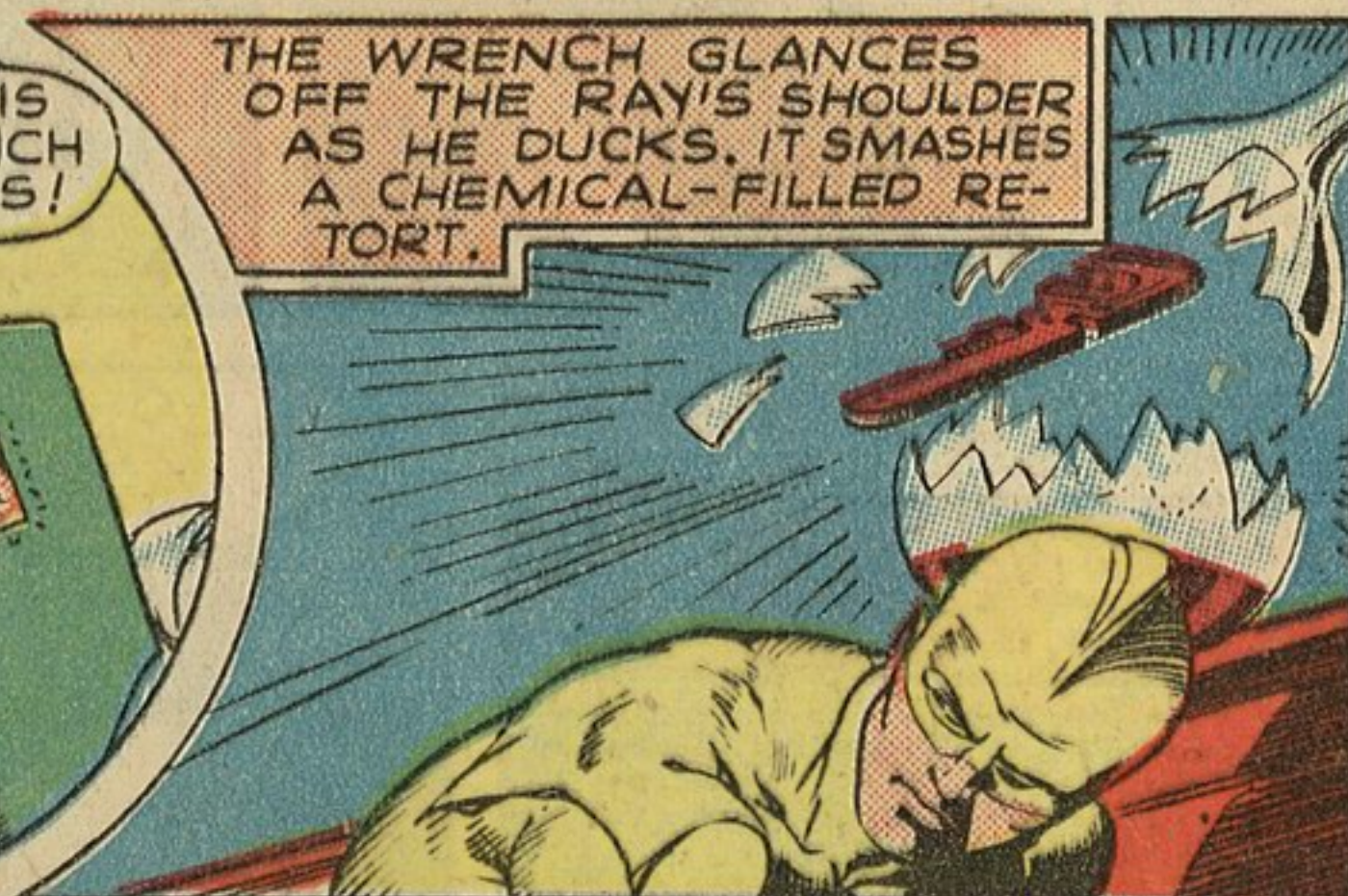
GET OUT OR..

NOT UNTIL WE'VE SETTLED A LITTLE BUSINESS MATTER!

OH YEAH? WELL, MAKE THIS MONKEY WRENCH YOUR BUSINESS!



THE WRENCH GLANCES OFF THE RAY'S SHOULDER AS HE DUCKS. IT SMASHES A CHEMICAL-FILLED RETORT.

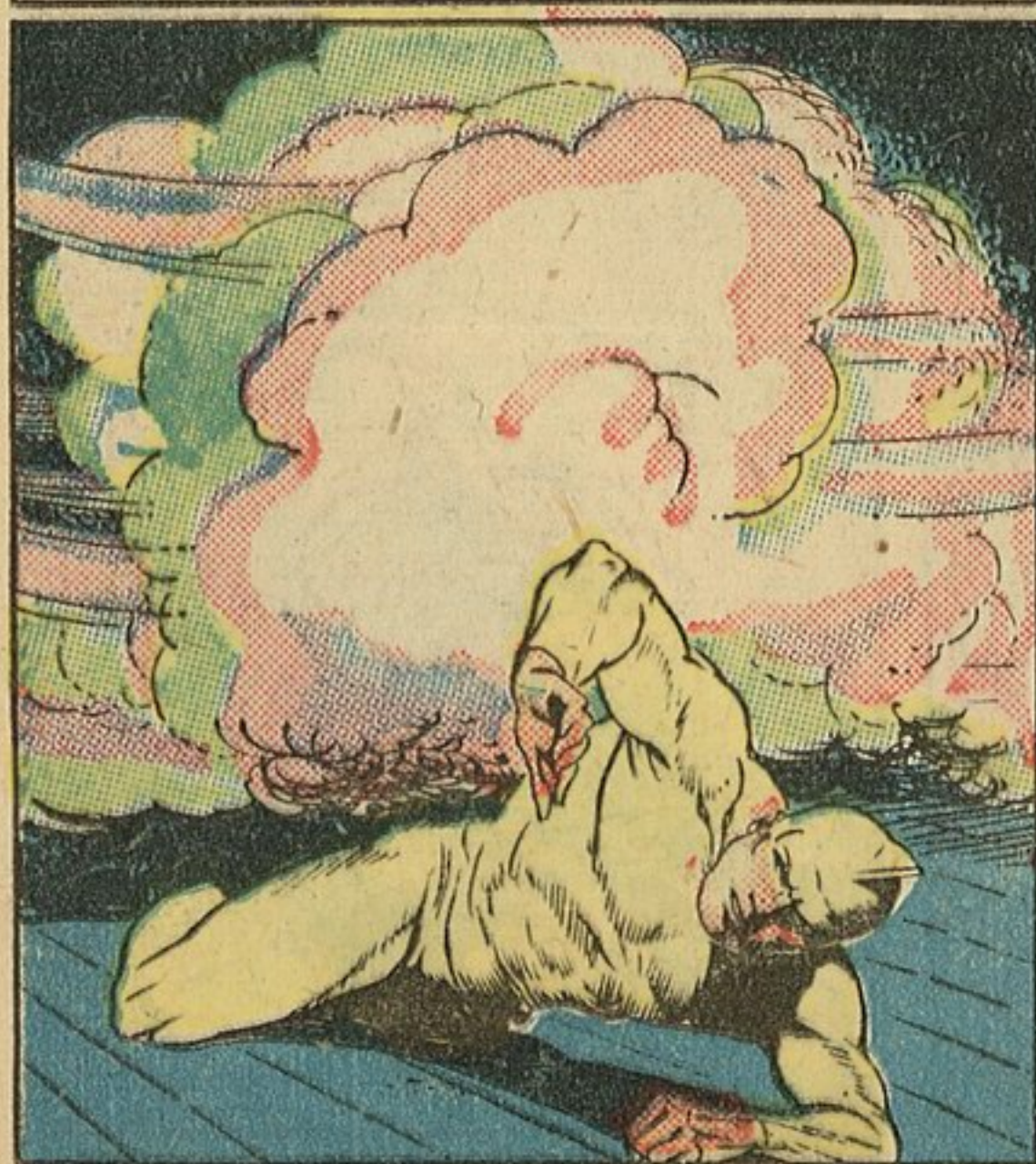


WHEN THE AIR CLEARS THE LABORATORY WORKERS LIE SPRAWLED ON THE FLOOR.



DEAD! SMOTHERED BY THEIR HELMETS... BUT THEY DESERVED THIS FATE FOR MAKING POISON GASES HERE... HM! THERE'S THE PHONE. MAYBE IT'S THE BOSS OF THIS SPY RING!

THE RETORT EXPLODES, RELEASING CLOUDS OF CHOKING GAS.





HELLO, CHIEF? YES,
THIS IS WILHELM.
WHAT TIME? OKAY.
I'LL BE THERE!



EVIDENTLY THE CHIEF
WANTS THE GANG TO
MEET HIM AT RIVER
STREET HIDEOUT..I'LL
BE THERE WITH BELLS
ON?

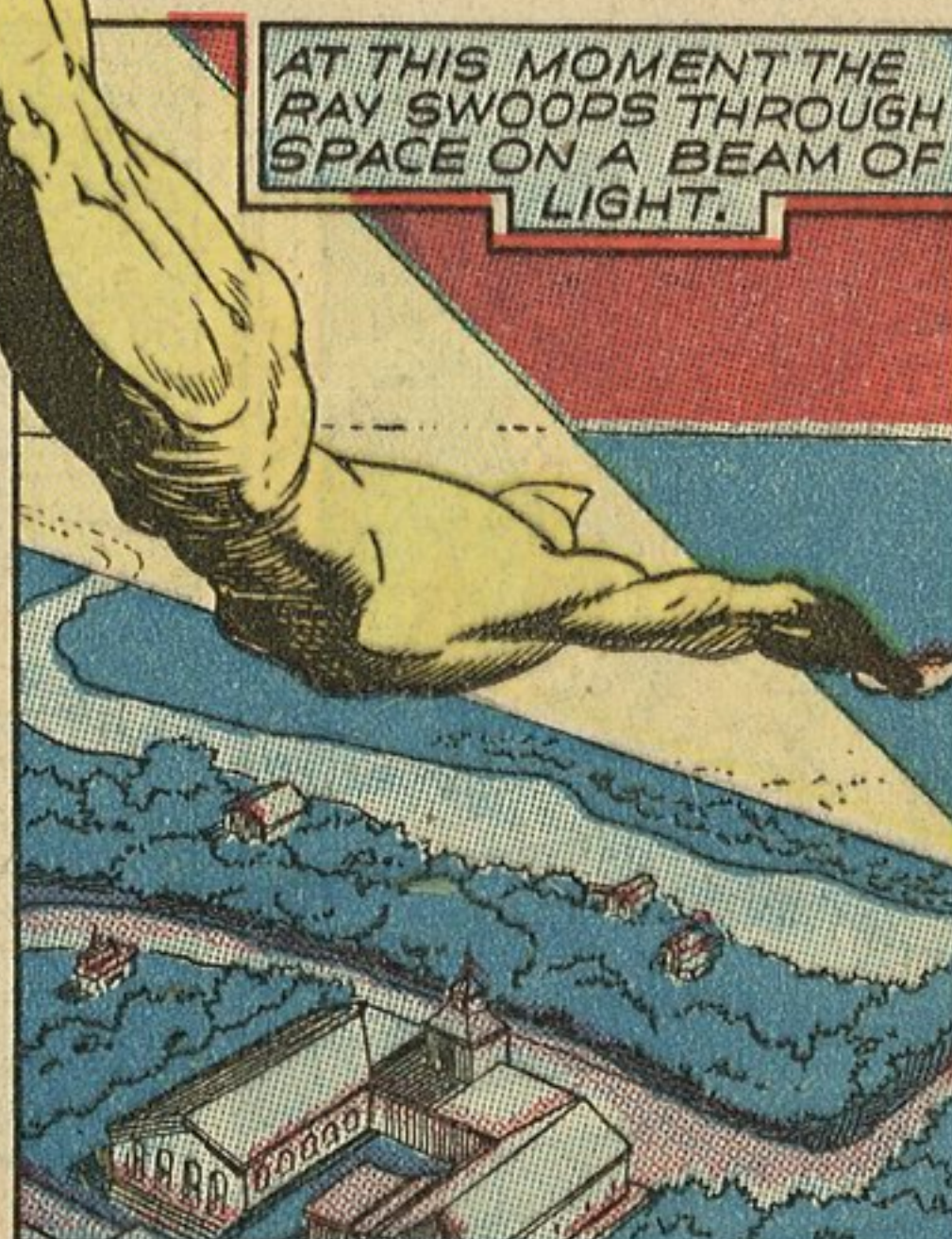


MEANWHILE AT RIVER STREET, THE RAY'S
FIRST VICTIM RUSHES IN.

HEY, BOSS! SOME GUY
WEARIN' A YELLER MONKEY
SUIT JUS' WRECKED OUR
LAB.. AN' MY FLAME-
THROWER DIDN'T
EVEN STOP HIM?



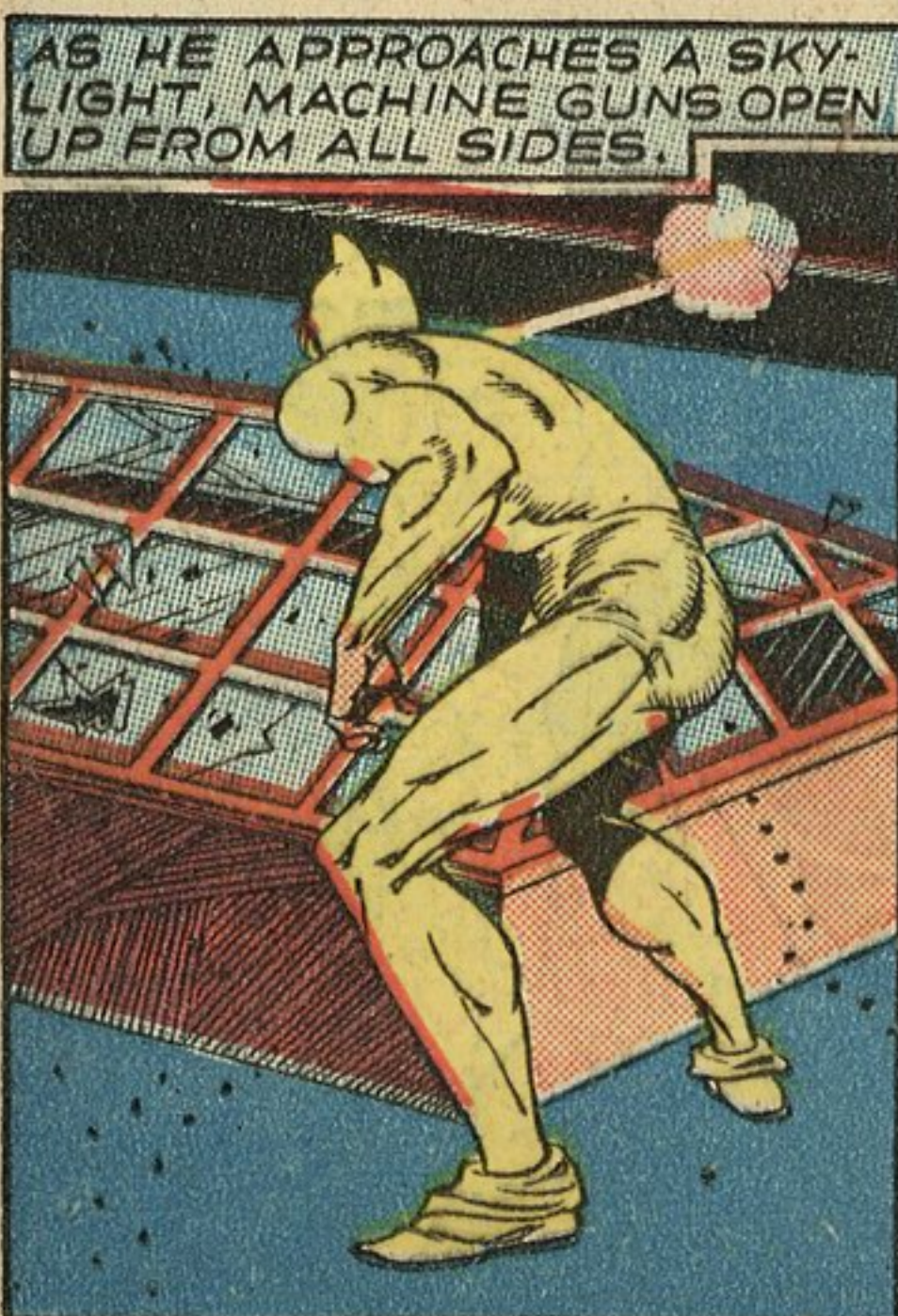
HE MUST BE THE
FOOL WHO ANSWERED
THE TELEPHONE. I
WAS SURE IT WASN'T
WILHELM'S VOICE.
WELL, WE'LL TRAP
HIM!



AT THIS MOMENT THE
RAY SWOOPS THROUGH
SPACE ON A BEAM OF
LIGHT.



HE DESCENDS RAPIDLY
TOWARD A FLAT-ROOFED
WAREHOUSE ON THE
NORFOLK WATERFRONT.



AS HE APPROACHES A SKY-
LIGHT, MACHINE GUNS OPEN
UP FROM ALL SIDES.



HE DIVES IN THROUGH
SHATTERED GLASS..



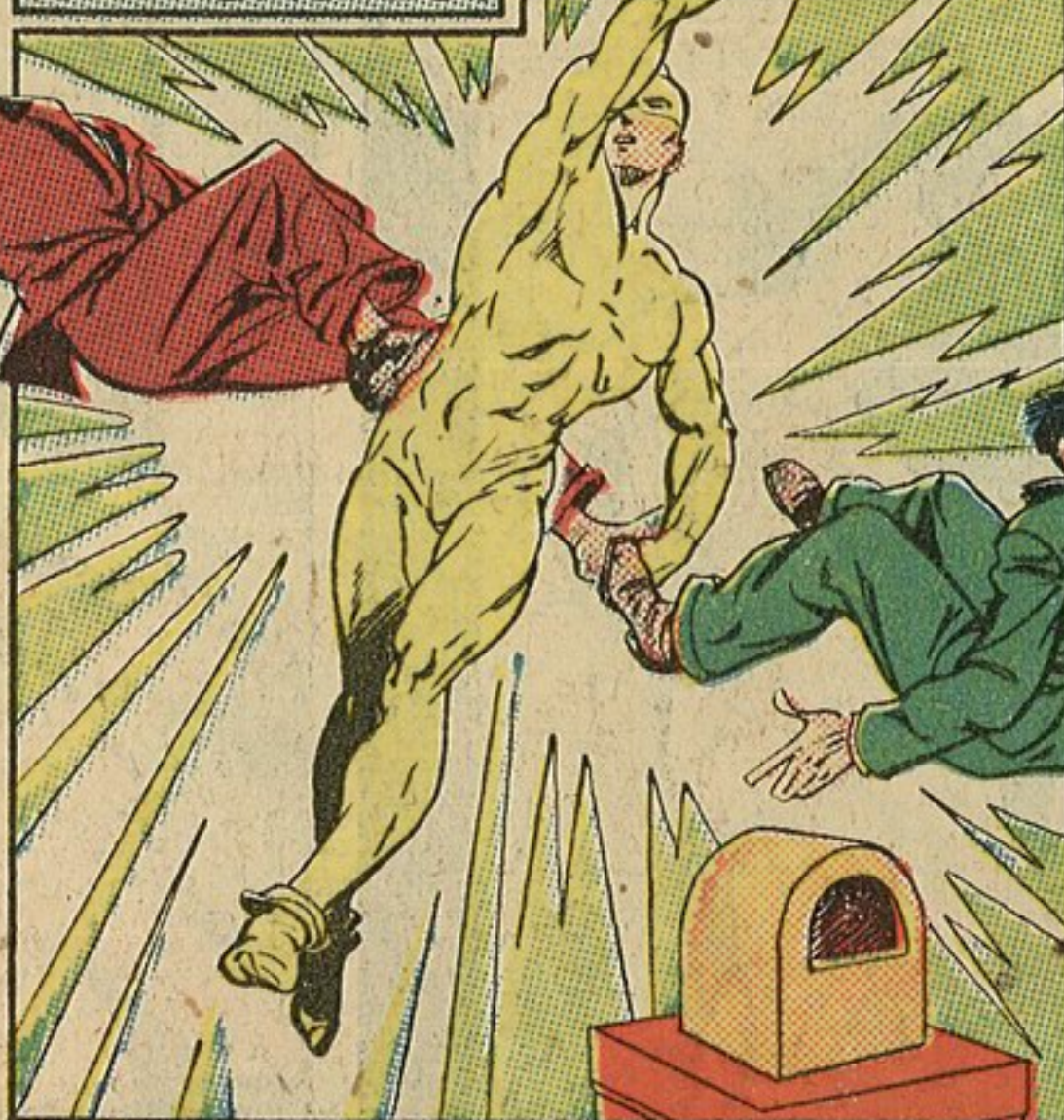
FROM ALL CORNERS OF THE ROOF
ARMED MEN DASH TO THE SKYLIGHT.

DON'T
LET HIM
GET
AWAY!

THEY CROWD ABOVE THE SKYLIGHT, READY TO RIDDLE THE RAY WITH DEATH-LADEN BULLETS.



SUDDENLY THE GOLDEN FIGURE EMERGES AGAIN, HIS FISTS SCATTERING A BLITZKRIEG OF PUNCHES.



WEAPONLESS, THE MEN TRY TO RESIST.



SLUGGING, GOUGING, BITING, KICKING, THE STRUGGLING MASS OF BODIES TEETERS AND FALLS OVER THE END OF THE ROOF. BUT THE RAY KEEPS HIS BALANCE.



A FEW MEN RETREAT THROUGH A HEAVY STEEL DOOR IN THE BUILDING WALL.



THE RAY SHOVES THE DOOR OPEN BEFORE THE LOCK CLICKS SHUT. HE IS IN AN EMPTY VAULTLIKE ROOM.



MEANWHILE ONE THUG TURNS A VALVE THAT WILL RELEASE DEADLY CYANIDE GAS INTO THE RAY'S PRISON.



THE RAY ISN'T DOWNED YET.

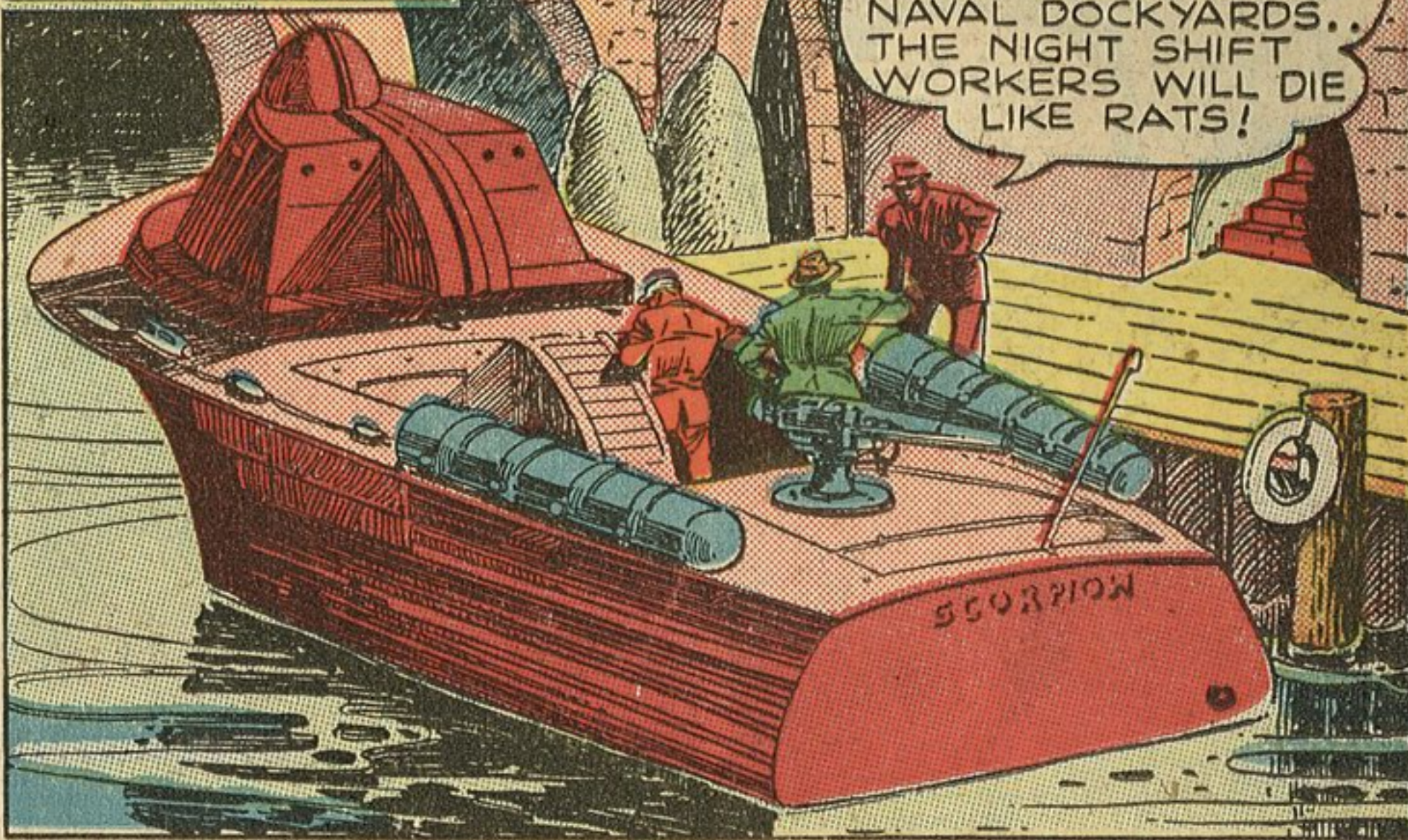


HEARING THE WALLS CRUMBLE, THE MEN FLEE TO AN UNDERGROUND WHARF.



THAT GUY AIN'T HUMAN! WE GOTTA SHOVE OFF QUICK!

THE BOSS OF THE RING ADDRESSES THEM AS THEY BOARD A SMALL ARMORED CABIN CRUISER.



MEN, MY PLAN IS TO RELEASE CYLINDERS OF HYDRO-CYANIDE GAS AROUND THE NAVAL DOCKYARDS. THE NIGHT SHIFT WORKERS WILL DIE LIKE RATS!

MEANWHILE BUD HAS LED THE SECRET SERVICE MEN TO BRISTOL HOUSE, WHERE HE HAD SEEN THE GUNFIRE..

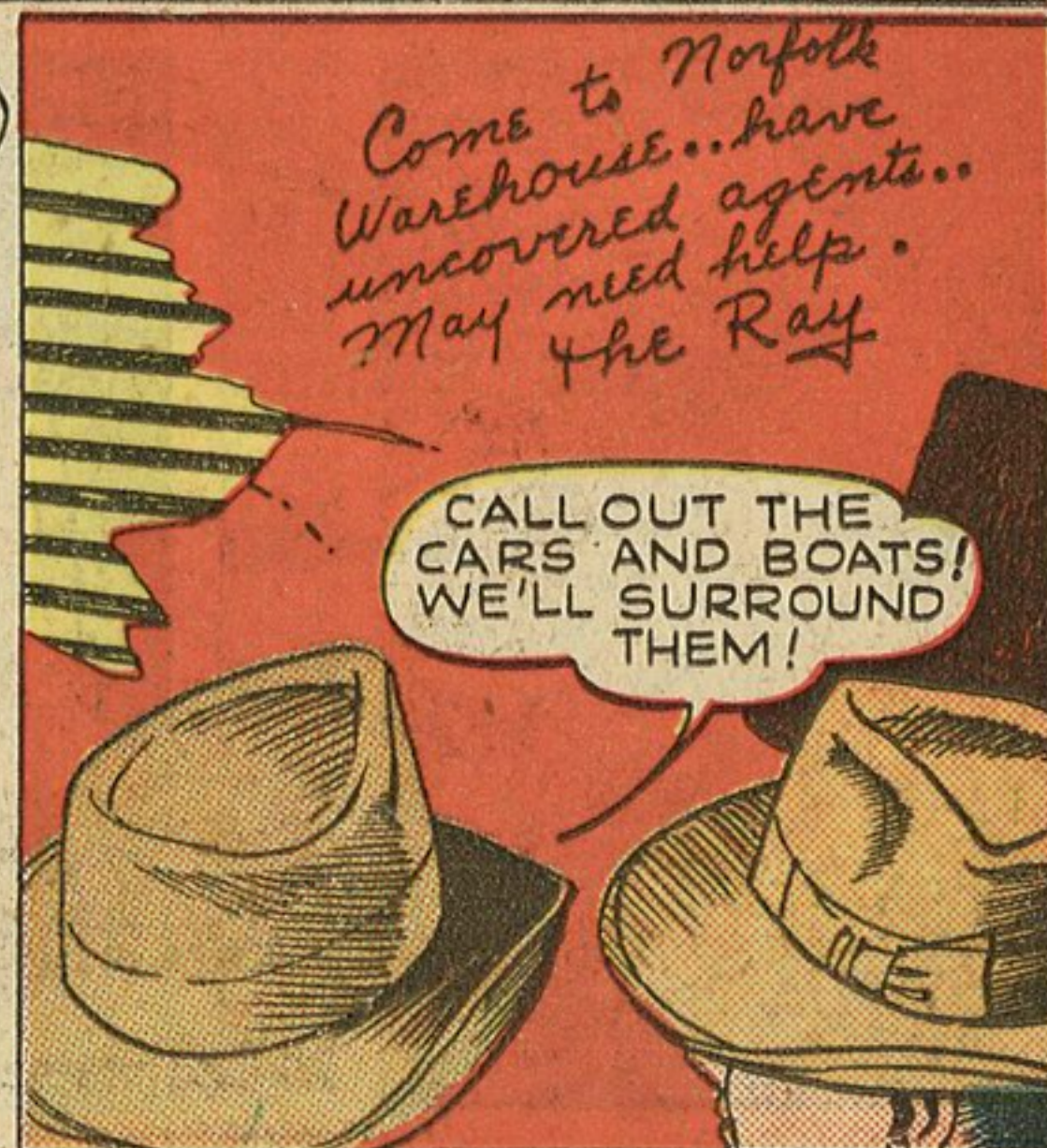


THIS PLACE IS A WRECK!! WALLS DOWN.. BODIES THROWN ALL OVER..

ONLY ONE PERSON COULD HAVE DONE THIS! THE RAY!



HEY, LOOK! HERE'S A MESSAGE ON THE WALL!



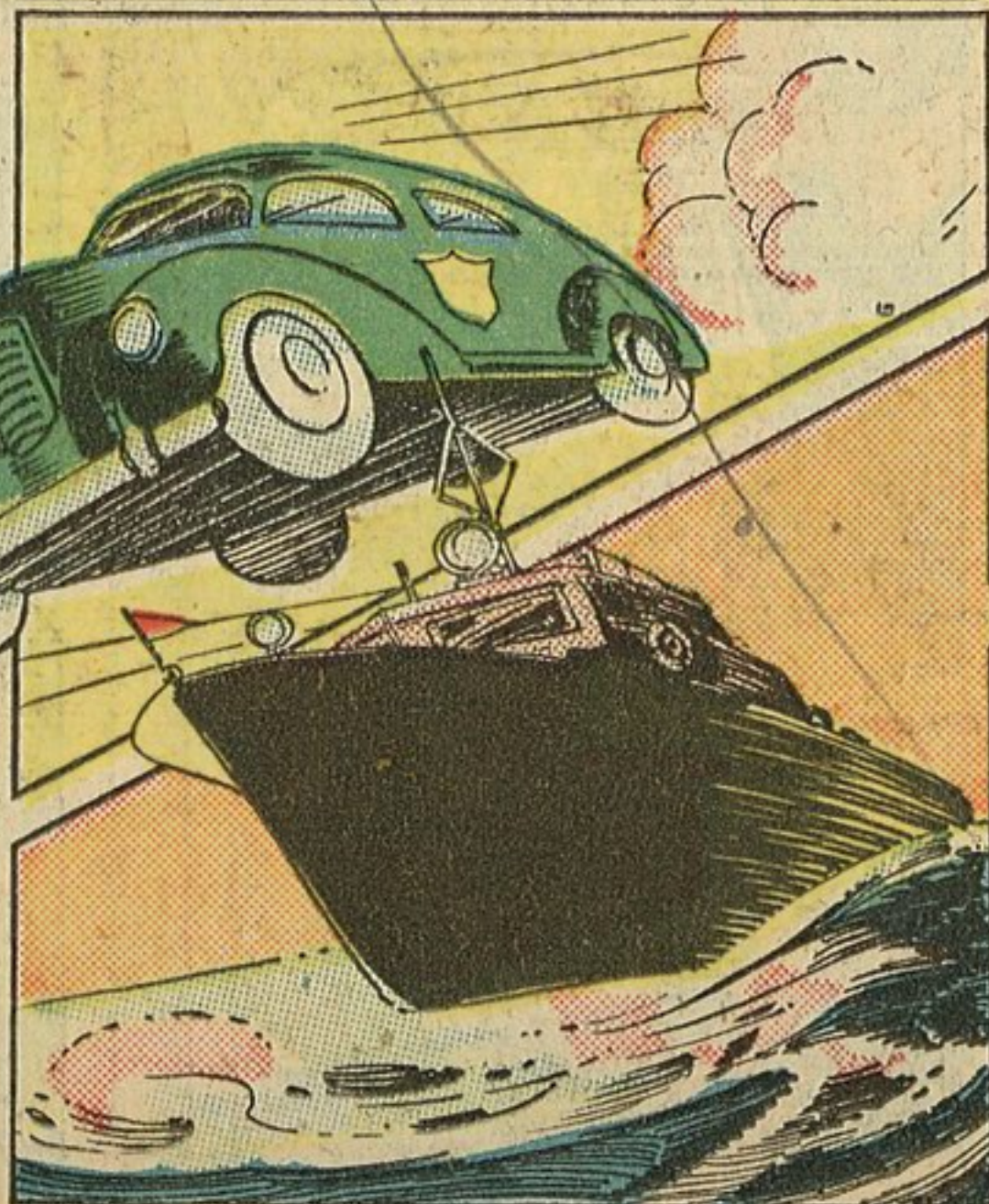
Come to Norfolk Warehouse...have uncovered agents... May need help. The Ray

CALL OUT THE CARS AND BOATS! WE'LL SURROUND THEM!

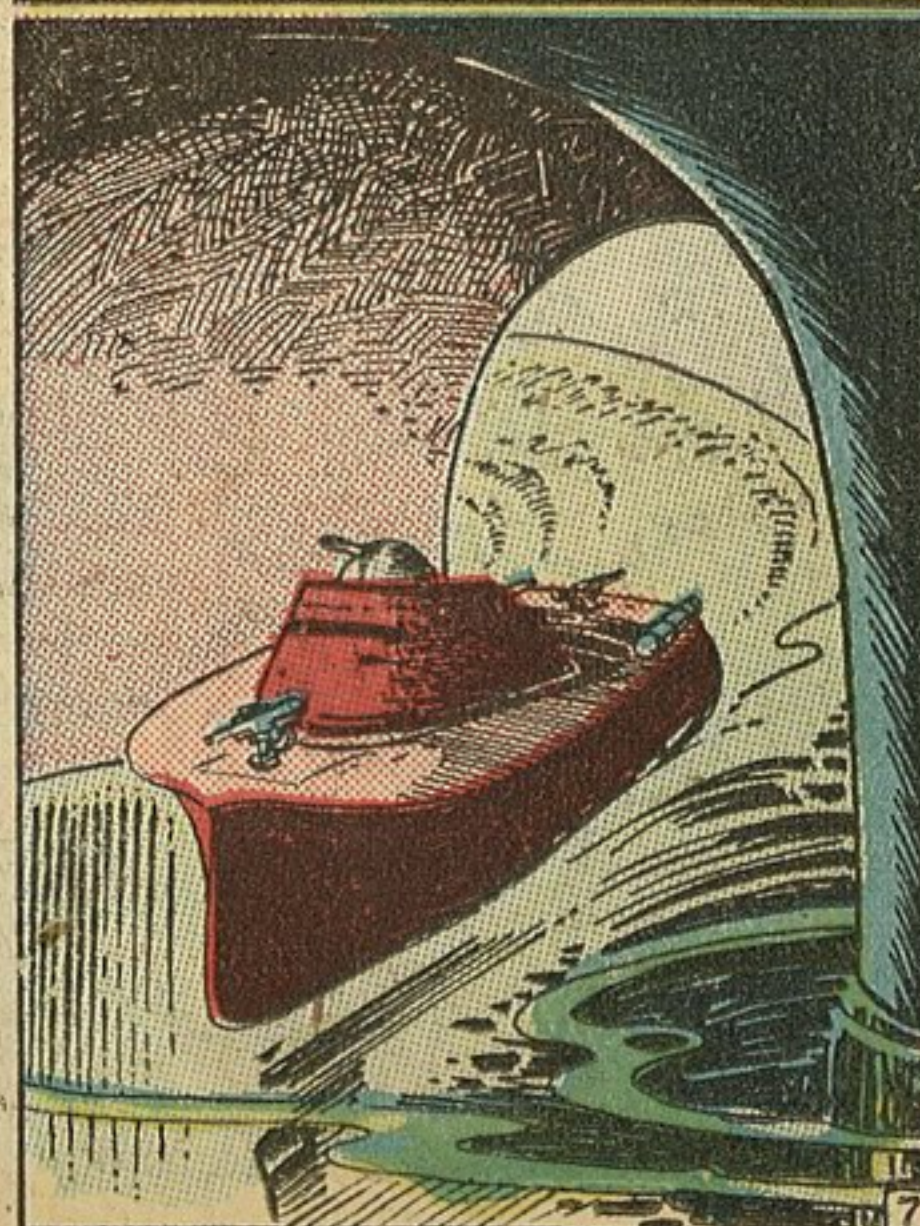
THUS THREE POWERFUL FORCES APPROACH ONE ANOTHER...THE RAY, WADING THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND WATERWAY.



THE POLICE BY BOAT AND CAR.



AND THE FLEEING SABOTEURS, SPEEDING TOWARD SAFETY.



THE THUGS COME OUT OF THEIR TUNNEL IN THE MIDST OF POLICE BOATS SCATTERED ON THE RIVER.



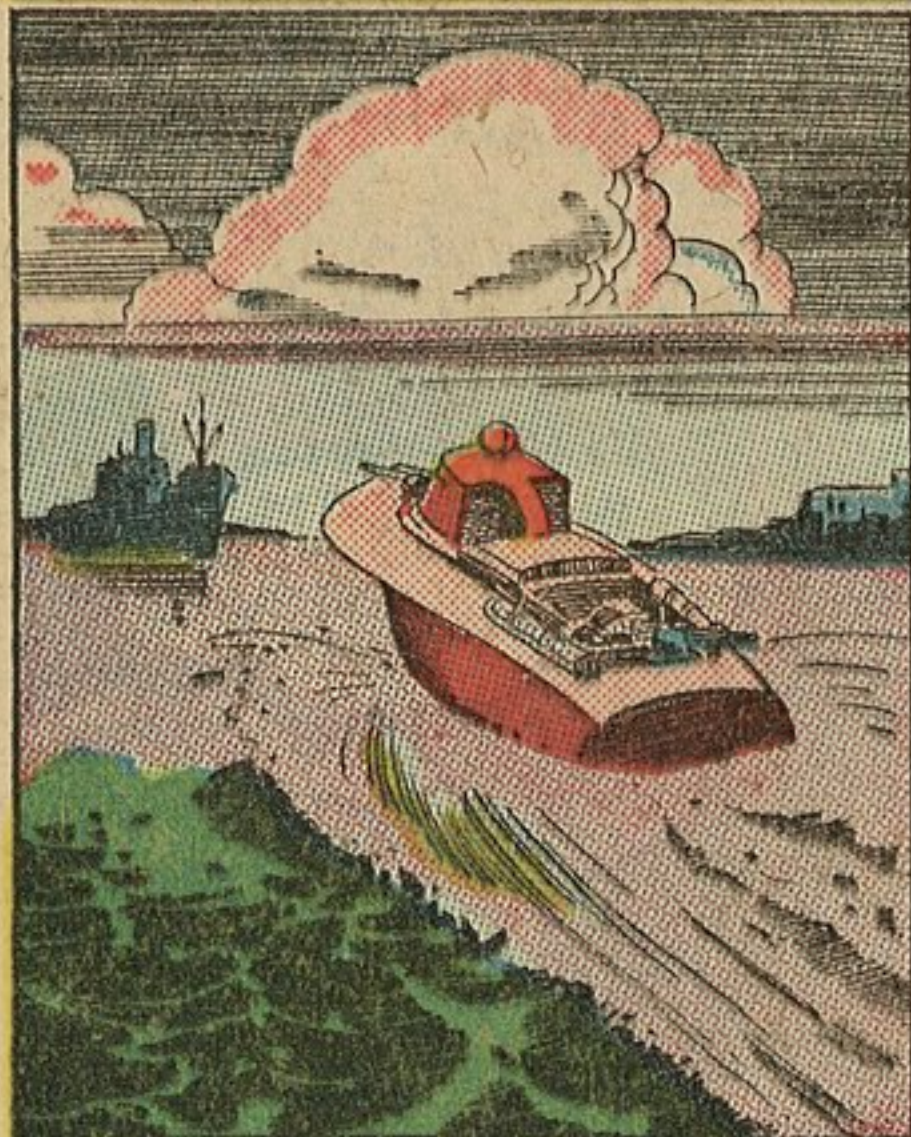
FORWARD AND AFT GUNS POUR LEAD AT THE CIRCLING SPEEDBOATS OF THE LAW.



UNARMED, THE POLICE CRAFT ARE NO MATCH FOR THE CABIN CRUISER'S FAR SUPERIOR GUN POWER. THEY SINK RAPIDLY.



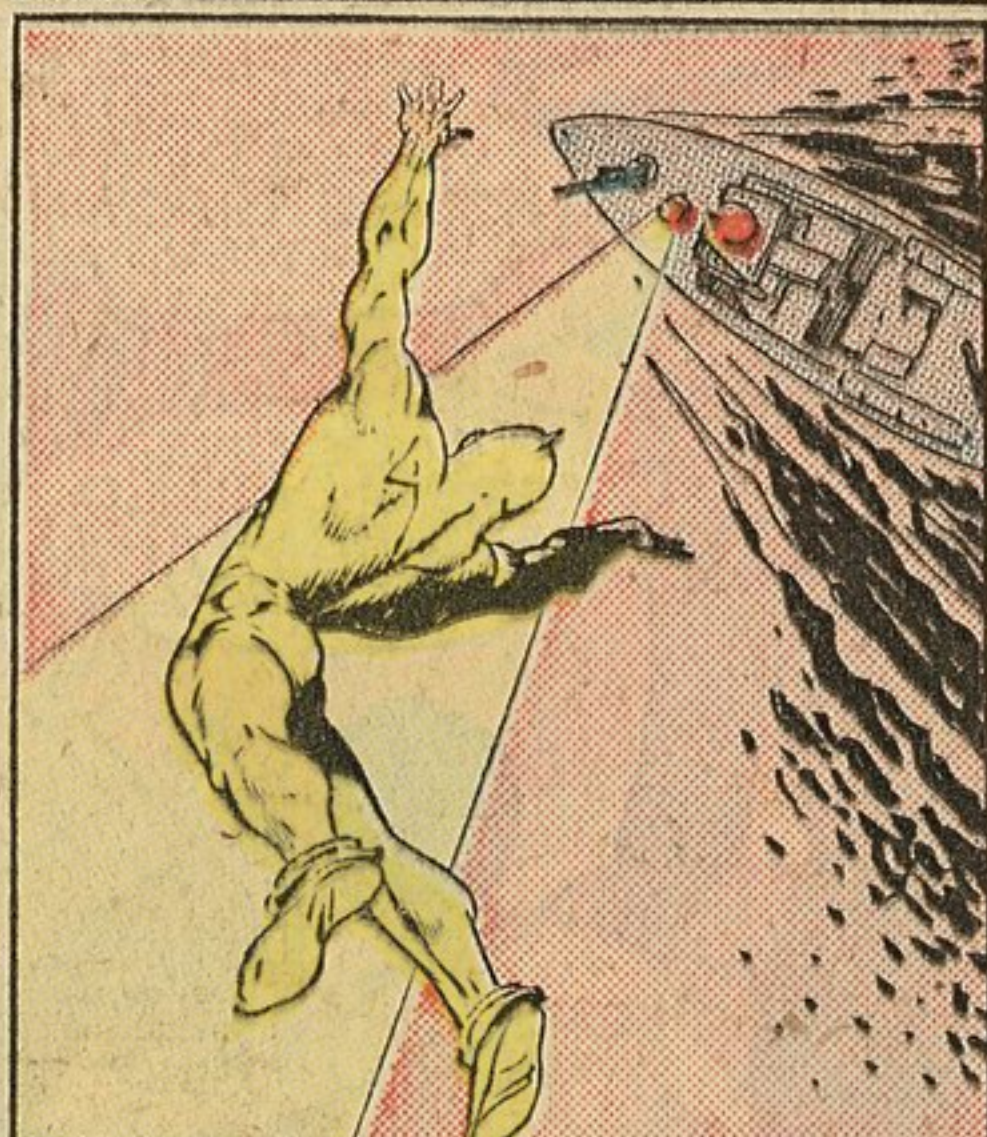
THE CROOKS ARE FREE TO SPEED TO THEIR SUPPLY SHIPS.



BUT THE RAY, STILL INSIDE THE CAVERNS, HEARS THE GUNFIRE.



INSTANTLY HE TRAVELS ON A NARROW BEAM OF LIGHT TO THE CRUISER.



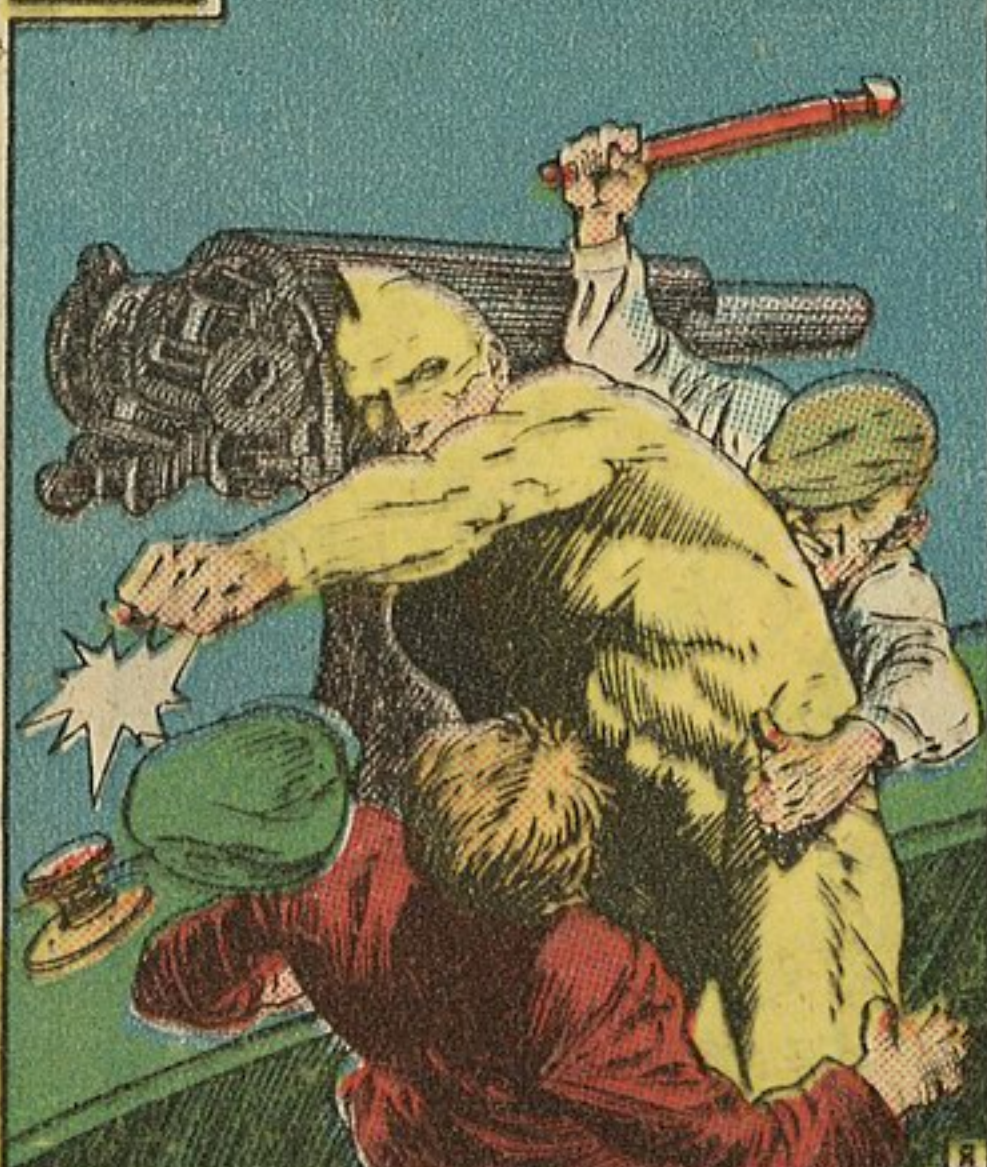
AND MEETS OPPOSITION WITH A FURIOUS OFFENSIVE.



THE POLICE AGAIN DRAW NEAR.



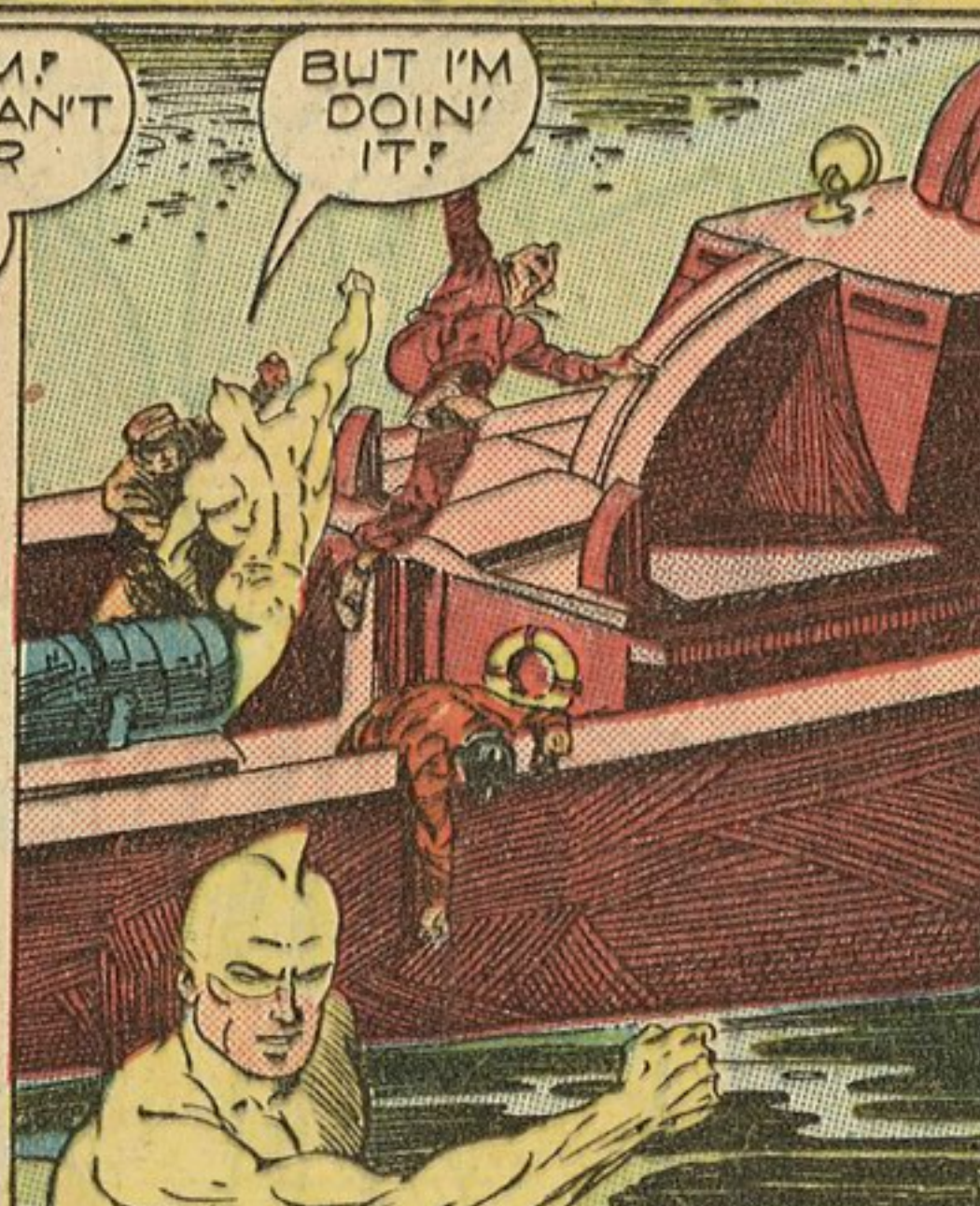
SO THE LAW STANDS BY WHILE THE RAY CONTINUES HIS DESTRUCTIVE REASONING.



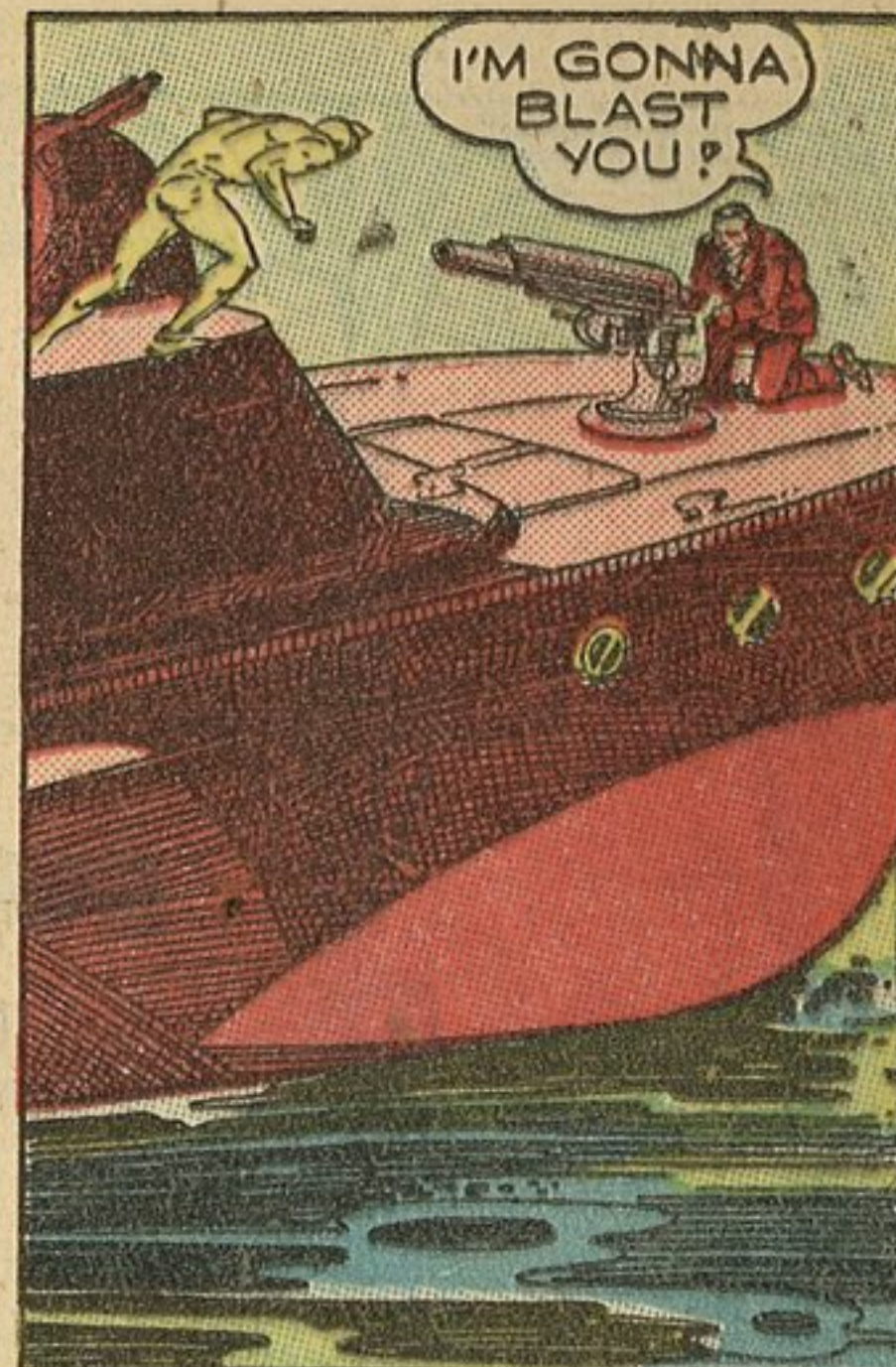
THE RAY TRAVELS HIS FISTIC WAY FROM STEM TO STERN.



SMASH HIM! ONE MAN CAN'T STOP OUR PLANS NOW!

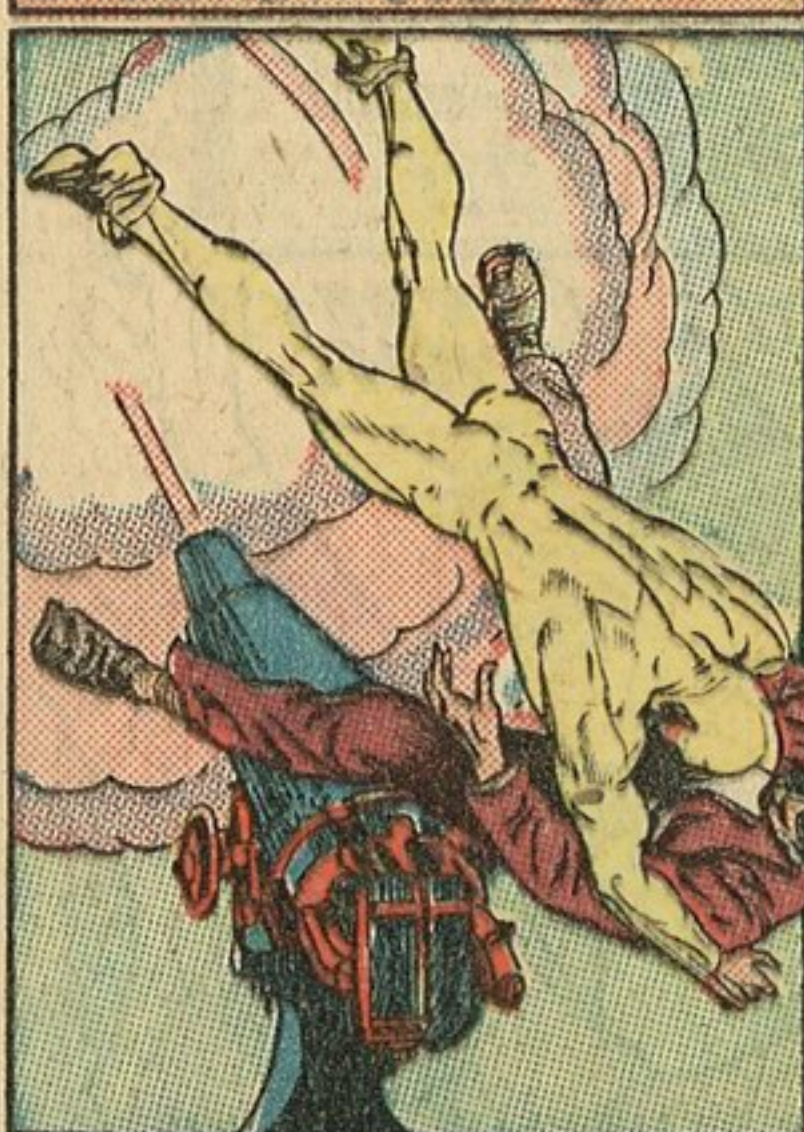


BUT I'M DOIN' IT!



I'M GONNA BLAST YOU!

THE SPY BOSS AIMS HIS GUN BUT THE RAY DIVES AS IT GOES OFF.



LET THIS BE THE FINISHING TOUCH!



THEN THE RAY LEAVES THE POLICE TO HAUL THE WATERSOAKED VILLAINS OUT OF THE RIVER.



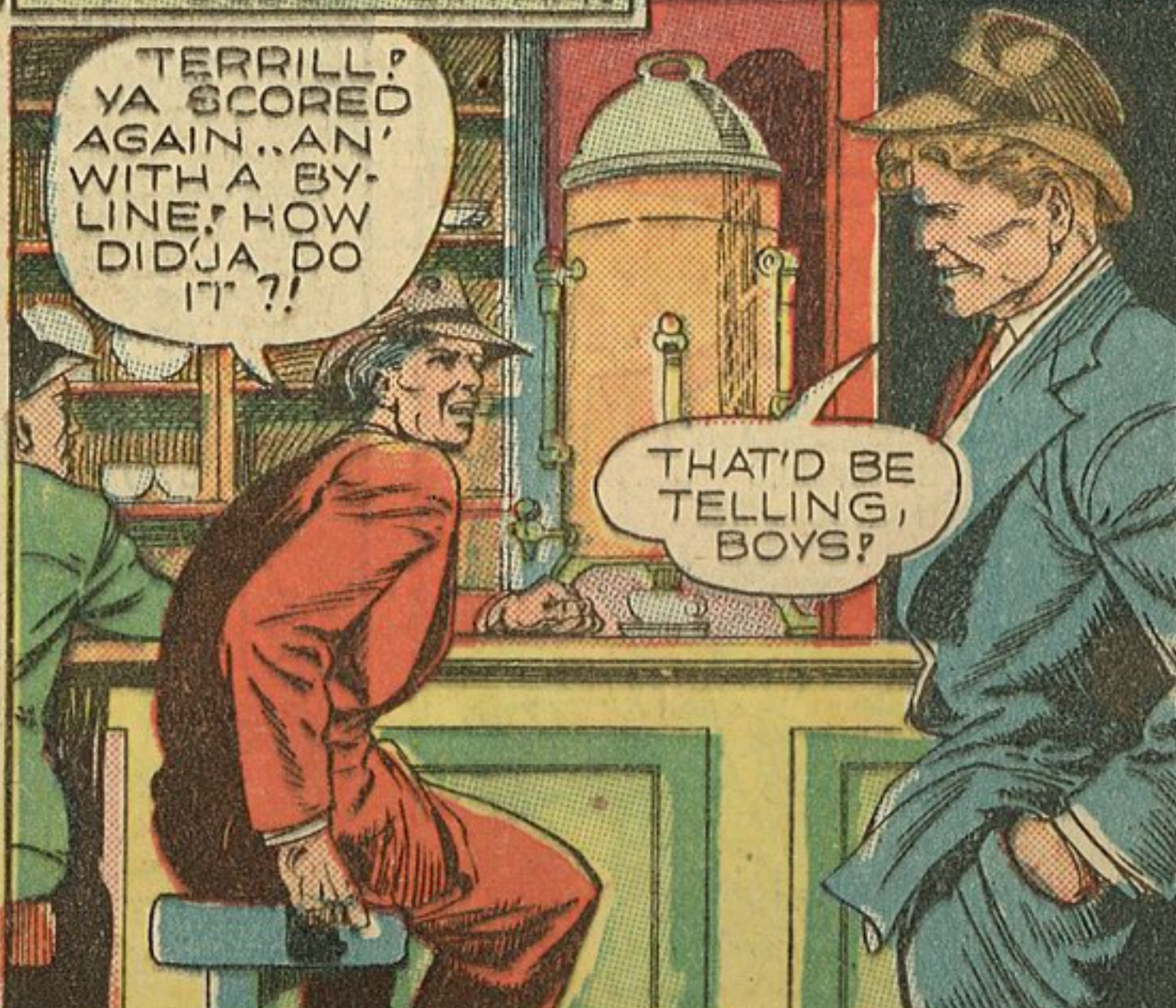
C'MON UP, SMALL FRY!

BACK AT SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS.



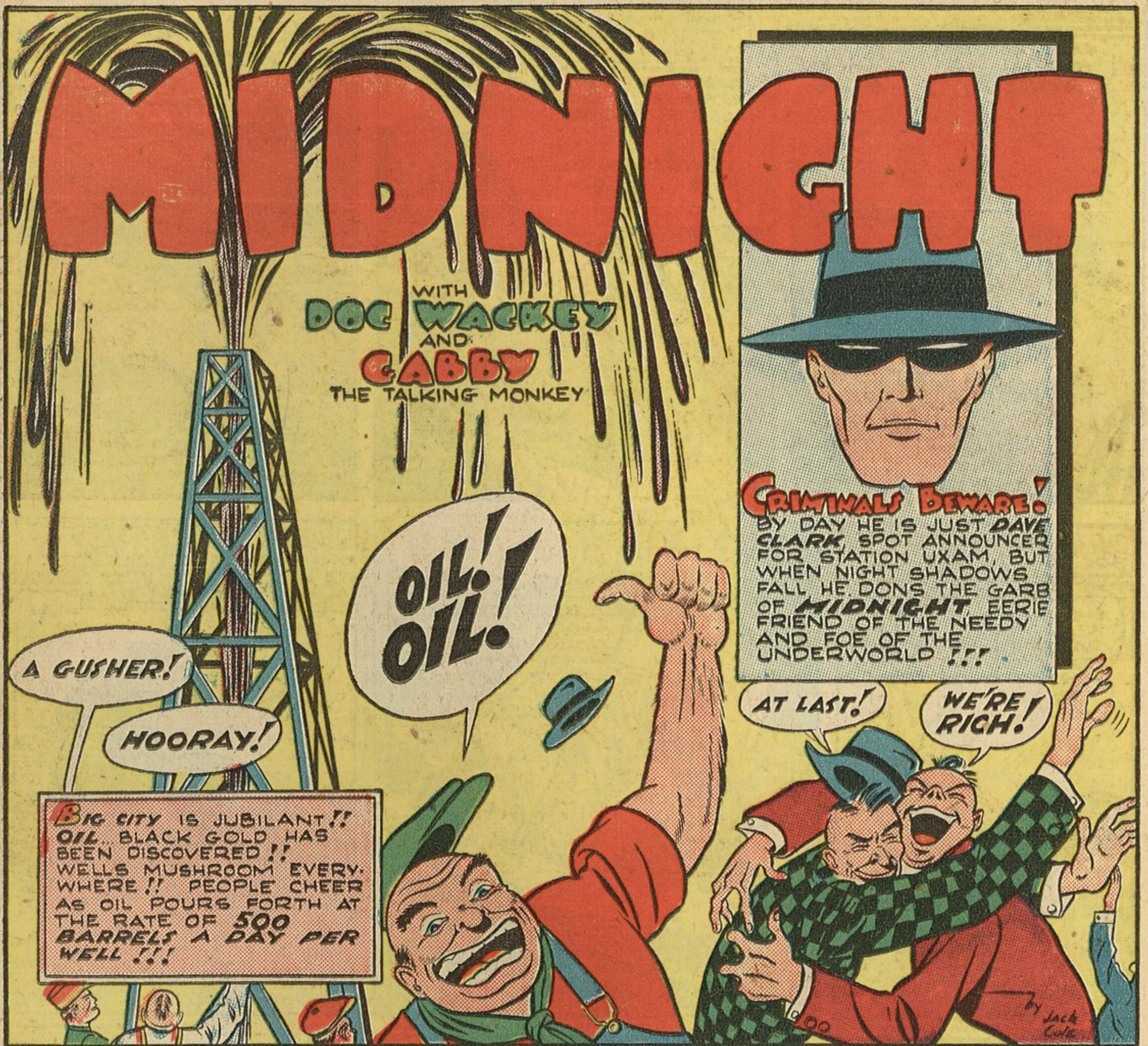
YES, WE KILLED ALAN HALE SO THAT THE SHIPMENT TO THE ALLIES WOULD BE STALLED.. THEN MY COUNTRY WOULD HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO SEND A U-BOAT TO SINK THE SUPPLIES!

TWO HOURS LATER, THE "STAR" FLASHES A SCOOP EXTRA.



TERRILL! YA SCORED AGAIN..AN' WITH A BY-LINE! HOW DIDJA DO IT?!

THAT'D BE TELLING, BOYS?



THEN SUDDENLY AS IT BEGAN THE FLOW OF OIL FALLS OFF TO A TRICKLE!! A SHROUD OF GLOOM SETTLES OVER THE CITY...



SHORTLY AFTER THIS **DAVE CLARK** VISITS A LOCAL NIGHT SPOT WITH ALICE TAYLOR...



AT THIS MOMENT, A PAGE BOY APPEARS...



FIVE MINUTES LATER IN ANOTHER SECTION OF TOWN, J.A. CARLSON MAKES A CALL...



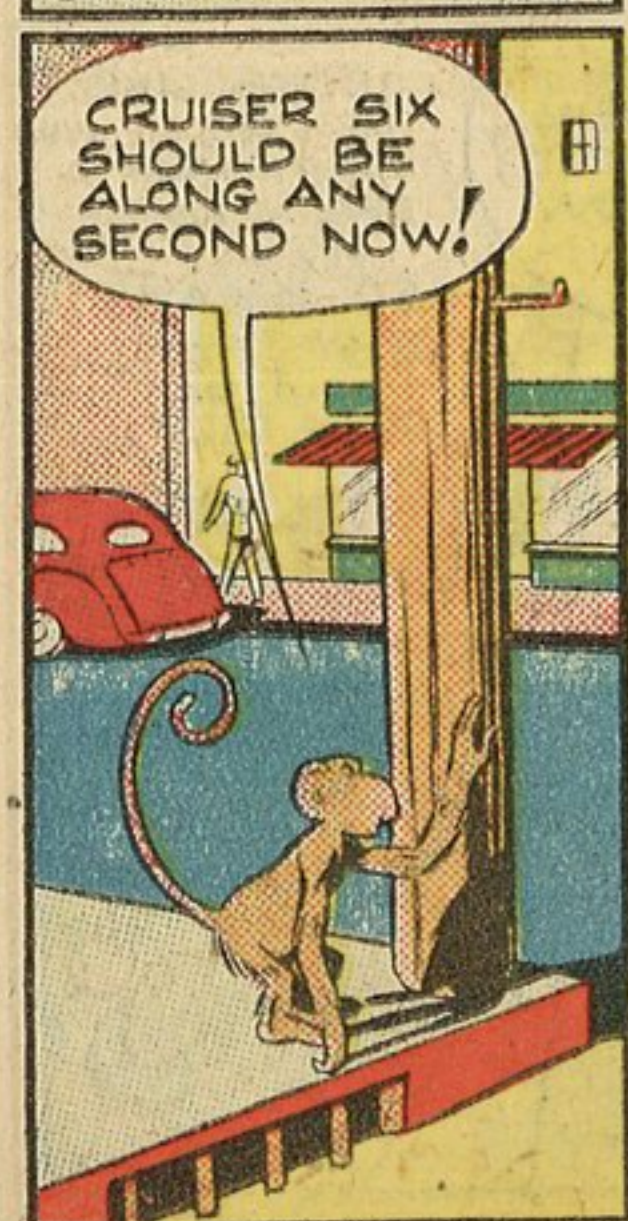
DESK SERGEANT O'TOOLE IS BROUGHT INTO ACTION...



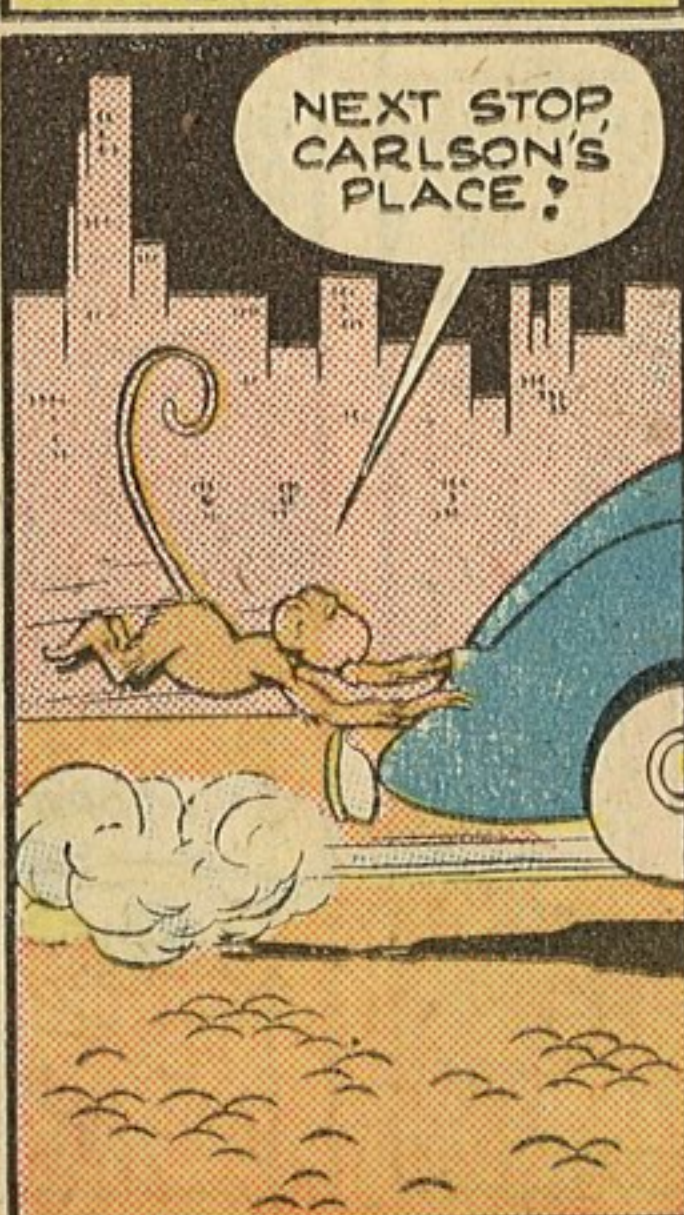
MEANWHILE, MIDNIGHT'S TWO ASSISTANTS, DOC WACKY AND GABBY, THE TALKING MONKEY ARE LISTENING TO POLICE CALLS



OUT INTO THE STREET GOES GABBY...



SOON THE POLICE CAR ZOOMS BY...



THE CAR SCREECHES TO A HALT IN FRONT OF THE CARLSON HOME! GABBY LEAPS TO A WINDOW...



SLIPPING INSIDE, GABBY LOOKS ABOUT



MINUTES LATER



AT THE NITECLUB, DAVE HEARS THE SIGNAL BUZZ ON HIS WRIST RADIO



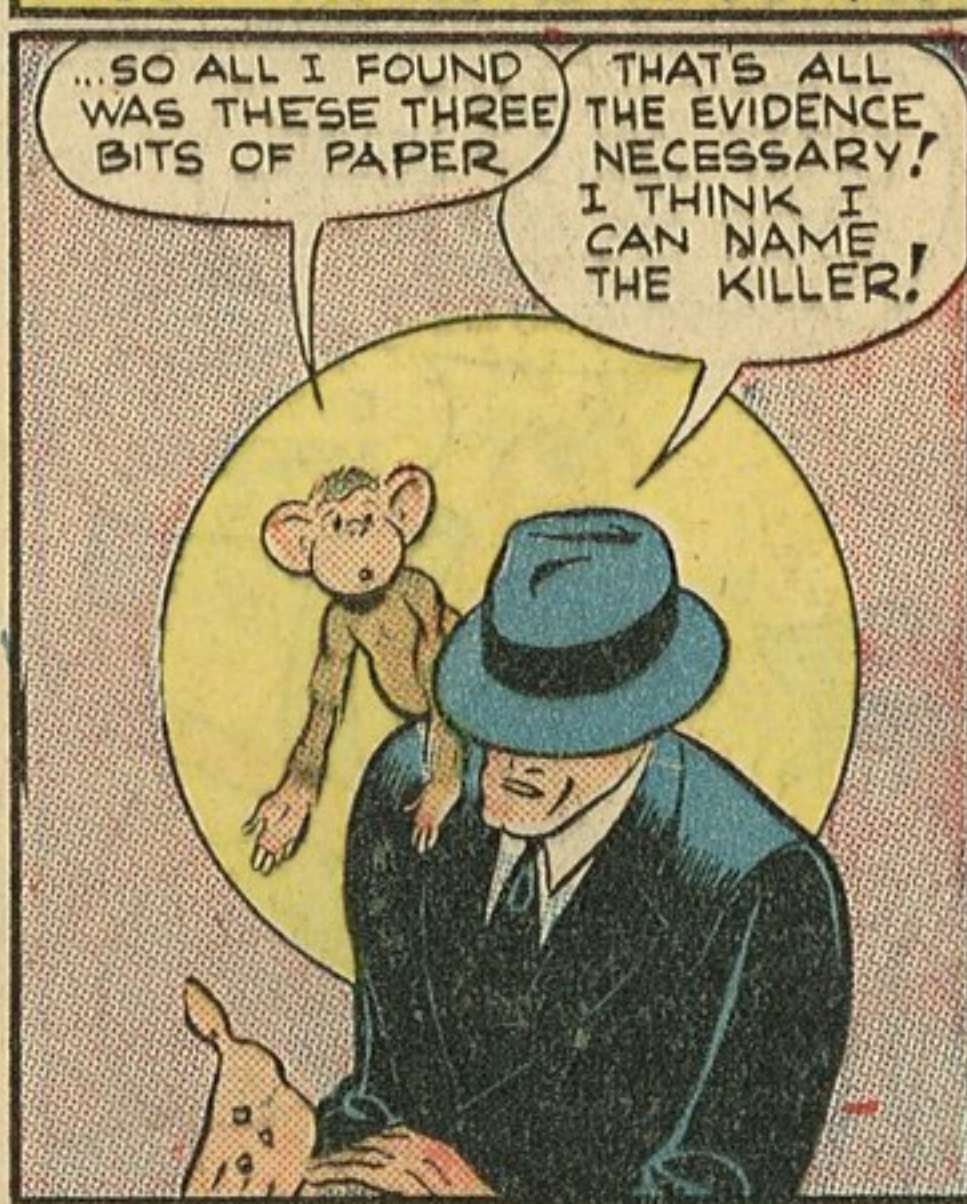
HE PLACES THE DIAL AGAINST HIS EAR



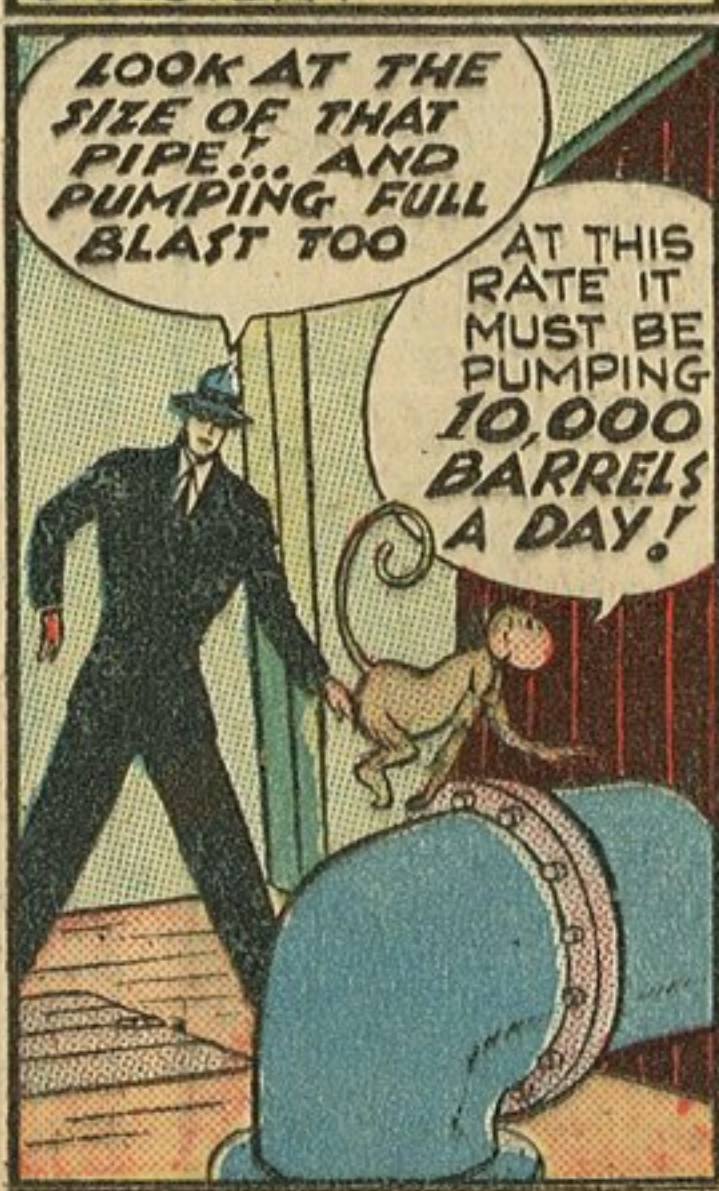
AS DAVE MAKES FOR THE DOOR MR. HOBBS IS JUST RETURNING TO HIS TABLE...



LATER, AS MIDNIGHT HE MEETS GABBY AND HEARS THE DETAILS

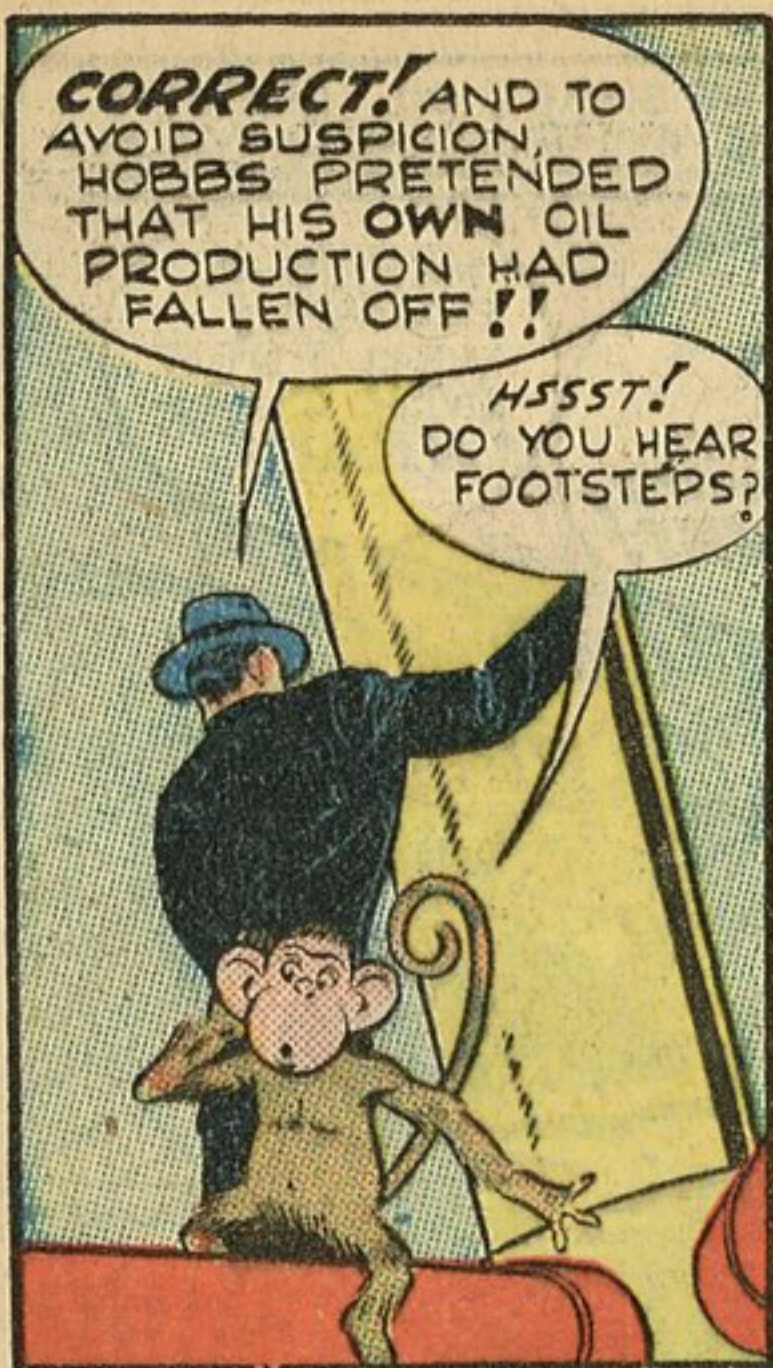


AT THE HOBBS WELLS THEY MAKE A STARTLING DISCOVERY



CLIMBING DOWN THE SHAFT THEY STUMBLE UPON ANOTHER SURPRISE





CORRECT! AND TO AVOID SUSPICION, HOBBS PRETENDED THAT HIS OWN OIL PRODUCTION HAD FALLEN OFF!!

HSSST!
DO YOU HEAR FOOTSTEPS?



NO. IT MUST HAVE BEEN YOUR—
EH?

MY IMAGINATION, WAS IT?

GET 'EM, CHAD!



LIGHTS GO OUT AND THE FIGHT RAGES WILDLY IN THE DARK

TAKE THAT, YOU!!

OUCH!
I'M TWISTIN' MY OWN LEG!!

G*!!

I'LL BUST YOUR —
OOOOH HIT THE WALL!!



THE FIGHTING IS HEARD FROM ABOVE

SOMEBODY'S FOUND OUR TAPPIN'S.

THEY MUST'VE RUN INTO CHAD AND BUTCH!

WATCH THE HOLE WHILE I PHONE OLE MAN HOBBS



BOSS!!

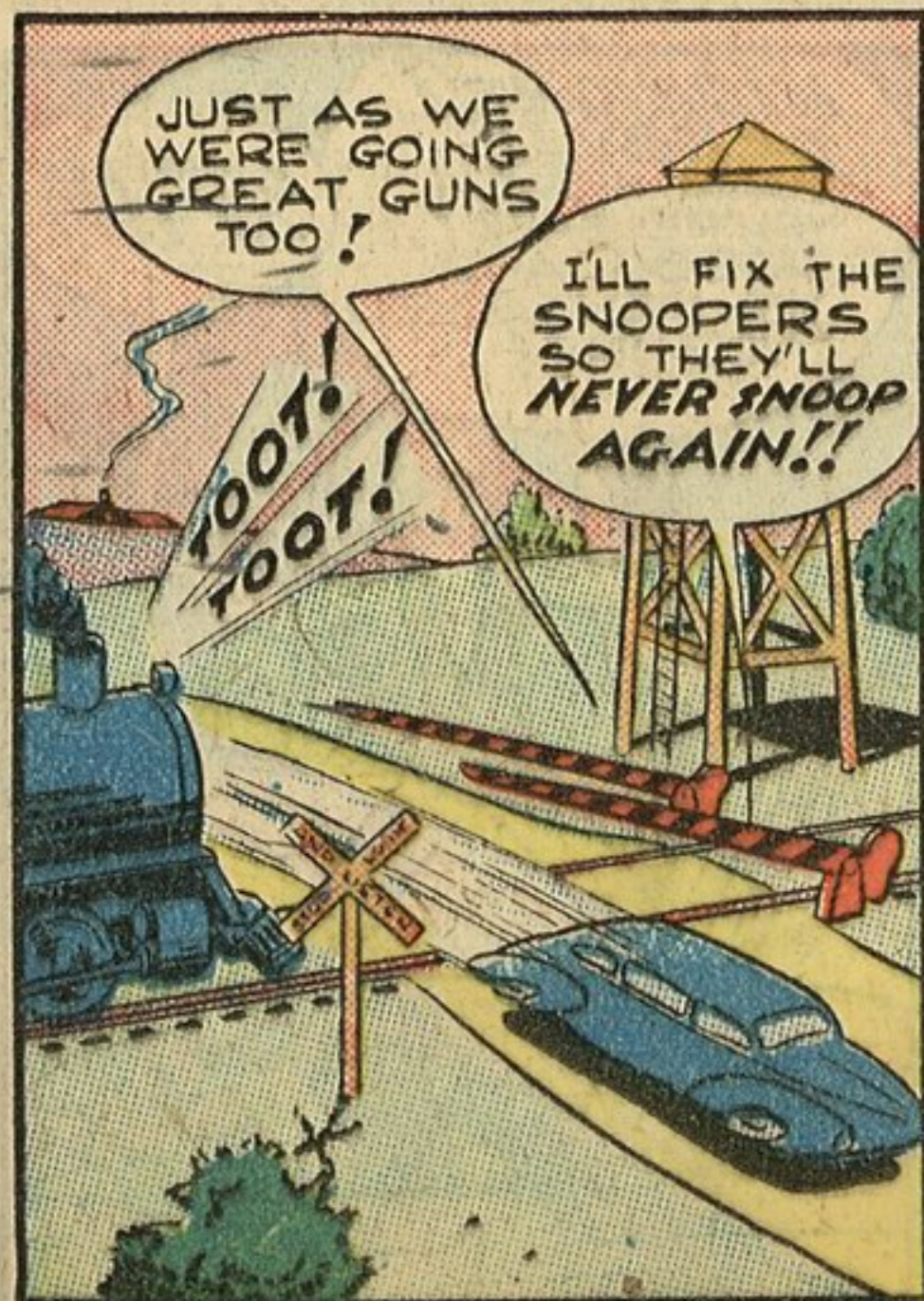
THEY FOUND OUR TAPPIN'S! ... YEAH.... I DON'T KNOW WHO THEY ARE, BUT BUTCH AND CHAD ARE BATTLIN' THEM AT THE BASE OF THE SHAFT!



LOOK... CLOSE THE TRAP-DOOR AND WAIT 'TIL I GET THERE!



CURSED LUCK! EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT ONCE! HAVE TO NIP THIS IN THE BUD..... MY CAR, EDWARD!



JUST AS WE WERE GOING GREAT GUNS TOO!

I'LL FIX THE SNOOPERS SO THEY'LL NEVER SNOOP AGAIN!!



SOON HOBBS ARRIVES

WE DONE LIKE YA SAID, BOSS!

LOCKED 'EM ALL IN.... CHAD AND BUTCH TOO!

GOOD!



THAT'S THE OIL CONTROL YOU'RE TURNIN', BOSS!

HEY! YOU'LL FLOOD TH' SHAFT WITH OIL!

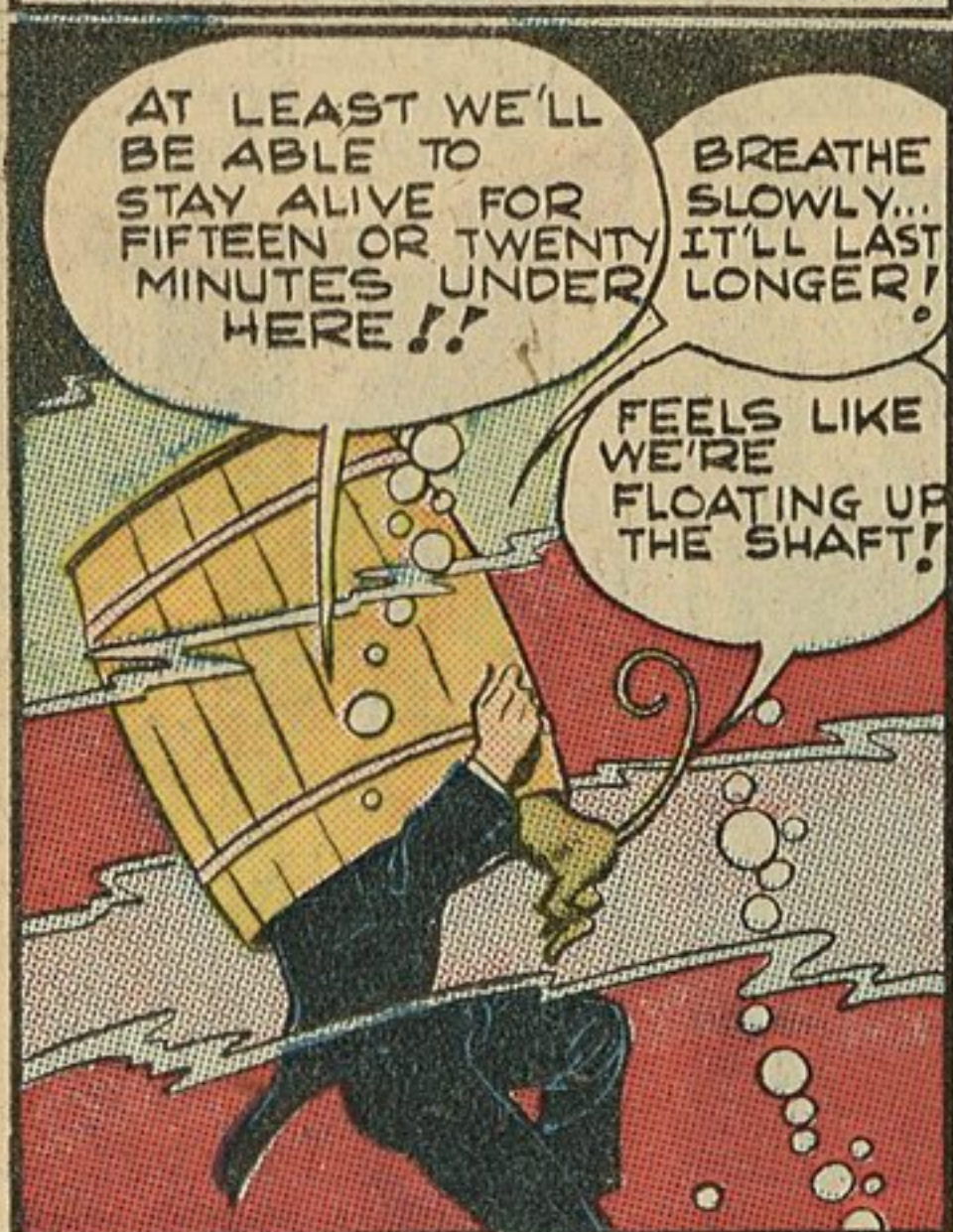
I KNOW IT!

BUT CHAD AND BUTCH—THEY'LL DROWN TOO!!

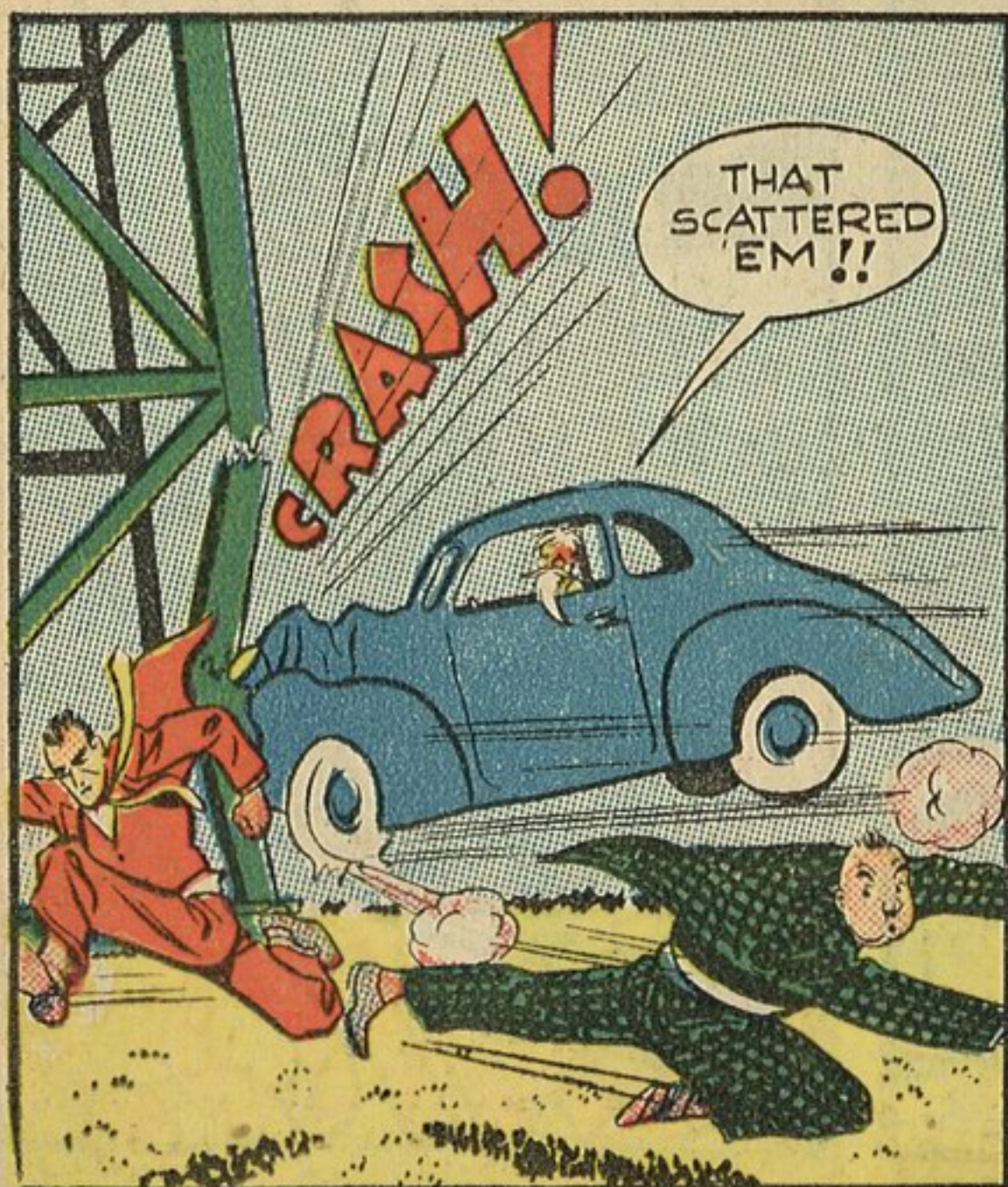
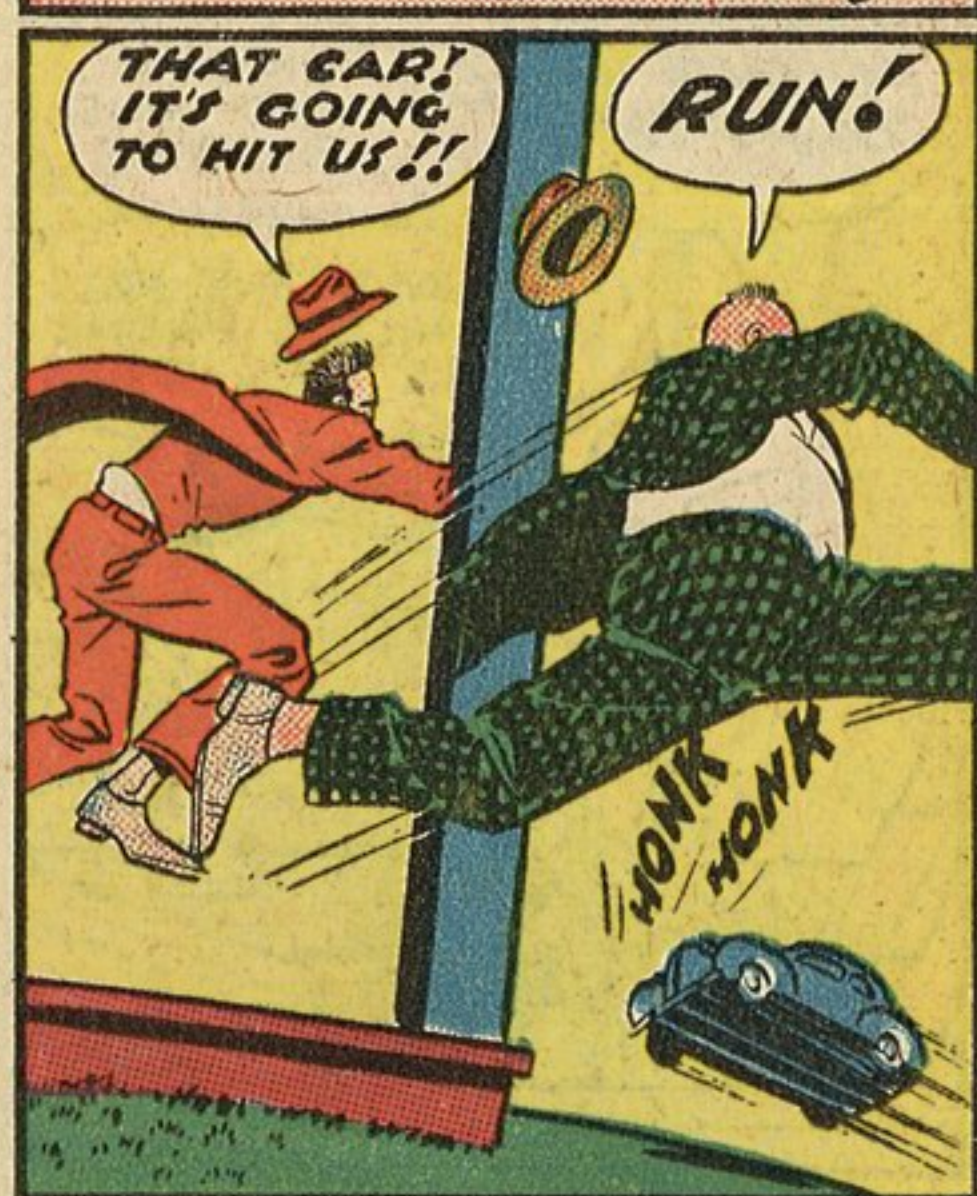
MEANWHILE, DOC WACKY HAS BEEN WATCHING THE PROCEEDINGS IN HIS AMAZING VIOSCOPE:



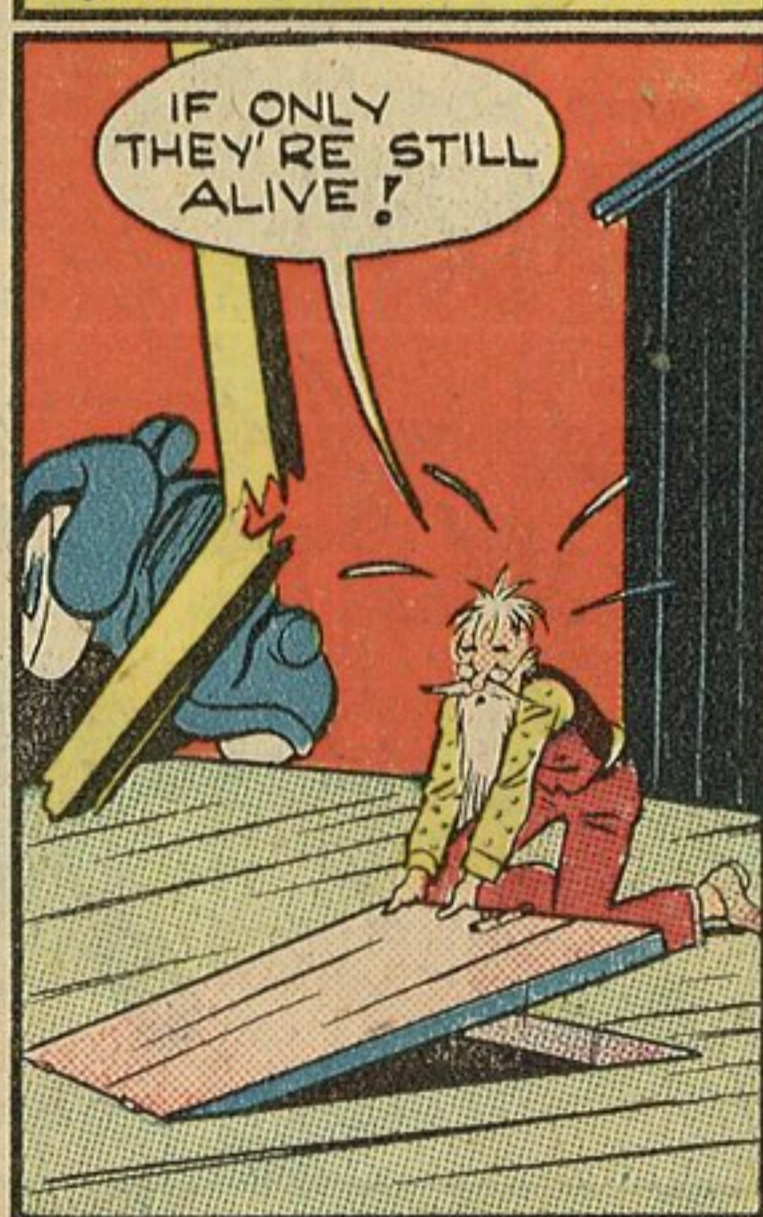
UP AND UP RISES THE OIL...



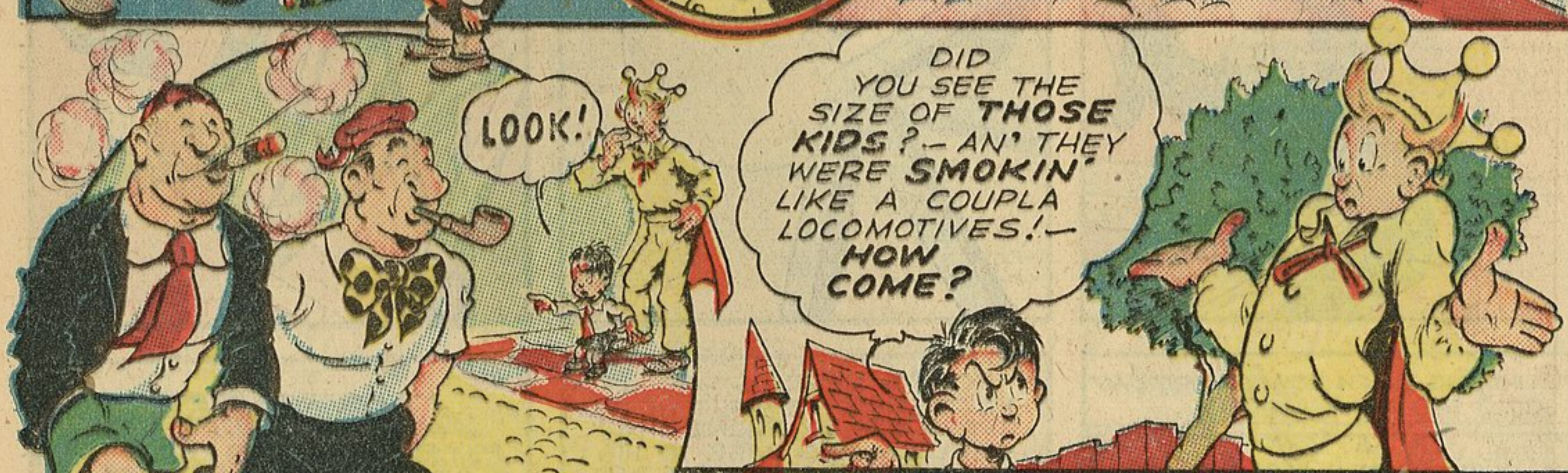
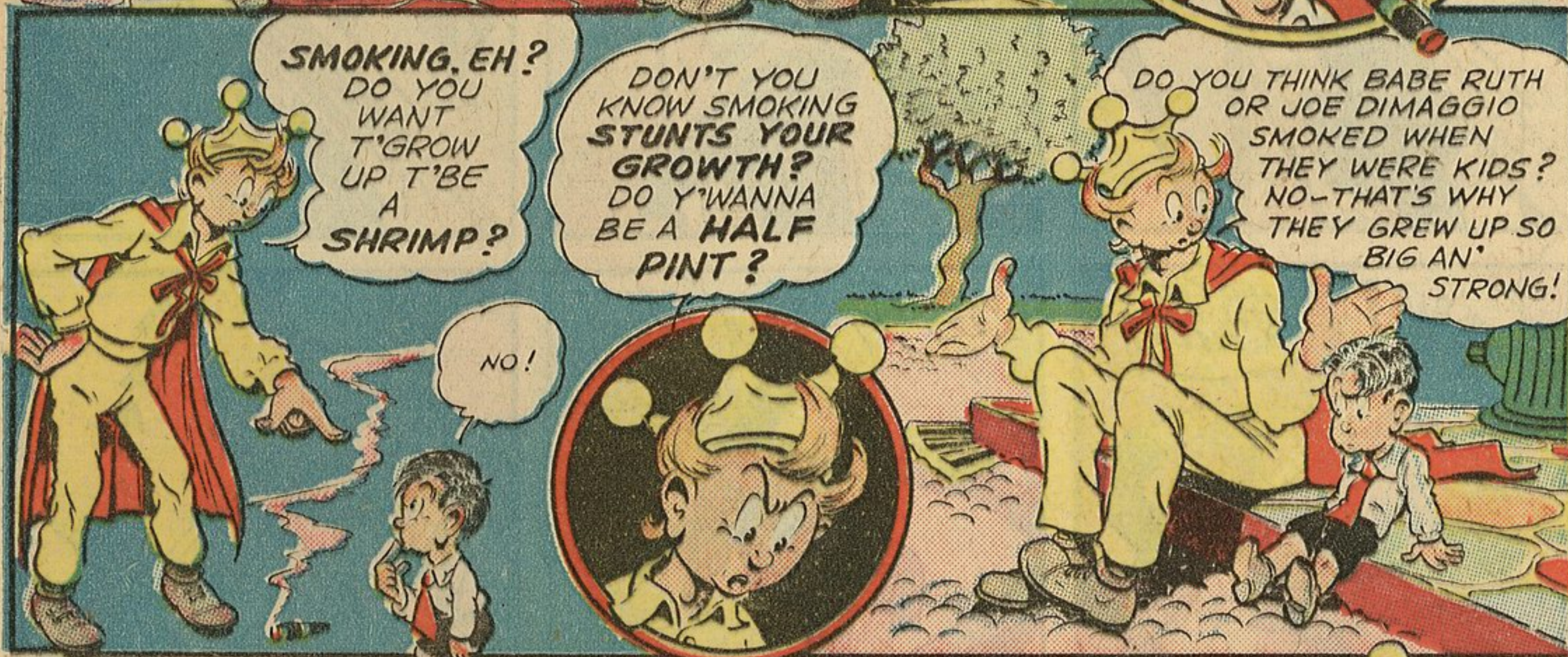
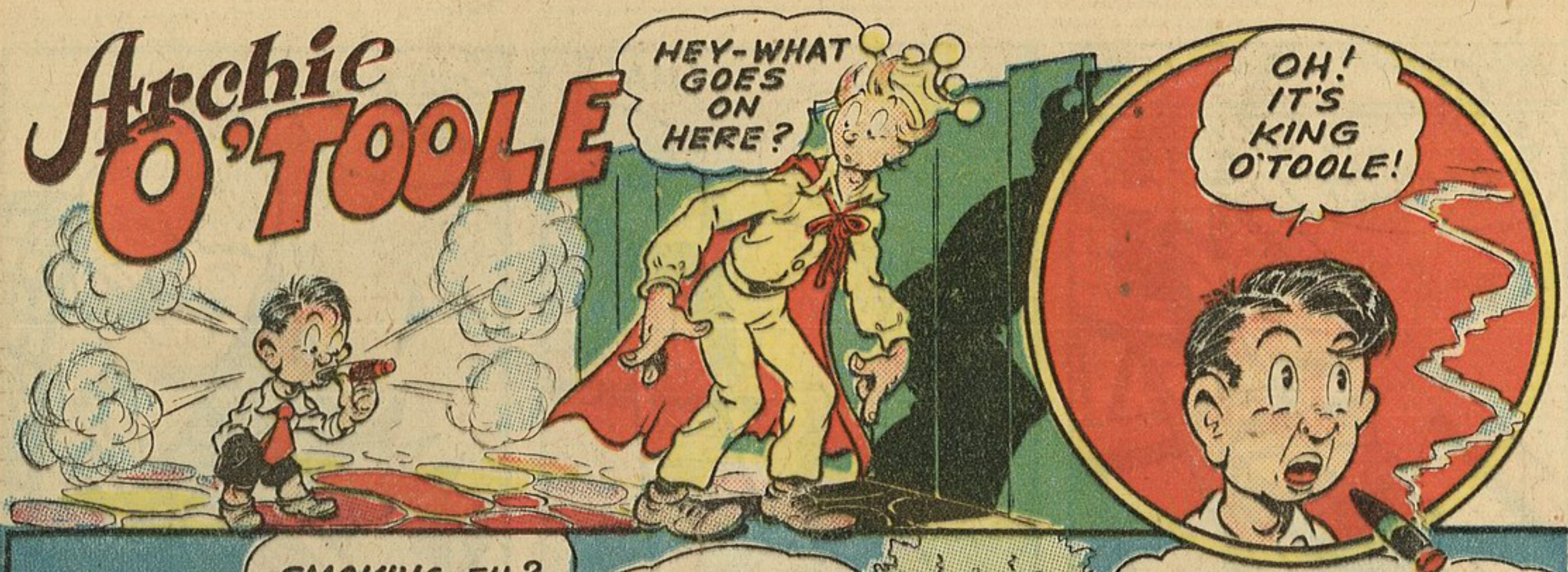
AT THIS MOMENT DOC
ARRIVES..... BUT FAST!!



UNHURT, DOC LEAPS
FOR THE TRAP-DOOR:



Archie O'TOOLE



The

JESTER

A LAUGHING CRIME-BUSTER IS CHUCK LANE, THE ROOKIE "HEADACHE" OF NEW YORK'S FINEST WHEN HE GOES INTO HIS DUAL ROLE OF THE JESTER! HIS RECKLESS DARING, FEARED BY THOSE WHO MENACE JUSTICE. HE IS MEANWHILE PURSUED BY DETECTIVE MULLIGAN AS PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1

AS MULLIGAN TRIES TO INSTILL SOME "FINE POINTS" OF THE BUREAU IN LANE'S HEAD...

I KNOW... YOU DON'T GET IT!!

NO!

WAIT A MINUTE! MULLIGAN TALKING... YEAH... YEAH... YEAH... OH-HOH... HOLY CATS!!

C'MON... OLD MAN HILLS, THE MILLIONAIRE WAS FOUND IN THE ALLEY BELOW HIS PARK AVE. PENTHOUSE! HAD A FIGHT WITH HIS NEPHEW TERRY HILLS!

YOU'RE CRAZY! THE KID'S RIGHT HERE IN THE "COOLER" FOR SPEEDING! I PINCHED HIM MYSELF!

WHAT?



MAYBE I'M CRAZY, BUT O'KEEFE TOLD ME THE COOK, MAID AND BUTLER HEARD HIM FIGHTING WITH HIS UNCLE! THEY'LL ALL SWEAR TO IT!!

THEY'RE ALL CRAZY!

OKAY! C'MON.. WE'RE GOING OVER THERE. WITH THE KID TOO!



QUIET-QUIET!!

I'VE ENOUGH ON MY HANDS WITHOUT A FAMILY ARGUMENT! WHERE'S LANE.. I WANT HIM TO GET THESE PEOPLE'S NAMES AND ADDRESSES!!

SEARCH ME!



HE'S GONE.. SAID SOMETHING ABOUT HAVING TO GO ON DUTY!

HE WOULD.. JUST WHEN HE COULD BE OF USE TO ME!



SOME TIME LATER, AT THE HILLS' PENTHOUSE ON PARK AVE.

ROGER, I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HERE... I WAS IN JAIL! THE POLICE CAN TELL YOU THAT.. AND THEY DON'T LIE!!

SIR, I WOULD KNOW YOUR VOICE ANYPLACE... I'VE HEARD IT SINCE YOU WERE BORN! FURTHERMORE... MY HONESTY IS NEVER QUESTIONED!



I'LL HAVE TO DO IT!

HERE THEY ARE SIR.. I'VE TAKEN THEM DOWN!



THANKS! NOW BEAT IT! I WANT TO DOPE THIS OUT MYSELF.. WITHOUT A FAMILY FIGHT!!



AS TERRY HILLS LEAVES THE SCENE, UNNOTICED, HE TURNS OFF A SWITCH ON THE RADIO...

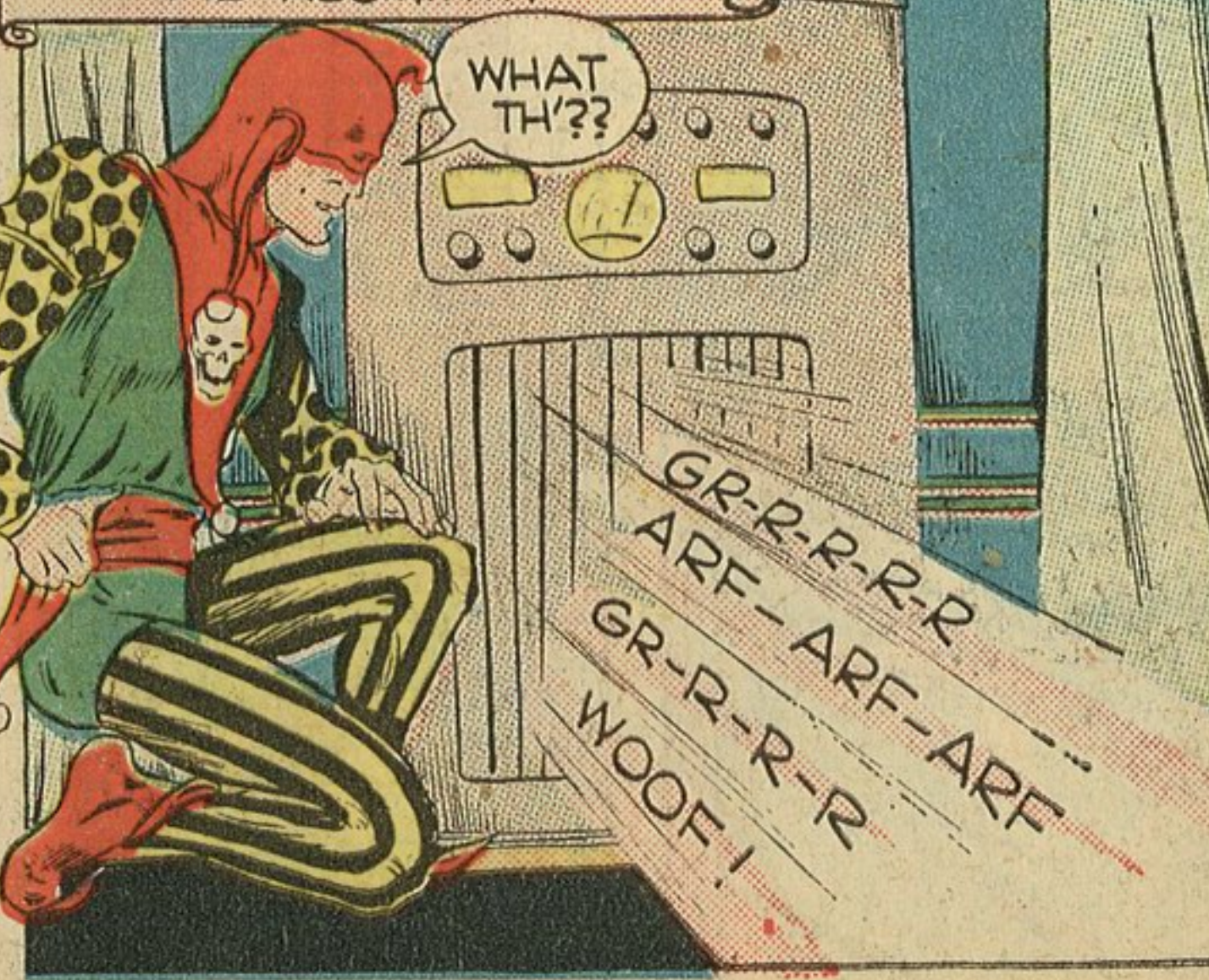


BUT, HE WASN'T UNNOTICED! FOR CHUCK LANE, NOW THE JESTER, WATCHES HIM!

HMM.. I WONDER WHY THE KID TURNED OFF THE RADIO... AND WHY NOTHING CAME OUT OF IT IF IT WAS ON?

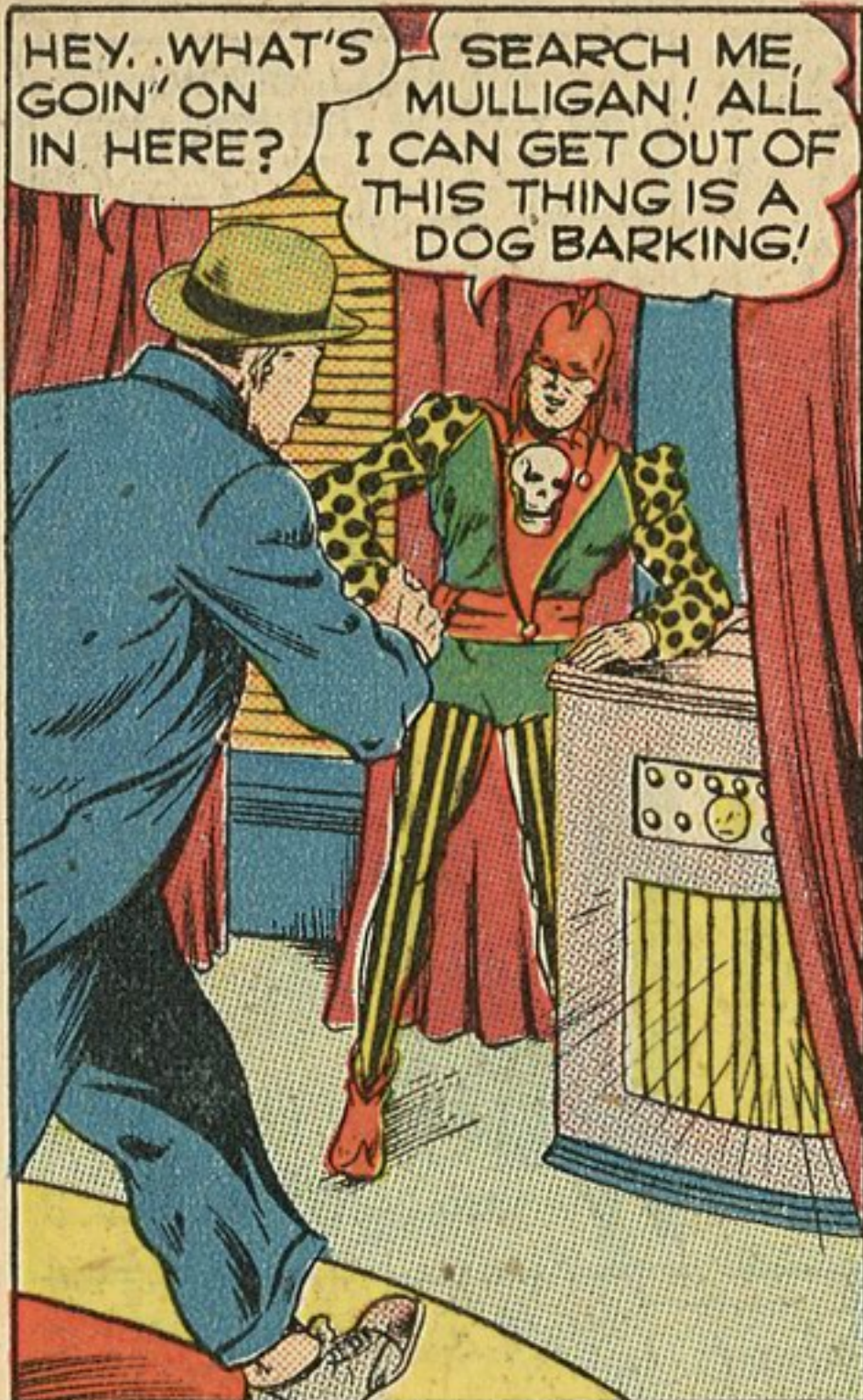


AS THE JESTER TURNS ON THE RADIO AGAIN, THE BARK OF A DOG BELLINGS INTO THE ROOM.....



WHAT TH'??

GR-R-R-R
ARF-ARF-ARF
GR-R-R-R
WOOF!



HEY...WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN HERE?

SEARCH ME, MULLIGAN! ALL I CAN GET OUT OF THIS THING IS A DOG BARKING!



WHAT?? SAY... THAT'S FUNNY! HMM! NOT AS FUNNY AS YOU THINK !!



THE FRIENDLY CONVERSATION IS SUDDENLY ENDED, AND.....

TH' JESTER!

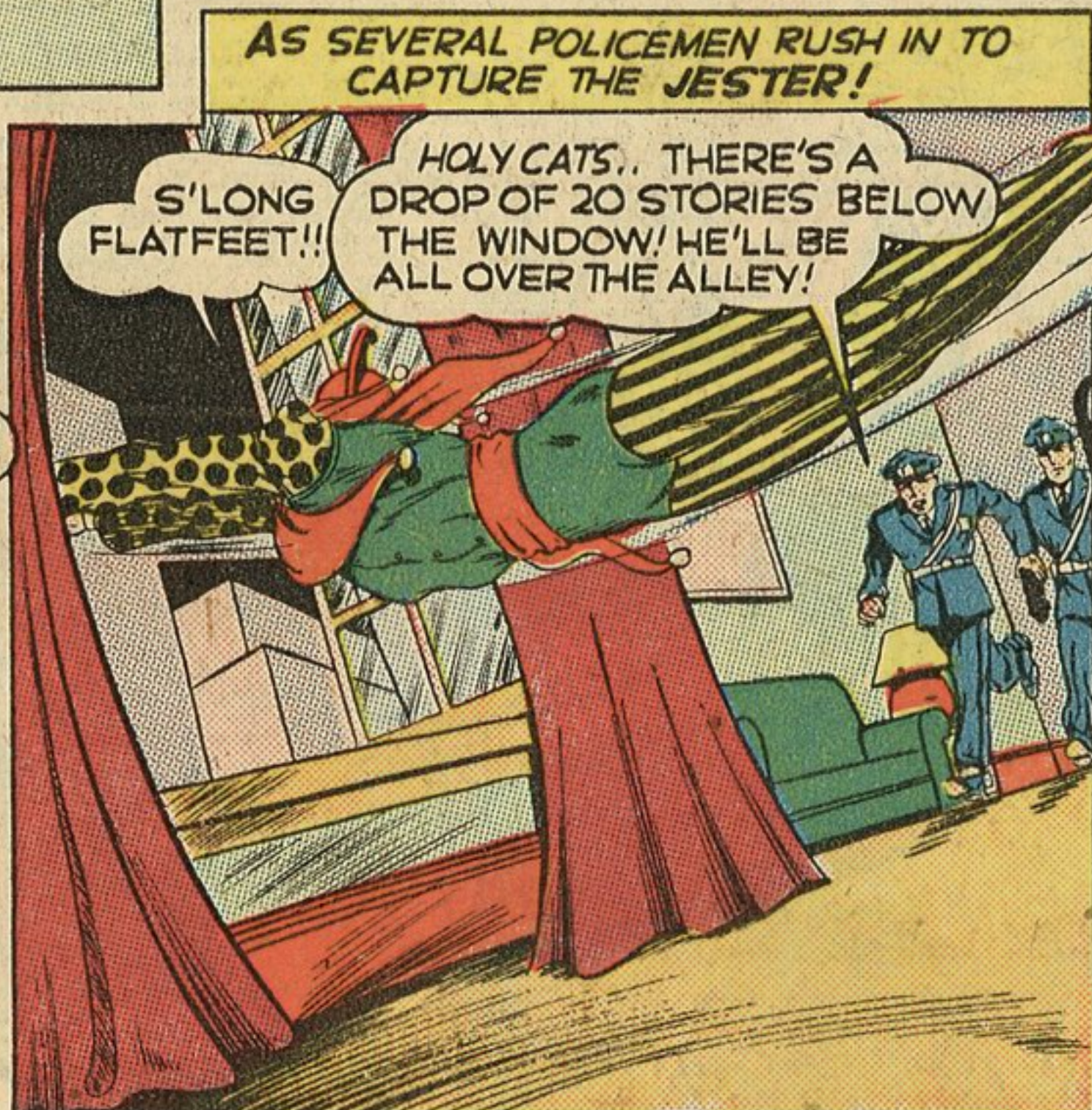


WELL! WHO DID YOU THINK I WAS... SANTA CLAUS??



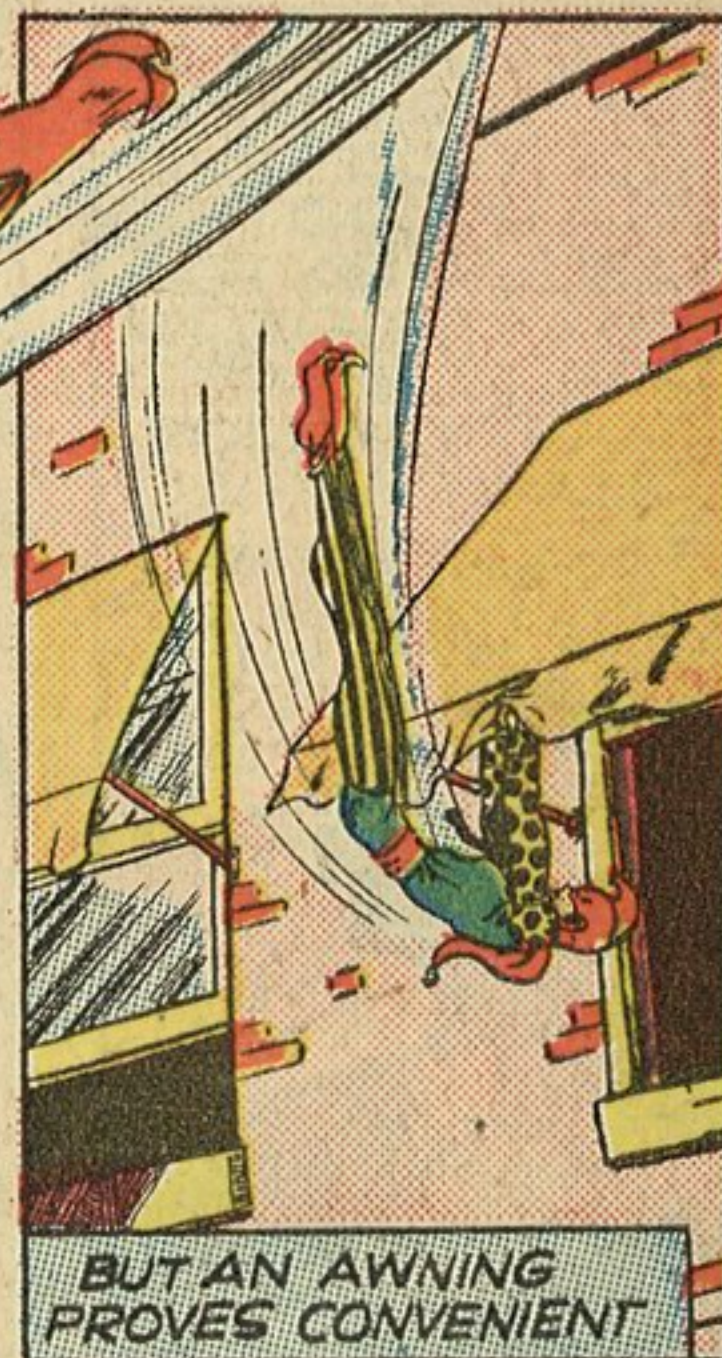
MEN! I GOT THE MURDERER! GET HIM... I CAN'T SEE... HE BLINDED ME!!

HA! HA! ONLY FOR A COUPLE OF SECONDS !!



S'LONG FLATFEET!!

HOLY CATS... THERE'S A DROP OF 20 STORIES BELOW THE WINDOW! HE'LL BE ALL OVER THE ALLEY!



BUT AN AWNING PROVES CONVENIENT



POOR GUY! THAT WAS HIS FINISH !!

YEAH! Y'KNOW, I ALWAYS WONDERED IF THAT GUY WAS GOOD OR BAD!



HA! HA! HA! OOPS... PARDON ME!

WELL OF ALL THINGS!



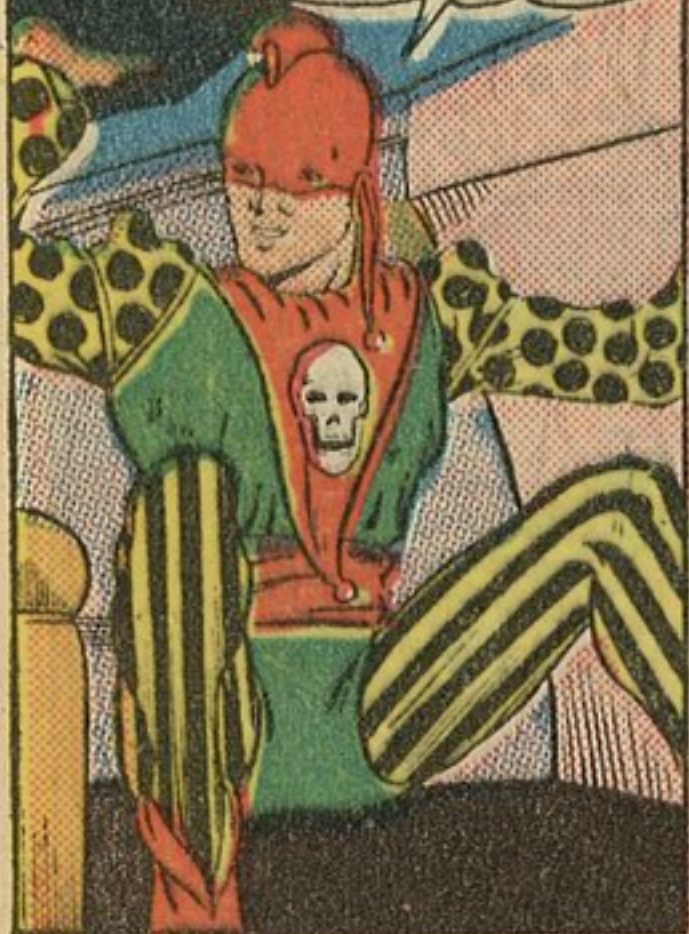
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO USE THIS RADIO WIRE TO SLIDE DOWN!



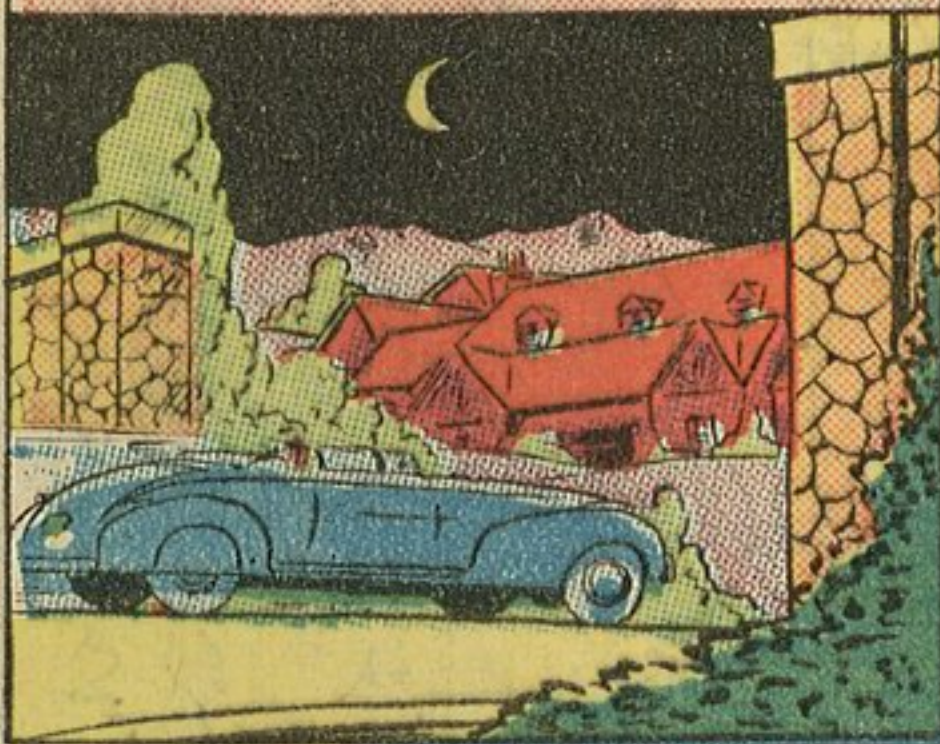
THERE'S TERRY HILLS' CAR! NO ONE'S IN SIGHT... SO... I'LL...

UNSEEN, THE JESTER CRAWLS INTO THE RUMBLE SEAT OF TERRY HILLS' CAR..

IF I'M NOT TOO WRONG, THIS BUGGY IS GOING HOME!!



AS THE JESTER HAD EXPECTED, TERRY HILLS SPEEDS TO HIS UNCLE'S ESTATE ON LONG ISLAND, WHICH IS HIS HOME,...



LIKE FUN YOU ARE! MURDER BY REMOTE CONTROL, NOT BAD! QUITE A SET UP.. THAT "HAM" RADIO SET AND PHONOGRAPH SET-UP WITH A TIMING DEVICE!



HE DASHES INSIDE..



...TO A SMALL ROOM AT THE TOP OF THE BUILDING..

WHAT TH'?? SCRAPPER! LOOK AT THIS PLACE.. YOU'VE WRECKED IT!!



THAT'S OKAY, FELLA.. FROM NOW ON YOU CAN WRECK A DOZEN RADIO SETS A DAY AND I'LL BE ABLE TO PAY FOR THEM LIKE THAT! I'M GOING TO INHERIT ABOUT TEN MILLION DOLLARS! HA! HA!



YOU FIXED UP YOUR UNCLE'S RADIO TO RECEIVE ONLY YOUR FREQUENCY! I HEARD PART OF THE RECORD ON THERE.. YOU'RE A TRUE ACTOR!

WHO ARE YOU..??



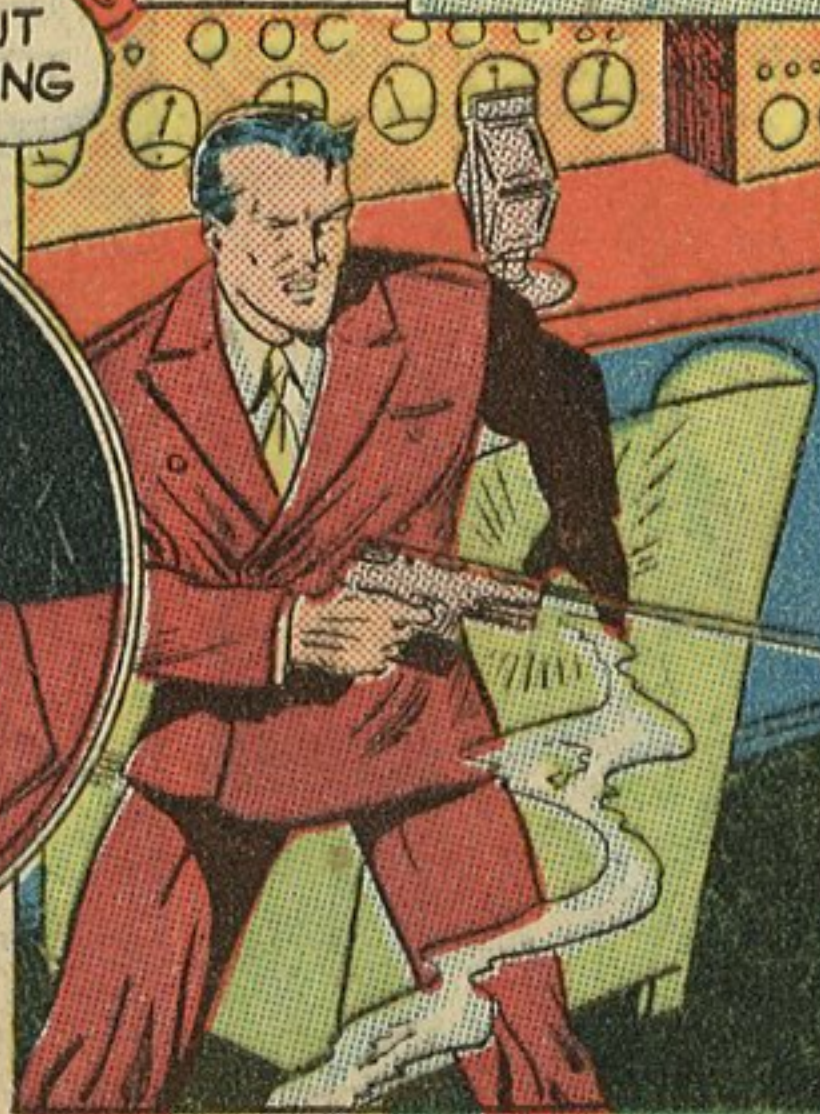
CLEVER.. YOU MANEUVERED YOUR UNCLE AROUND THE ROOM BY THAT RECORD UNTIL HE STEPPED BACKWARD FROM THE OPEN WINDOW!!



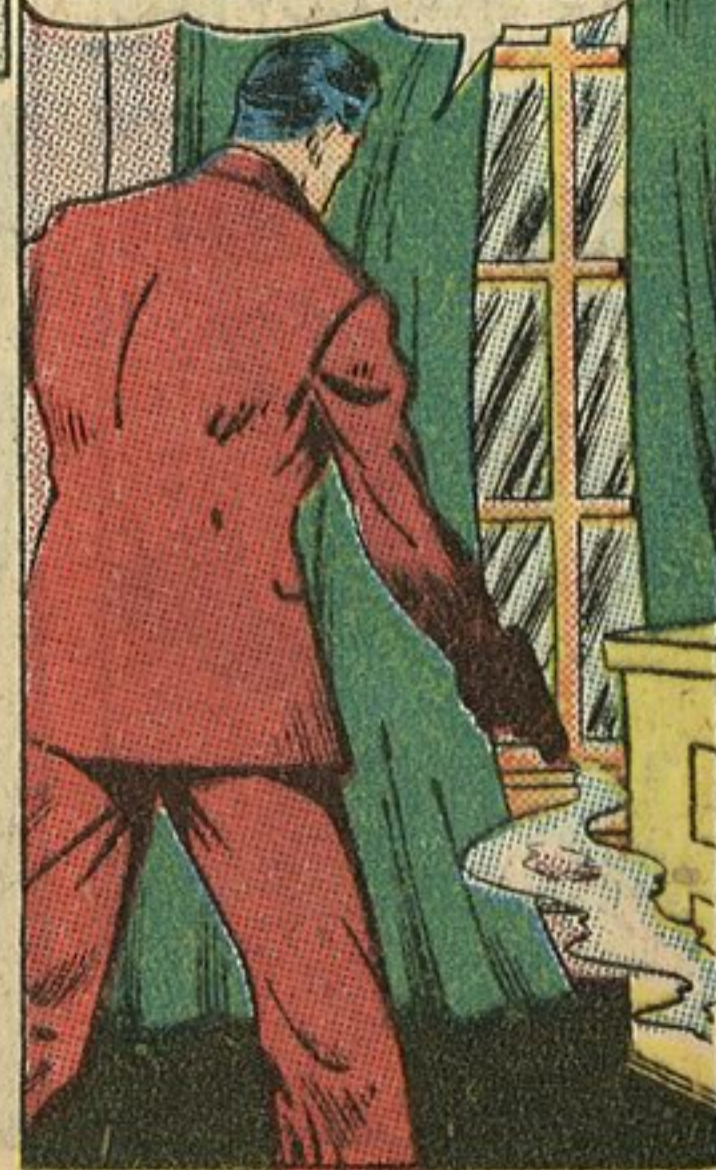
YAH! YOU KNOW, BUT NO ONE ELSE IS GOING TO.. NO ONE!

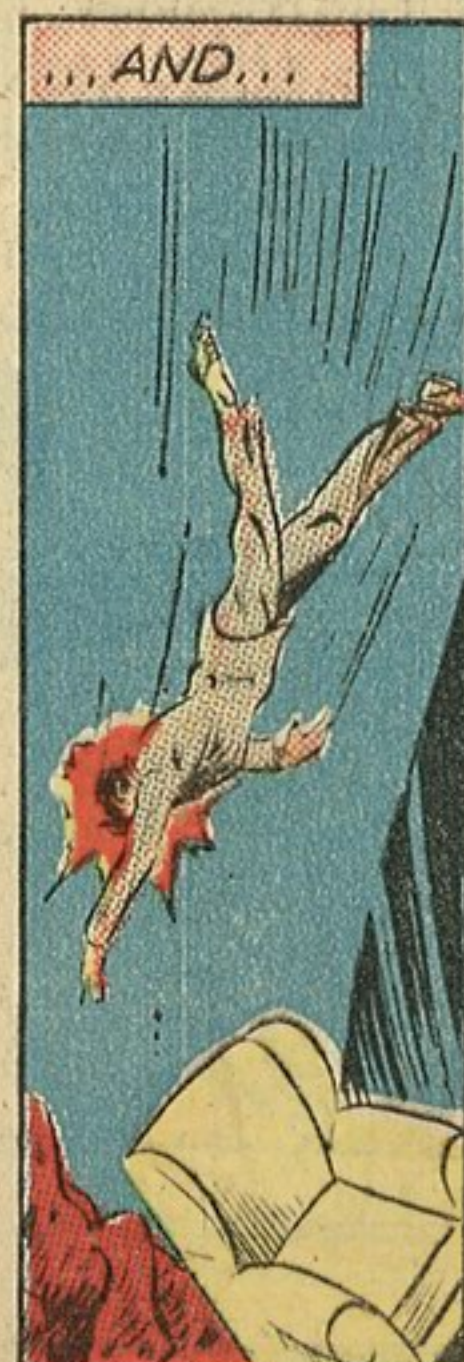
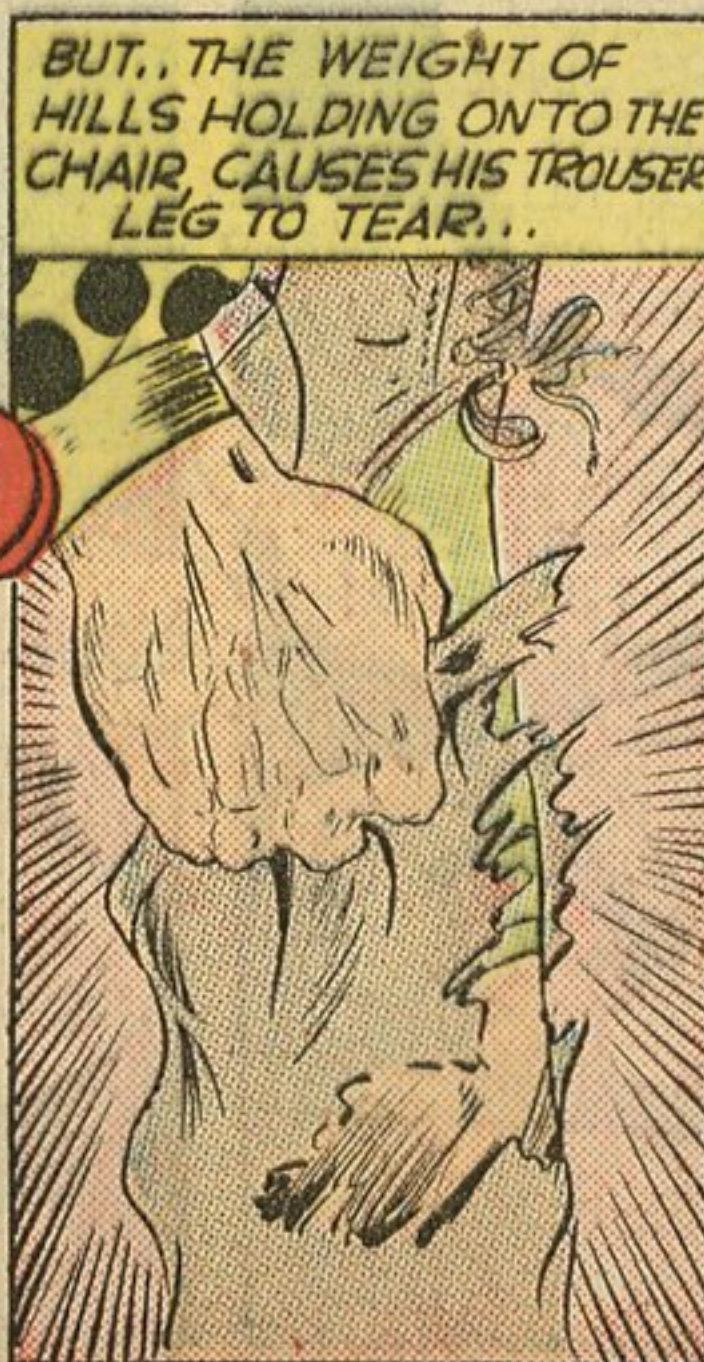
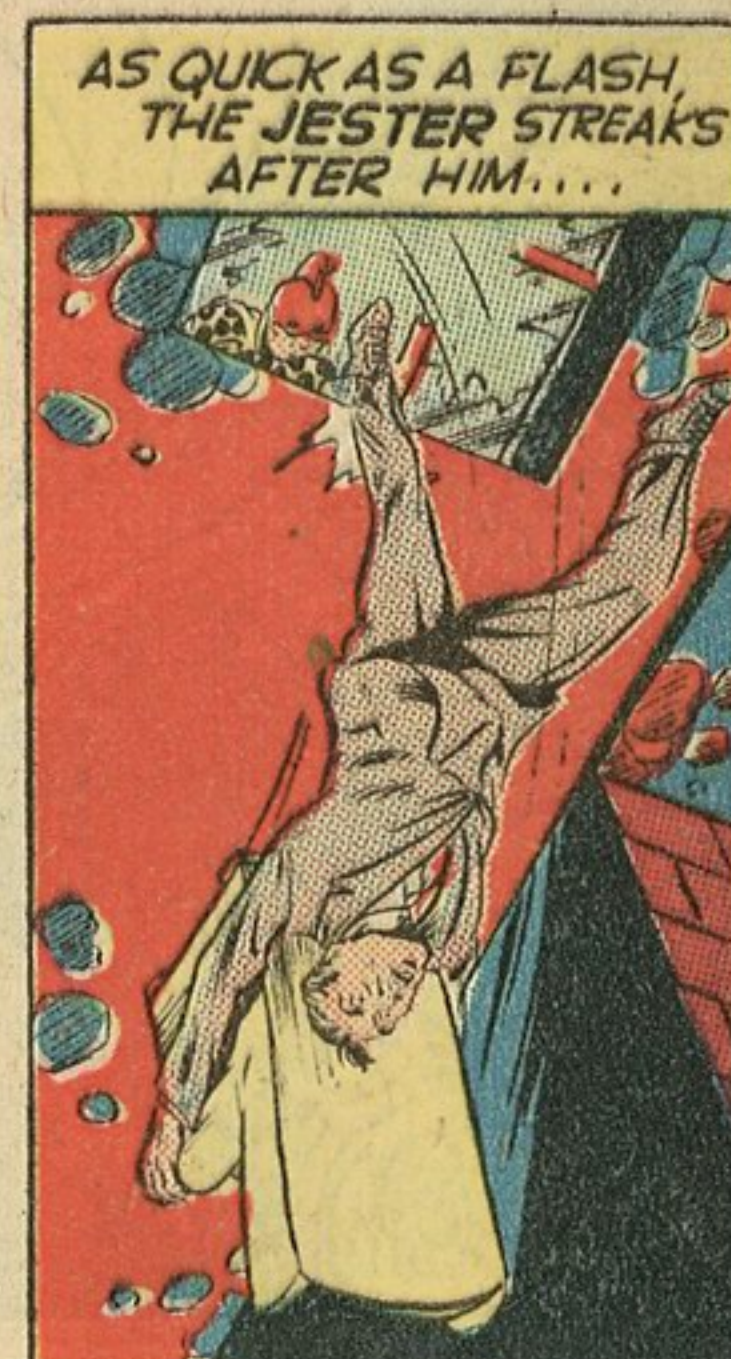
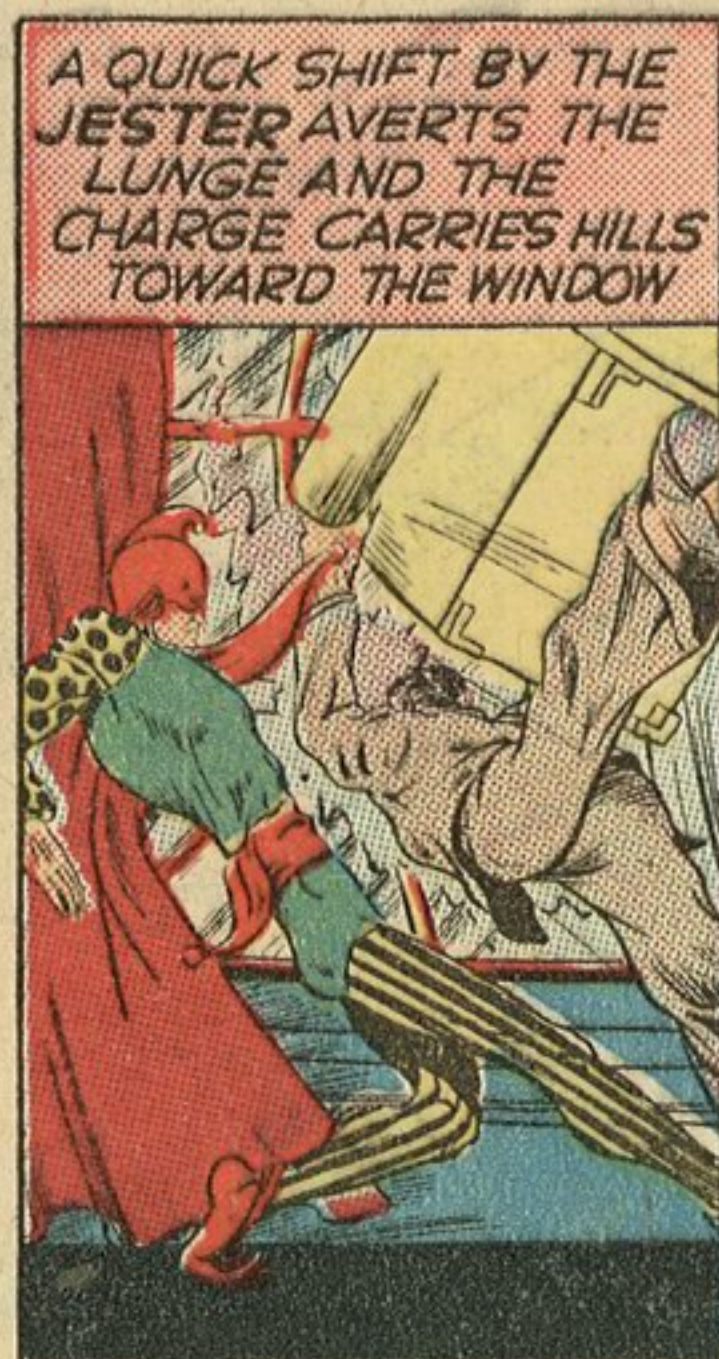
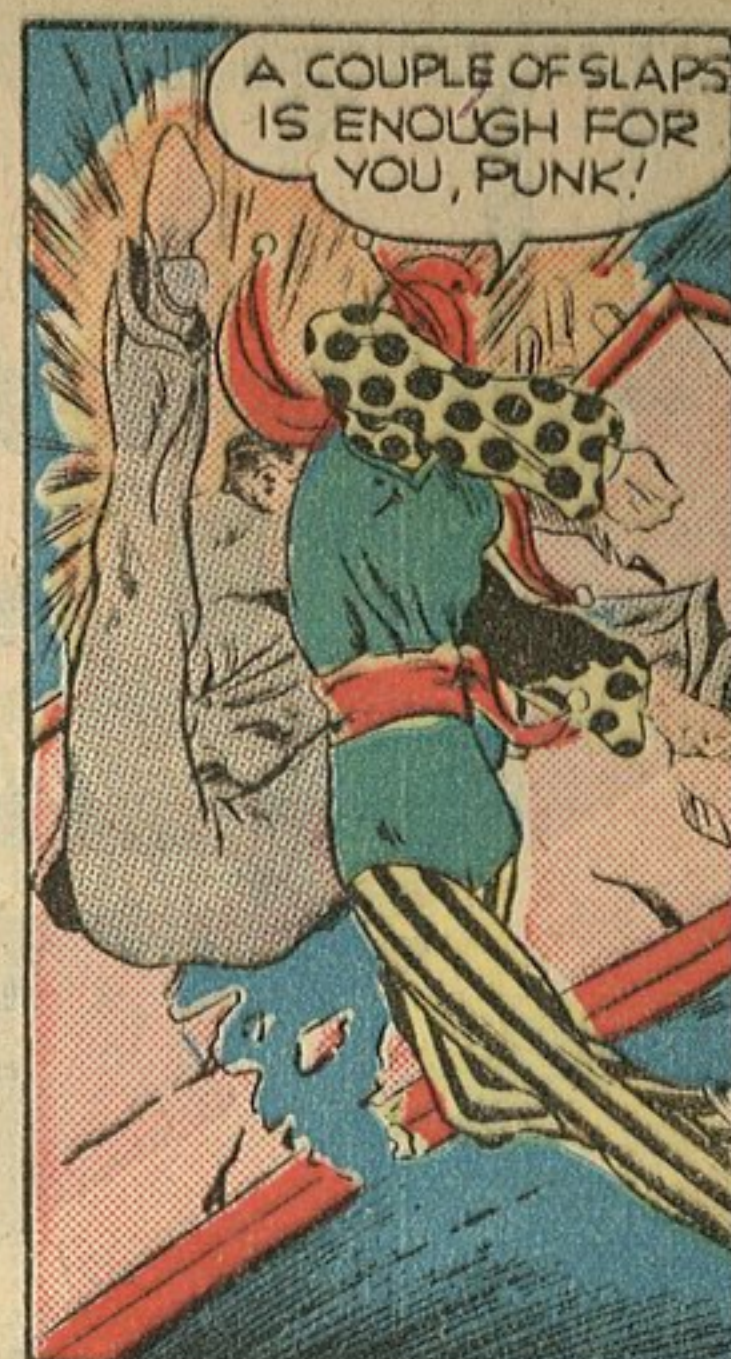
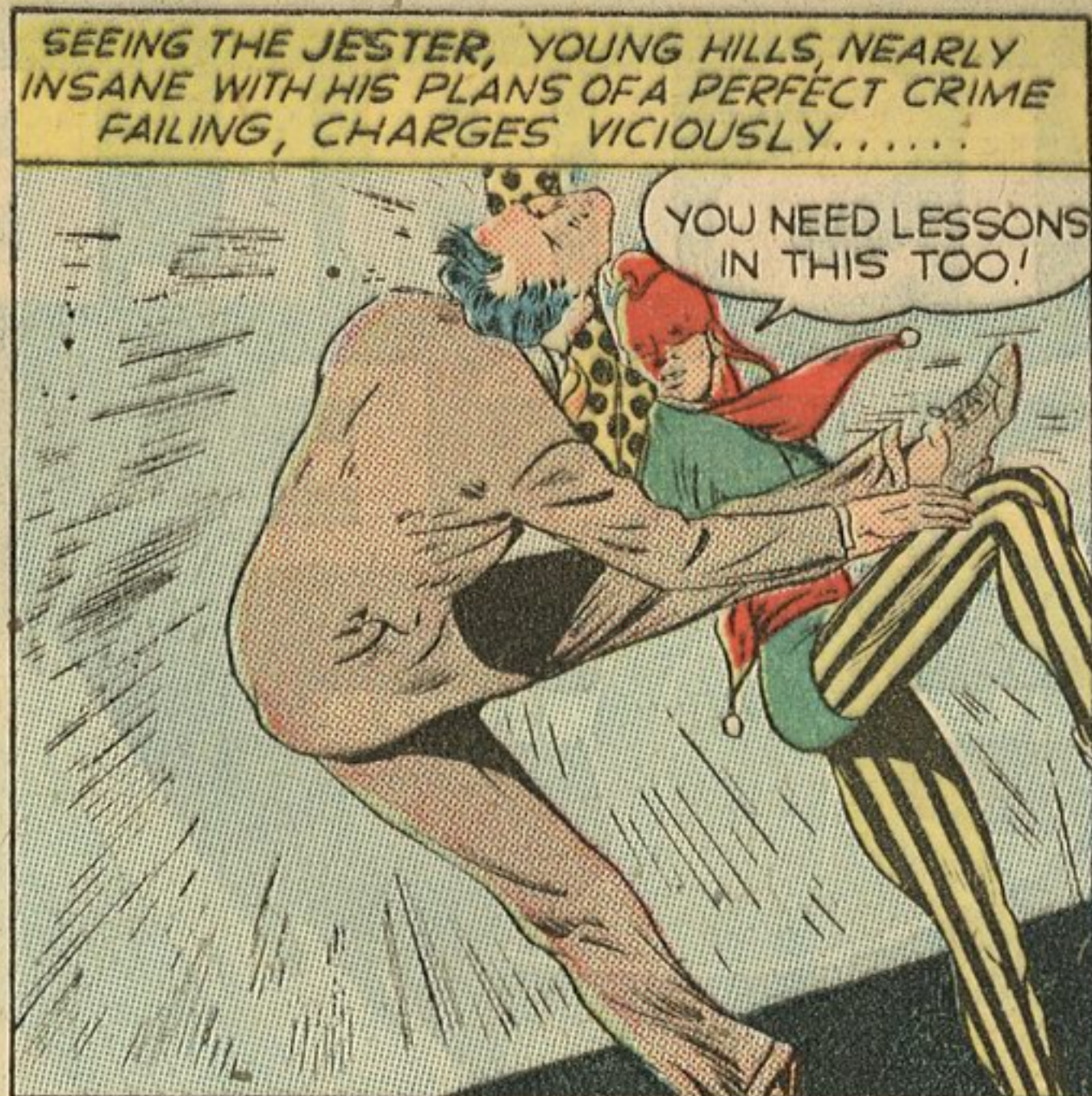


TERRY FLASHES A GUN AND EMPTIES IT AT THE JESTER



I MUST HAVE GOT HIM.. ..PROBABLY FELL BEHIND THE TABLE!





INVISIBLE JUSTICE

STARRING THE

INVISIBLE HOOD

ART GORDON



THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER BATTLE ALERTLY TO CHECK THE FLOW OF CRIME, BUT AN UNSEEN INVADER BRINGS TERROR TO THE HEARTS OF EVILDOERS... IT IS THE **INVISIBLE HOOD**, KENT THURSTON'S COUNTERPART.....

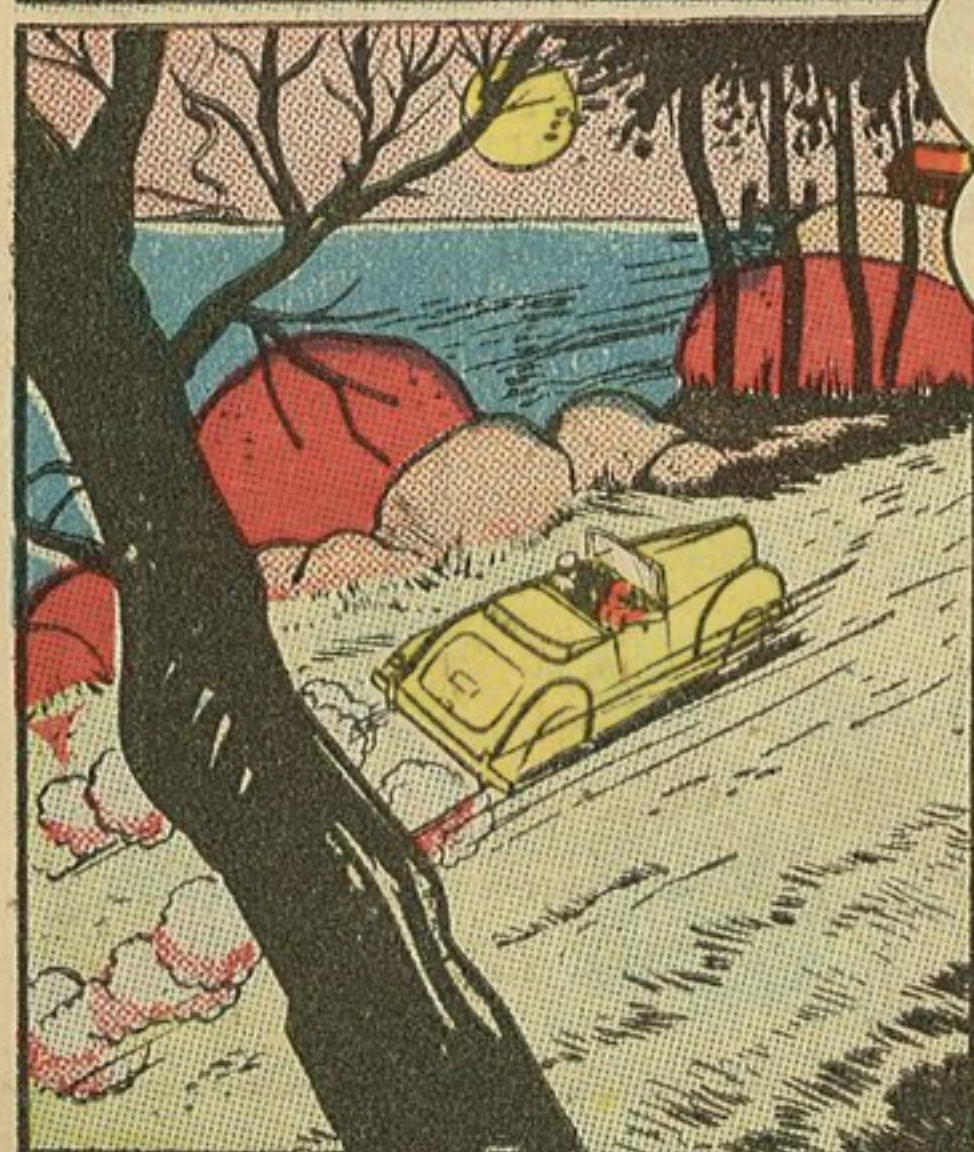
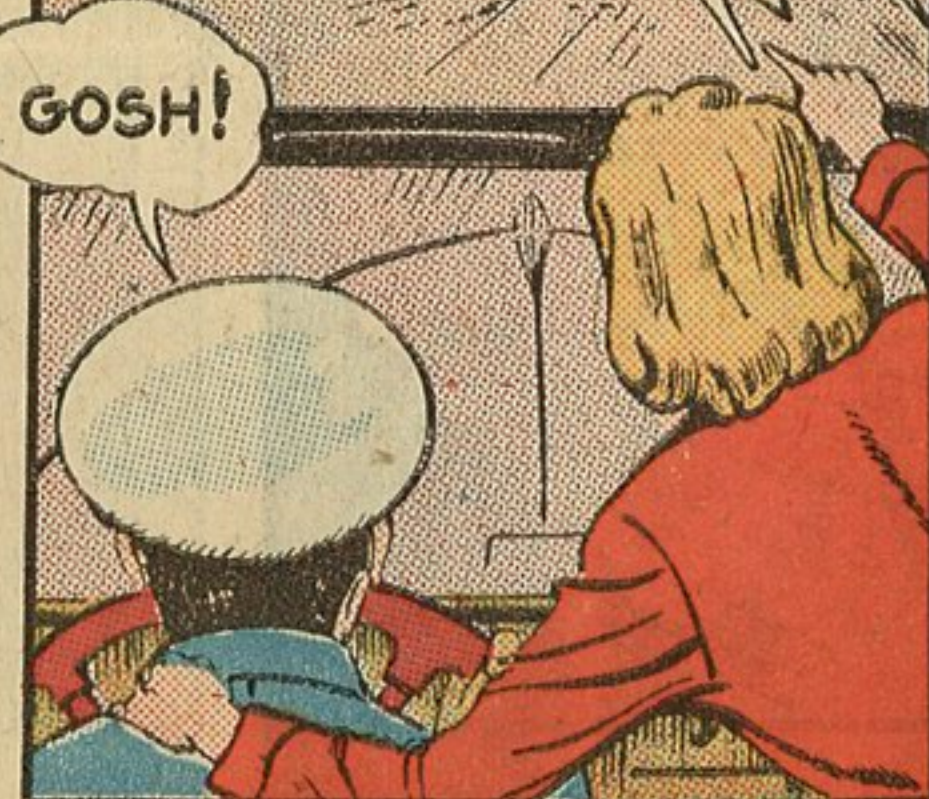
IT IS LATE AT NIGHT AS A CAR SKIMS DOWN A LONELY ROAD ALONG THE WATERFRONT.....

LIEUTENANT JERGENS— IT'S BEEN MONTHS SINCE THE NAVY DEPARTMENT SENT YOU TO SEE THAT NO ONE BOTHERED FATHER AS HE WORKED ON HIS NEW INVENTION— YOU'VE DONE A GRAND JOB!

THANK YOU, MISS SAXON— AND TONIGHT THE "WATERBUG" WILL BE FINISHED!

STOP QUICK! THERE'S A MAN LYING IN THE ROAD!

GOSH!



AS THE NAVY MAN STEPS OUT TO INVESTIGATE.



SUDDENLY THE INERT FIGURE SPRINGS TO LIFE...



THERE IS A YELL FROM BEHIND AND AS JERGENS IS ABOUT TO TURN....



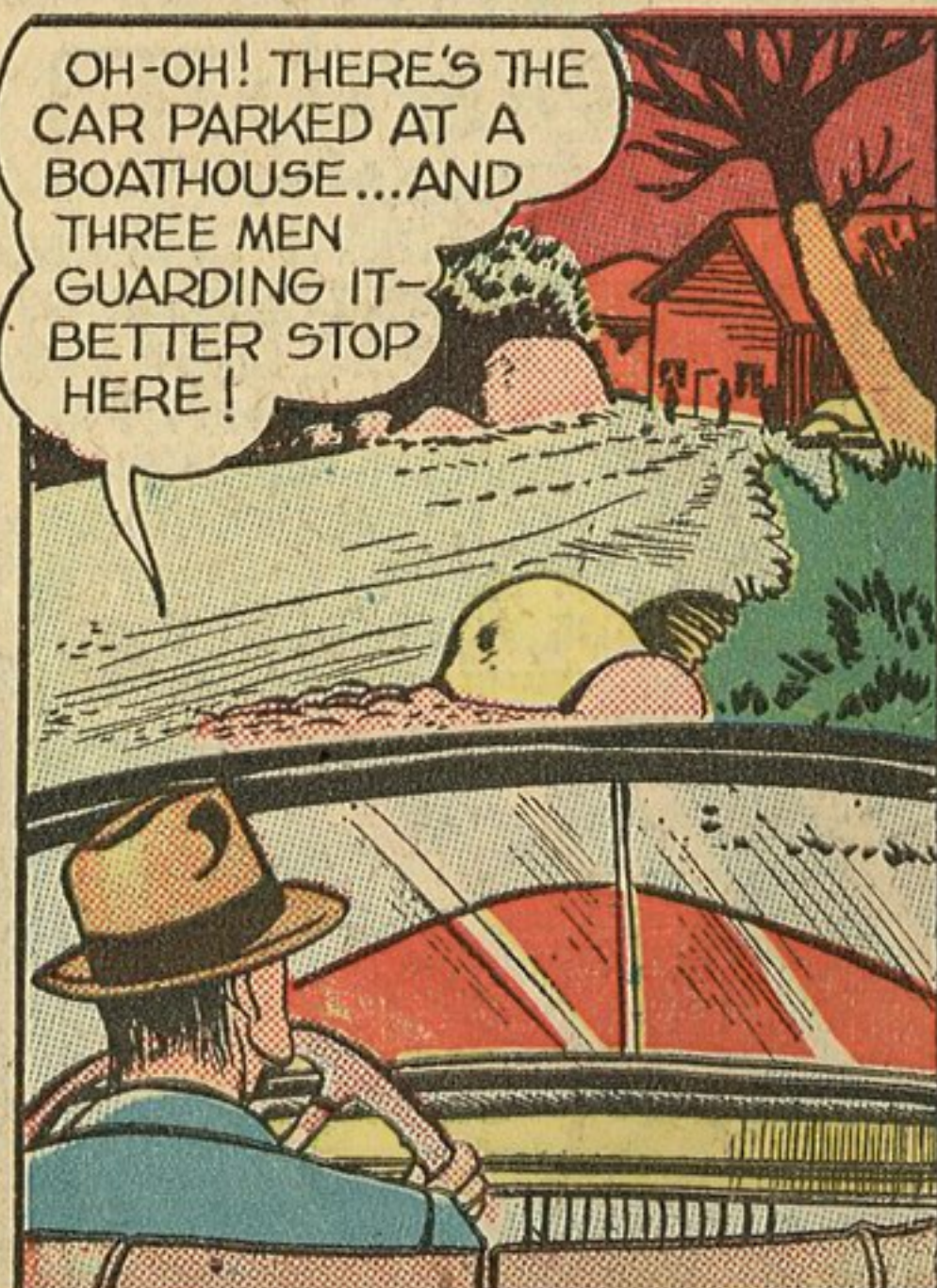
THEN A CAR PULLS UP NEARBY



AS KENT THURSTON REACHES THE BRAWLING MEN....



A FEW MINUTES LATER JERGENS AND JANE SAXON LEAVE...



AS THE THREE MEN GUARD THE BOATHOUSE, THEY DO NOT SEE A STRANGE FIGURE APPROACHING—IT'S THE INVISIBLE HOOD.....

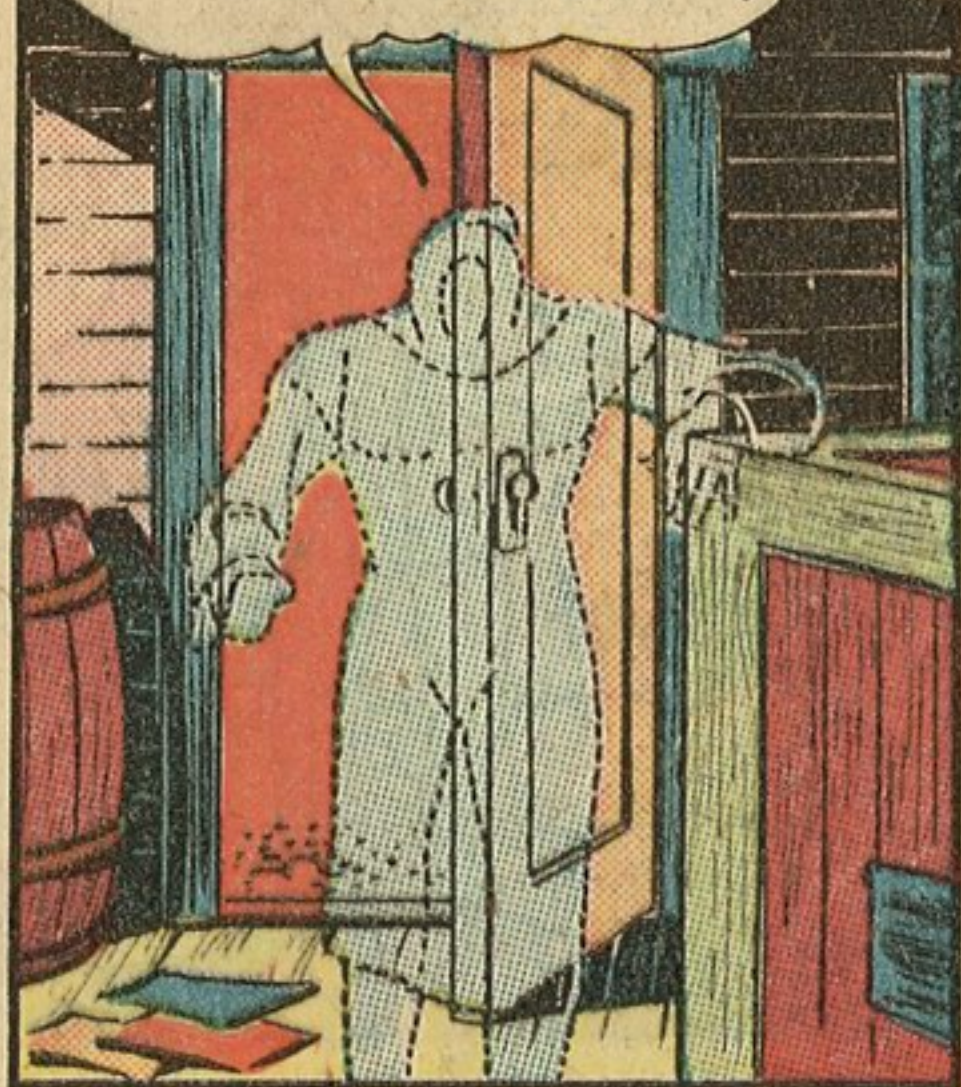


IT'S FUNNY WE HAVEN'T HEARD FROM TH' BOSS YET!

HEY JOE! WOW— HE J-JUST PASSED OUT L-LIKE A LIGHT!



THERE THEY ARE! NOW I GET IT! THE OLD FELLOW IS WORKING ON SOME NEW SEA CRAFT!



LIEUTENANT JERGENS WAS WONDERFUL TONIGHT, DADDY! THREE MEN TRIED TO HOLD US UP BUT HE DROVE THEM OFF SINGLEHANDED!



GREAT WORK, JERGENS! YOU'VE BEEN OF GREAT HELP!

I'VE JUST PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON THE WATERBUG!



NICE WORK, PROF. SAXON! OKAY MEN— YOU CAN COME IN NOW—WE'VE GOT TO GET GOIN'!!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS, JERGENS! WHAT MEN ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT??



JUST THIS! I'M NOT LIEUTENANT JERGENS AND NEVER WAS IN THE NAVY.... DON'T MOVE— YOU'RE COVERED!



RIGHT! JERGENS WAS DONE AWAY WITH... I JUST POSED AS HIM— THAT FIGHT TONIGHT WAS FAKED TO HOLD YOUR CONFIDENCE UNTIL THE COMPLETION OF THE WATERBUG! OKAY MEN—TIE THEM UP!

SUDDENLY A VOICE SPEAKS FROM OUT OF NOWHERE.....



WHO SAID THAT? WHO KNOWS MY REAL NAME!



IT'S THE INVISIBLE HOOD!

GHOSTS!

TH' JOINT IS HAUNTED!

HOOD, EH? WELL, HE WON'T SPOIL MY PLANS!

THE SPYMASTER MAKES A DARING MOVE....



THE INVISIBLE HOOD, PROFESSOR SAXON AND JANE ARE TIED.....



MINUTES LATER AS THE STRANGE CRAFT PULLS AWAY FROM THE PIER A RED GLOW FILLS THE SKY.....



INSIDE, THE INVISIBLE HOOD TAKES A CHANCE...



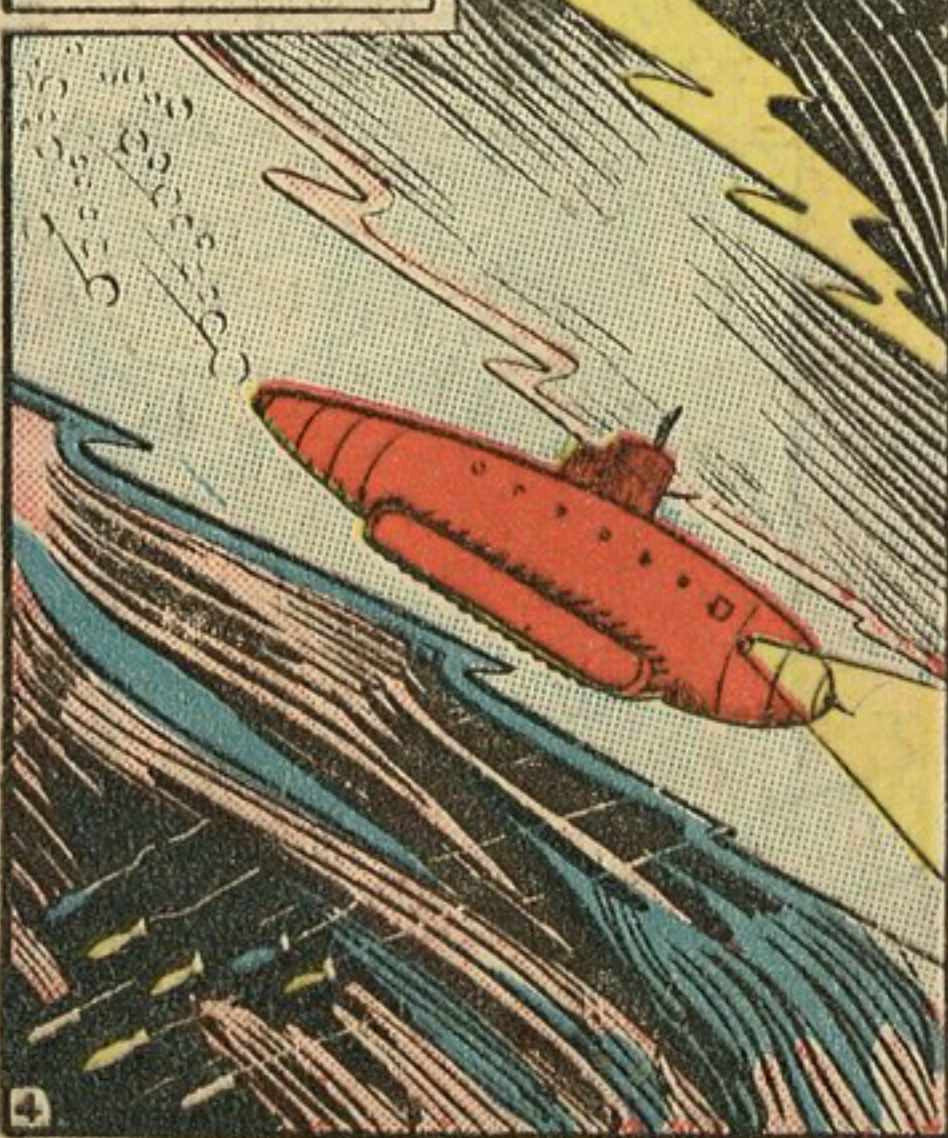
WE'RE FREE!
COME ON—
WE'VE
GOT TO
GET OUT
OF HERE!



WHY DADDY!
WHAT'S
THAT?



WITH SAXON AT THE CONTROLS THE WATERBUG SUBMERGES INTO THE DEPTHS...

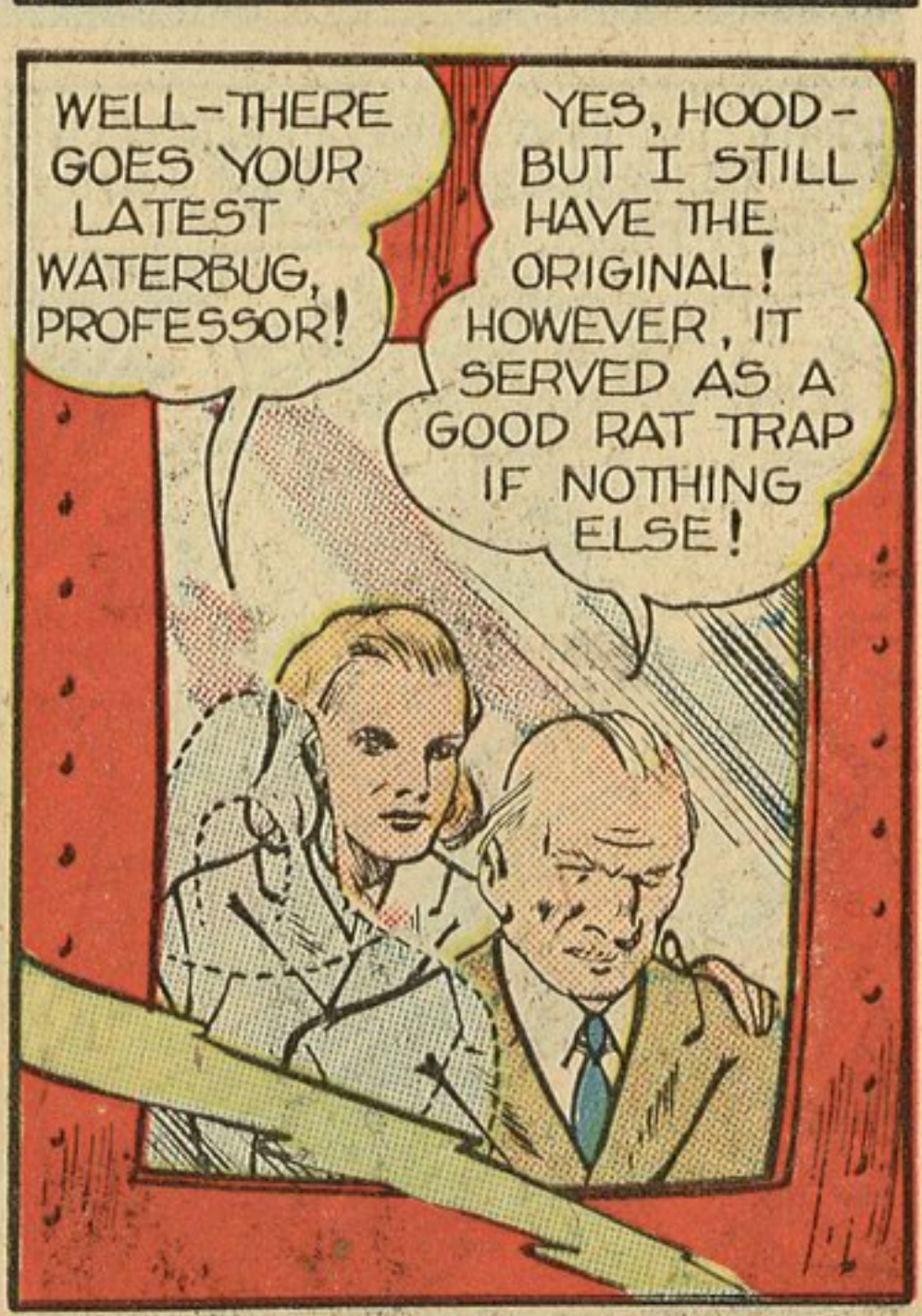
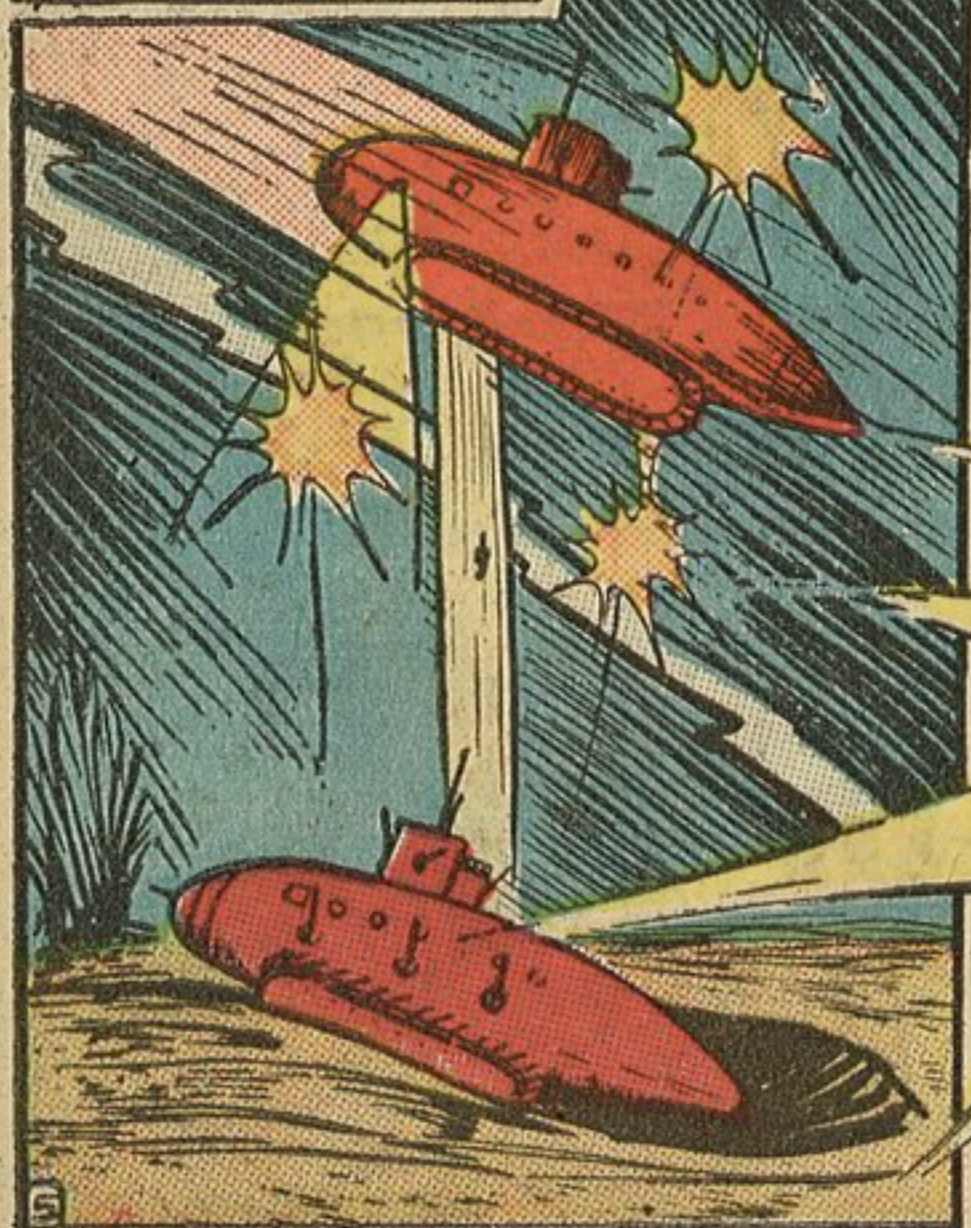
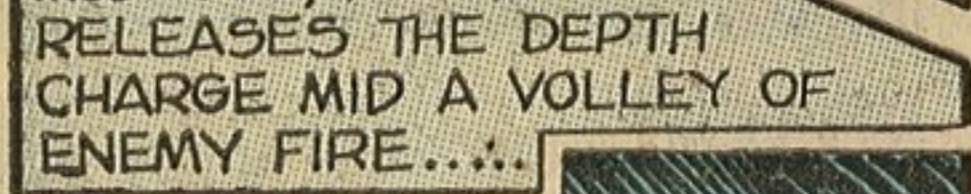
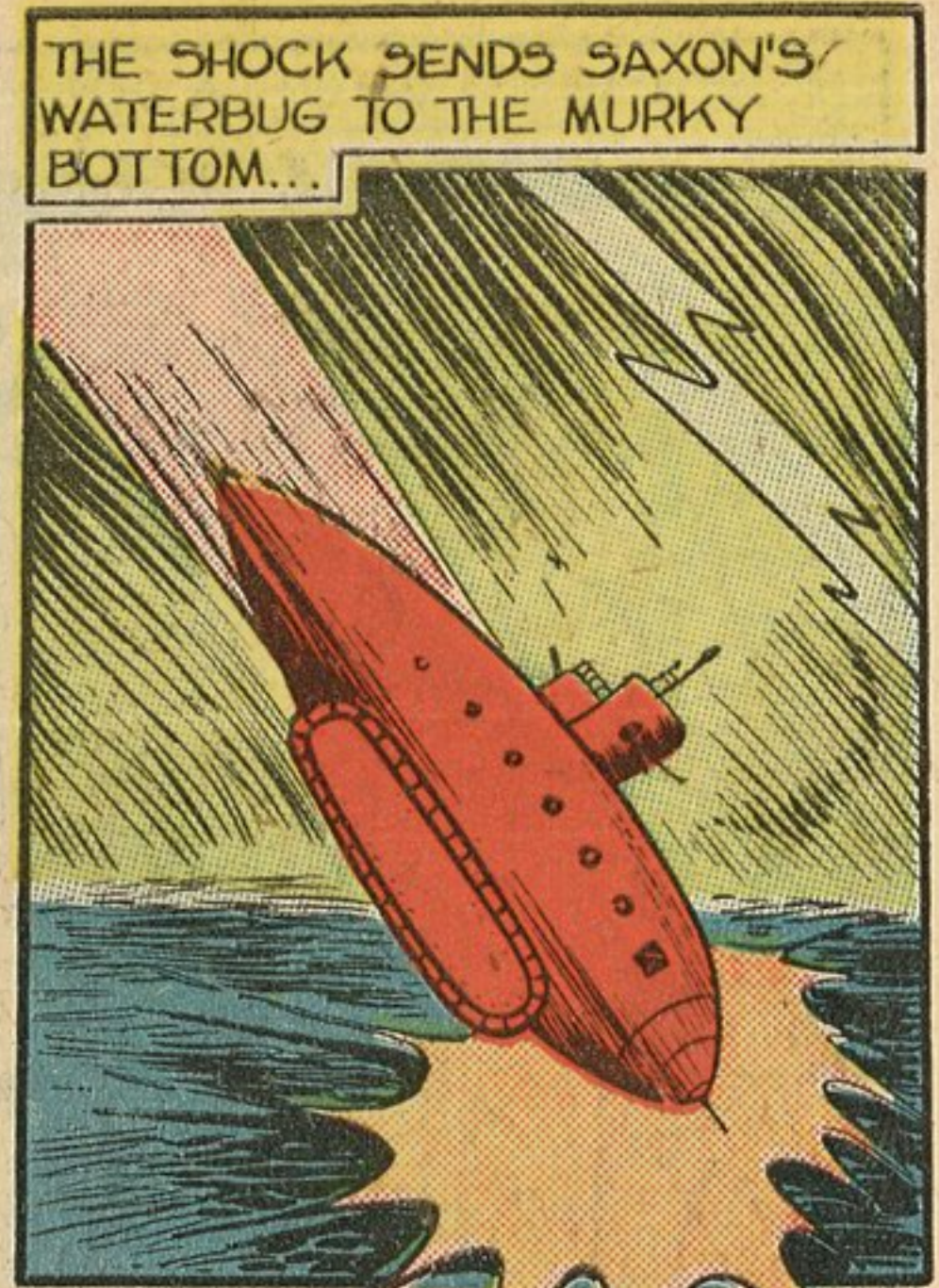
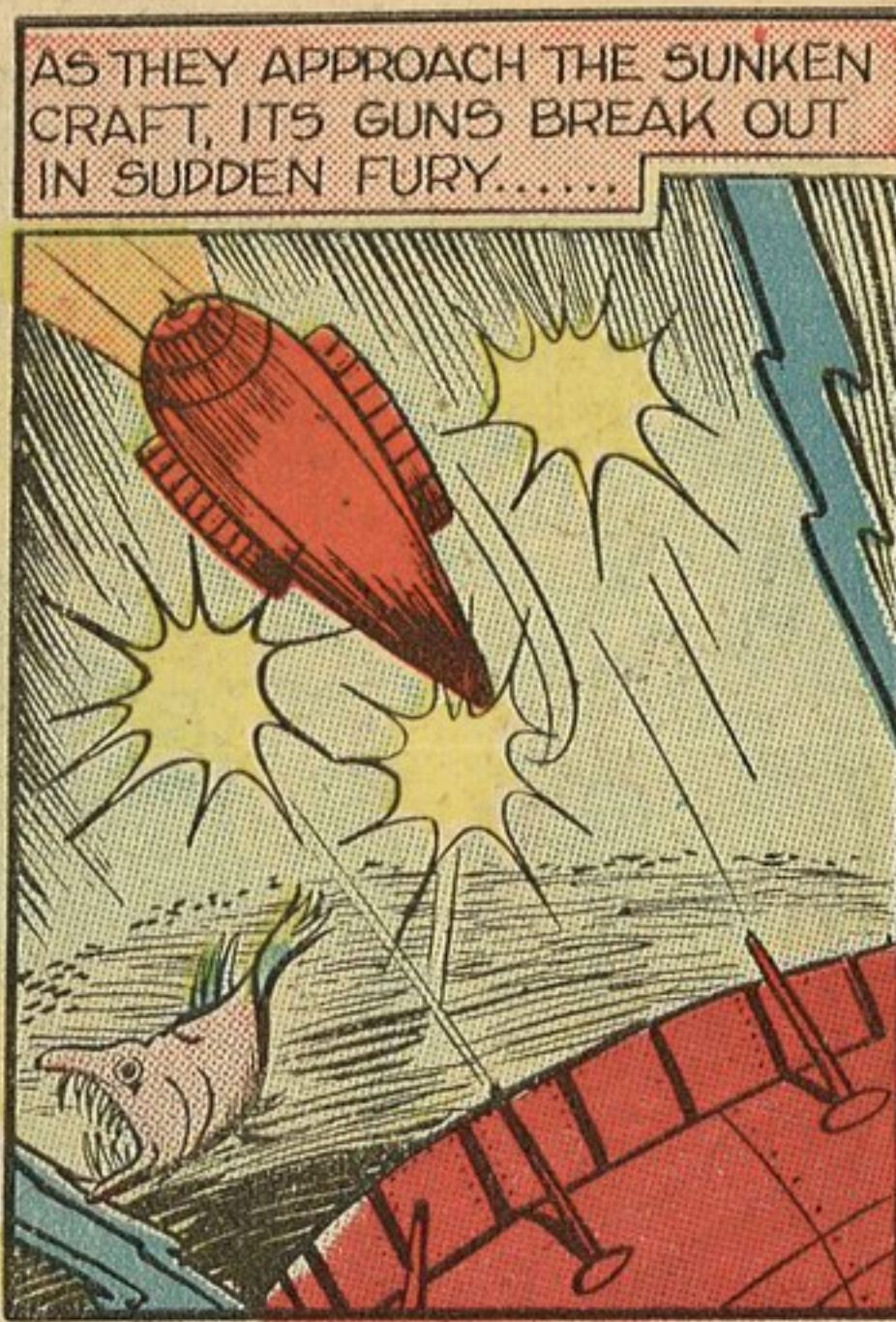


MEANWHILE IN THE SPY'S CRAFT...



WHAT TH'-!! HERE
COMES ANOTHER
WATERBUG—IT MUST
BE SAXON FOLLOWING
US...WE GOTTA GET
OUT OF HERE QUICK!

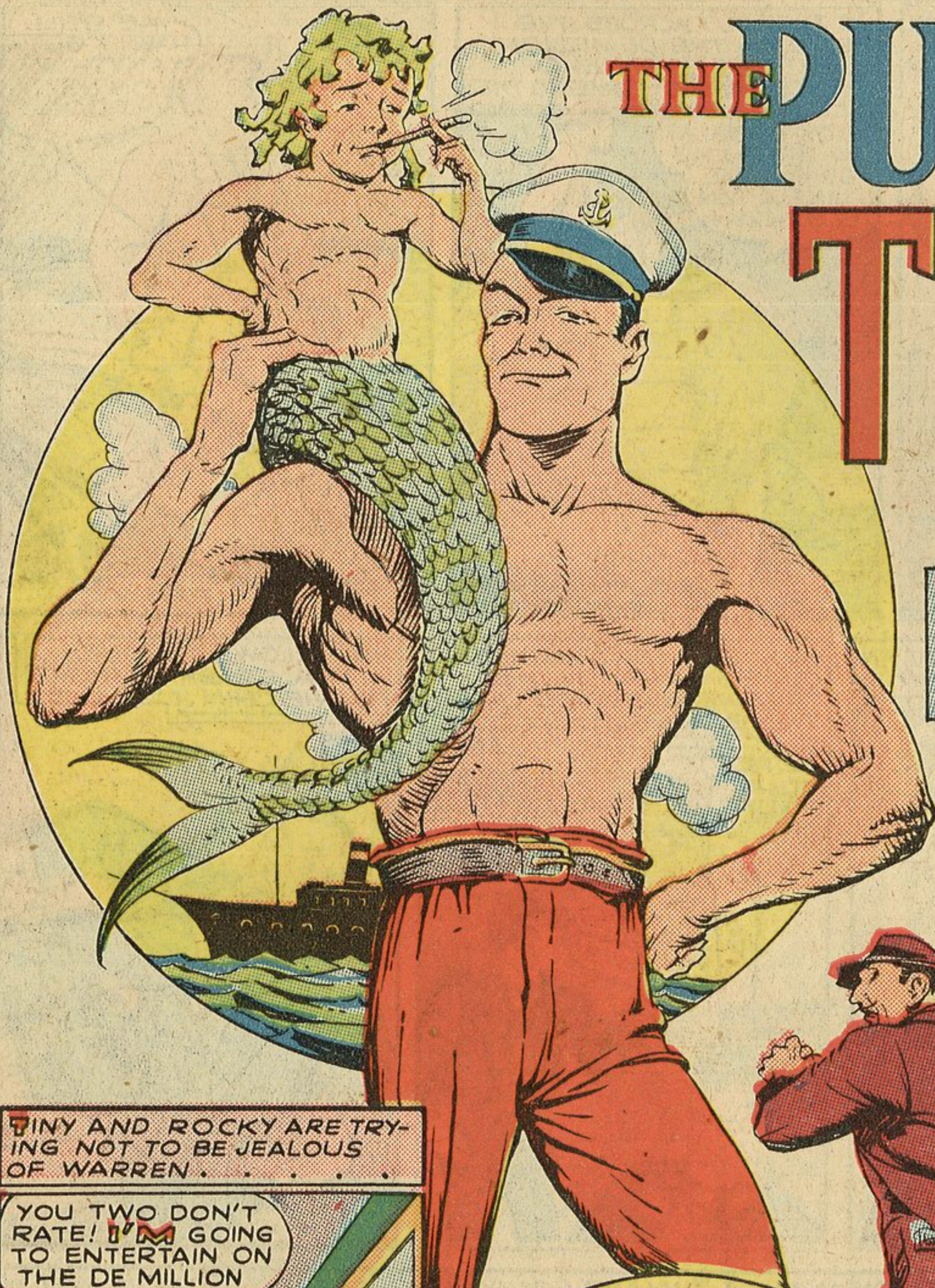




THE PURPLE TRIO

By S.M. Reql

WARREN, A VENTRILOQUIST, ROCKY, A STRONG MAN, WITH TINY THE MIDGET, ARE AN EX-VAUDEVILLE TEAM. NOW THEY PLAY THEIR BIGGEST SHOWS OFF-STAGE.



TINY AND ROCKY ARE TRYING NOT TO BE JEALOUS OF WARREN

YOU TWO DON'T RATE! I'M GOING TO ENTERTAIN ON THE DE MILLION YACHT TONIGHT!

H'MPH!

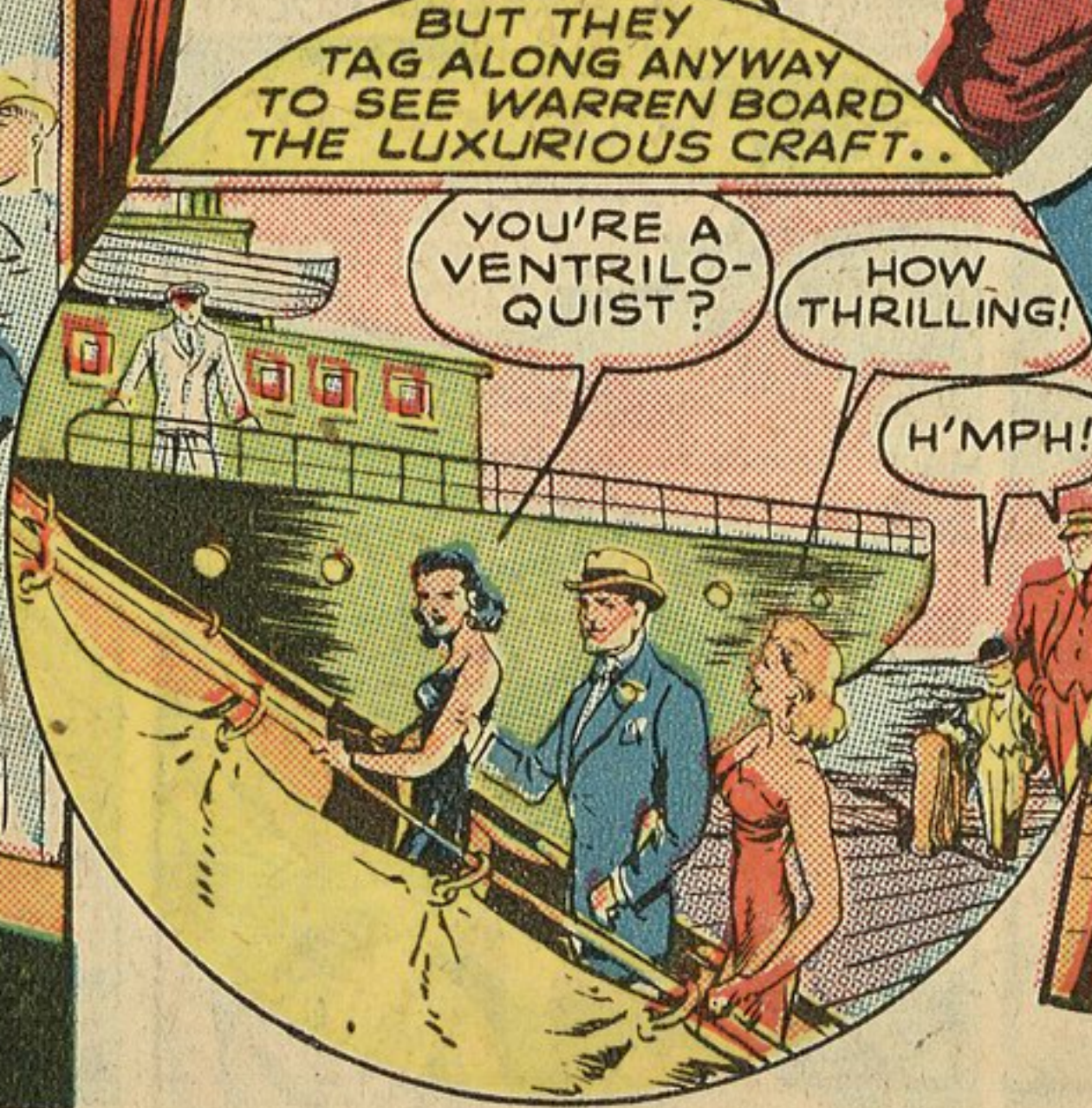
BUT THEY TAG ALONG ANYWAY TO SEE WARREN BOARD THE LUXURIOUS CRAFT..

YOU'RE A VENTRILOQUIST?

HOW THRILLING!

H'MPH!

COME ON, ROCKY, WE CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THIS SOCIETY STUFF!



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE GOOD TUG "HAPPY DAYS" STEAMS OUT INTO THE HARBOR WITH TWO PASSENGERS.



SEE, ROCKY? OUR OWN PRIVATE YACHT. NO BEAUTIFUL DAMES, BUT THE CAP'N HERE HAS SOME GOOD STORIES.

AS THEY CUT ACROSS THE PROW OF THE DE MILLION YACHT, THE STRAINS OF DANCE MUSIC COME TO THEM.



HEY, LOOK AT WARREN! HE SWINGS IT LIKE A TON O' BRICKS.



HE STILL HASN'T GOT ANYTHING ON US, EH, ROCKY?

SUDDENLY ABOARD THE YACHT, AN UNINVITED GUEST JOINS THE PARTY.



OH, HELP?

O.K., BOYS AND GIRLS, LIFT THE MITS AND GIVE WITH THE "ICE"?

WARREN'S VENTRILOQUISM COMES IN HANDY..HE THROWS HIS VOICE UP TO THE BRIDGE.



DROP THAT GUN?

AWK?

HE FOLLOWS THROUGH WITH A SMASHING RIGHT TO THE CHIN.



AFTER A BRIEF STRUGGLE, THE CROOK ESCAPES OVERBOARD.



HEY! COME BACK HERE!

MEANWHILE TINY AND ROCKY ARE WATCHING.

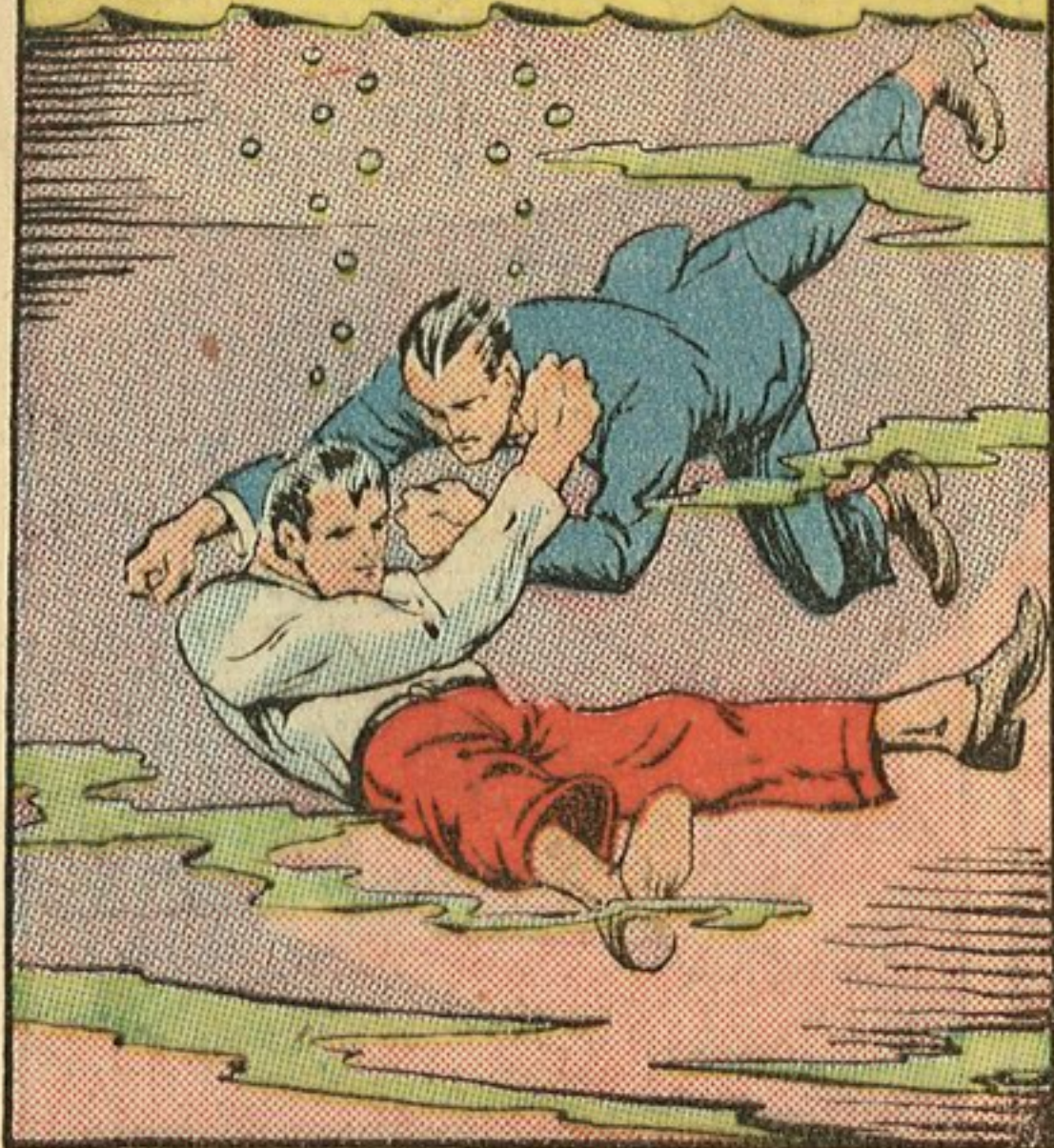


HOLY CATFISH! WARREN'S GOIN' AFTER HIM! HOLD MY COAT, TINY.



ATTA BOY, ROCKY!

IN THE GLOOM UNDERWATER, TWO FIGURES STRUGGLE DESPERATELY.



THEY COME UP FOR AIR AND . . .



ROCKY!

WARREN!

SUDDENLY A FAST MOTOR LAUNCH DARTS TO THE DROWNING GUNMAN . .



SO YOU MUFFED THE JOB!

WE ORTA LET YA DROWN!

TINY HAS HIS TWO PALS FISHED OUT OF THE RIVER. THEN THE TUGBOAT PLOWS AFTER THE SPEEDING LAUNCH AND . .

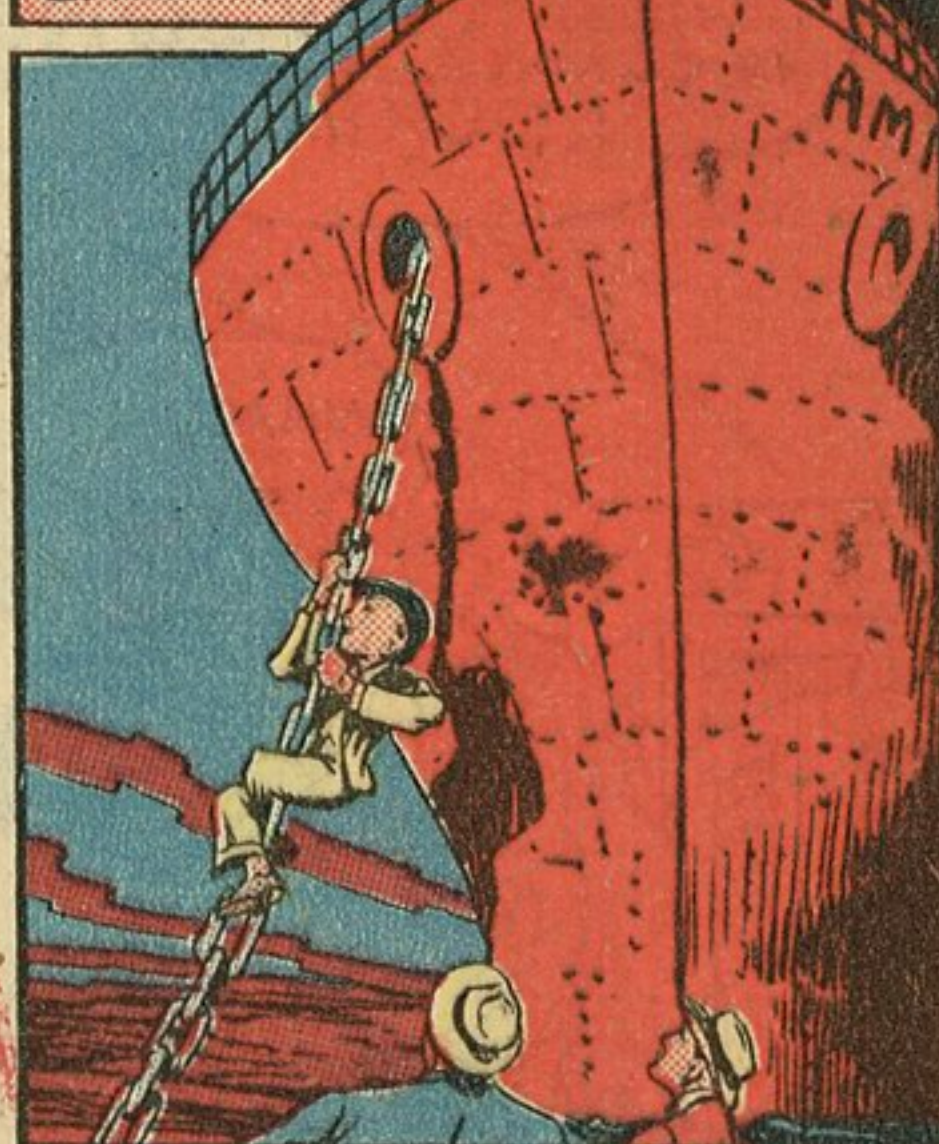


LOOK! THEY'RE HEADING FOR THAT FREIGHTER AT THE GREEN STAR DOCK!

THE CROOKS BOARD THE FREIGHTER . .



BUT THE TRIO IS QUICK TO FOLLOW UP THE ANCHOR CHAIN.



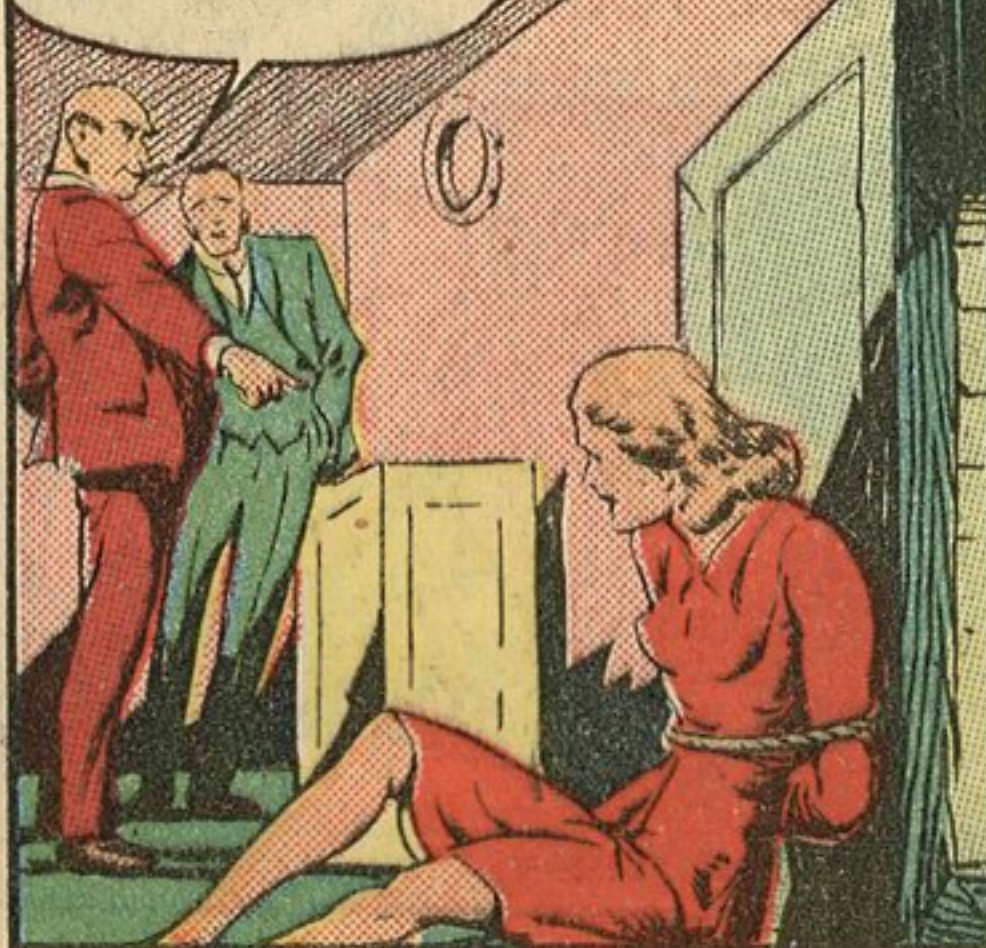
IN THE HOLD . .



GEE, CURLY, I'M SORRY ABOUT MESSIN' UP DAT JOB . . YOU AIN'T SORE?

NAW.. NOT NOW.. WE GOT BIGGER GAME TO DEAL WIT!

MEET DEBUTANTE ANGELA BAKER . . WE'RE TAKING HER OUT TO THE TWELVE MILE LIMIT, UNTIL HER OLD MAN HANDS OVER TH' RANSOM!



WHAT DO YOU THINK, ROCKY? WE'RE OUTNUMBERED.

LET'S SLIP DOWN QUIETLY AND SIZE THEM UP!



THE TRIO SLIPS DOWN TO THE HOLD... WARREN LOOKS OUT A PORTHOLE AND...

A SCHOOL OF FISH! I'VE AN IDEA!

WITH A QUICK THRUST, HE SPEARS A PASSING FISH.

TODAY'S NOT FRIDAY, BOYS, BUT... TINY, GET READY FOR A QUICK CHANGE ACT!

HUH?

QUICKLY THEY PEEL OFF THE FISH SKIN.

NOW YOU'RE A MERMAID... AND YOU, ROCKY, ARE DAVY JONES!

THE CROOKS ARE STILL "IN CONFERENCE"... SUDDENLY...

MAKE WAY FOR DAVY JONES! DAVY JONES IS COMING UP FROM HIS LOCKER!

WHAZZAT?

IN THE DIM LIGHT, THE STARTLED THUGS BEHOLD A SIGHT THEY WILL NEVER FORGET...

A MOIRMAID!

D-DAVY JONES HIMSELF!

MAKE SPACE, CURLY! WE'RE BEIN' PURSUUED!

I'M MOVING AS FAST AS I CAN!

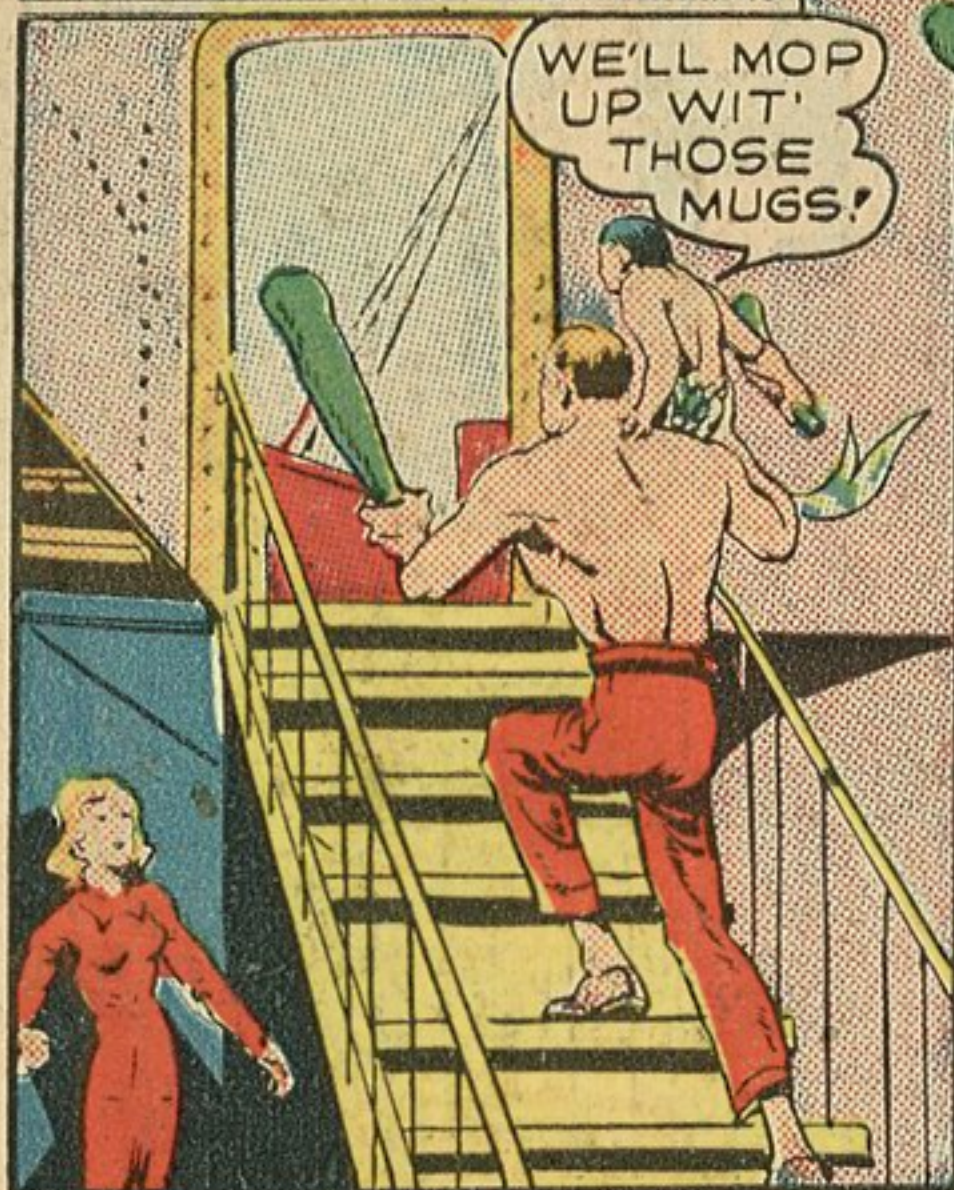
ROCKY UNTIES THE GIRL...

DON'T BE AFRAID, MISS! THIS IS JUST AN ACT... A BENEFIT PERFORMANCE FOR YOU!

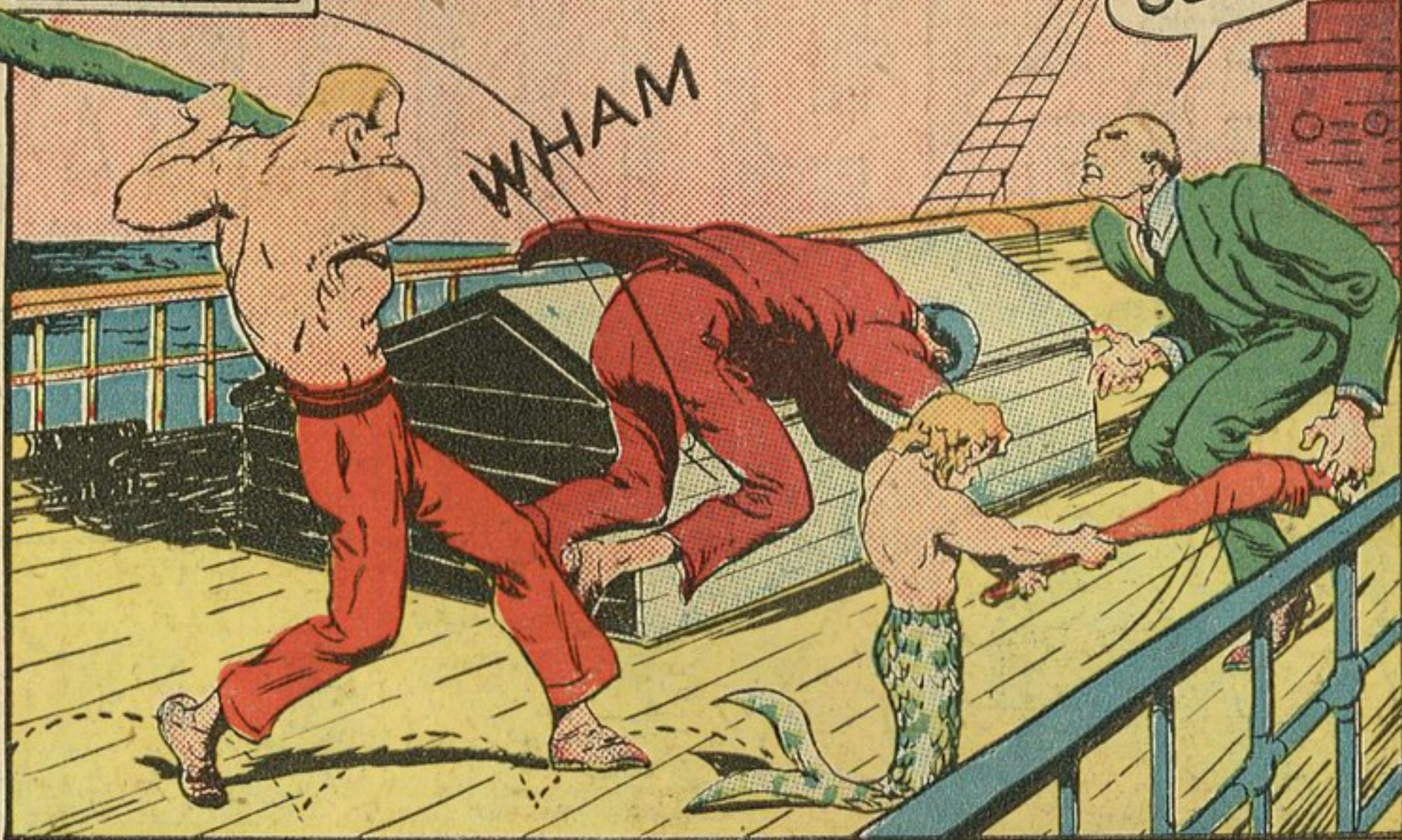
NOW OUR PROBLEM IS TO GET OUT OF HERE AND BACK TO PORT... THIS BOAT'S TRAVELING!

LOOKIT! OUR PROBLEM'S SOLVED... THE OLD TUG HAS HITCHED ON TO THE ANCHOR CHAIN AND COME ALONG WITH US!

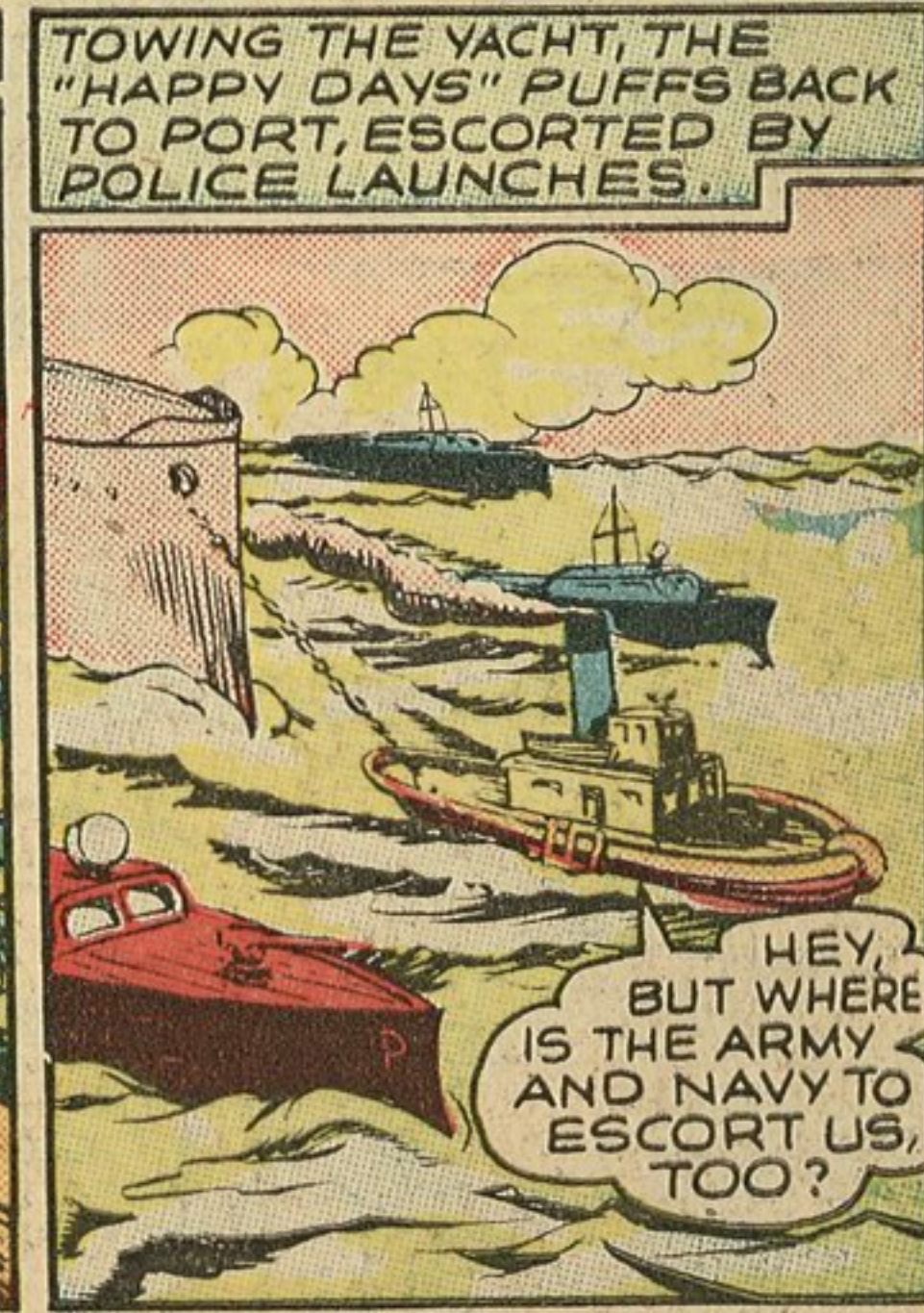
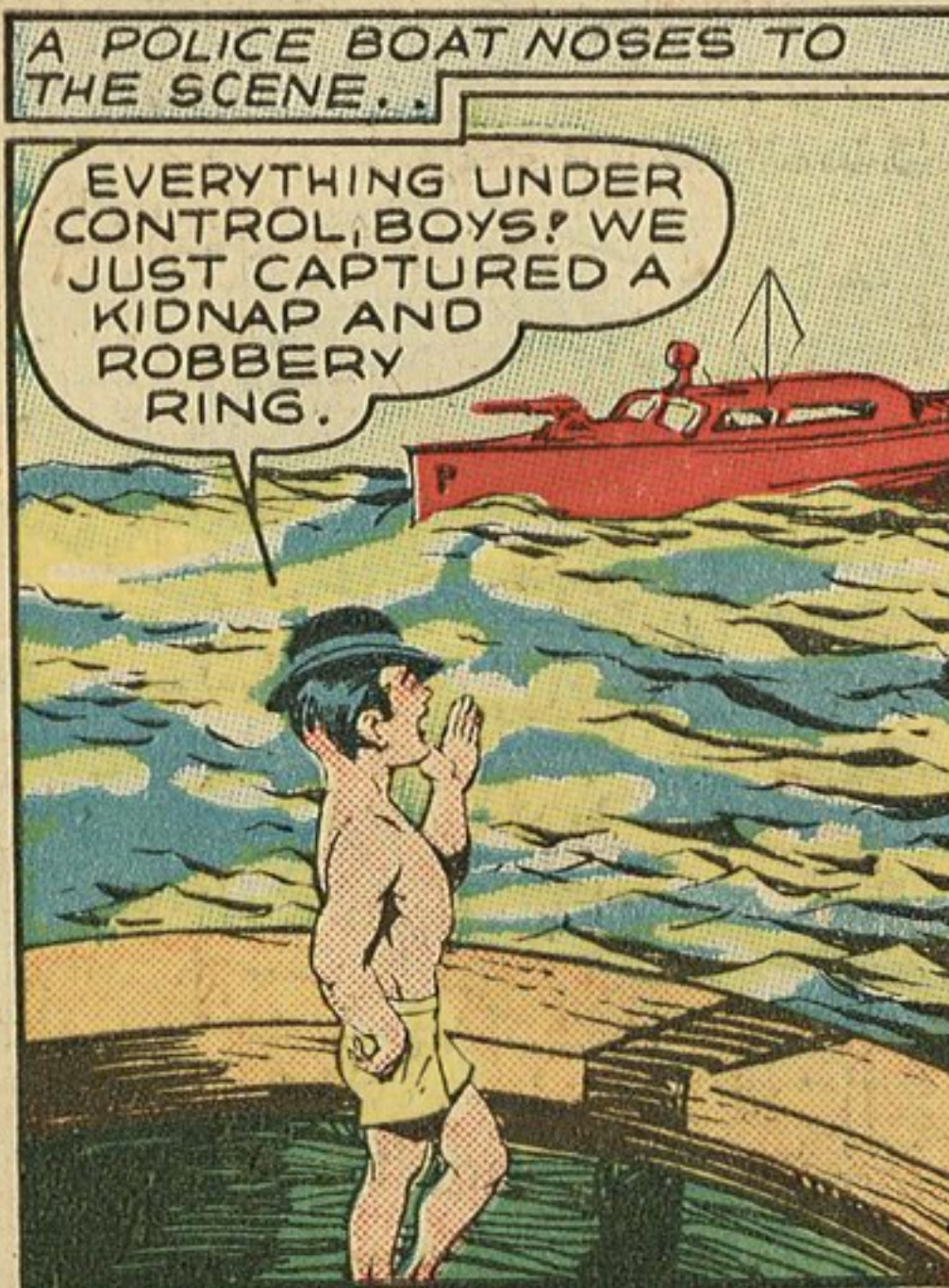
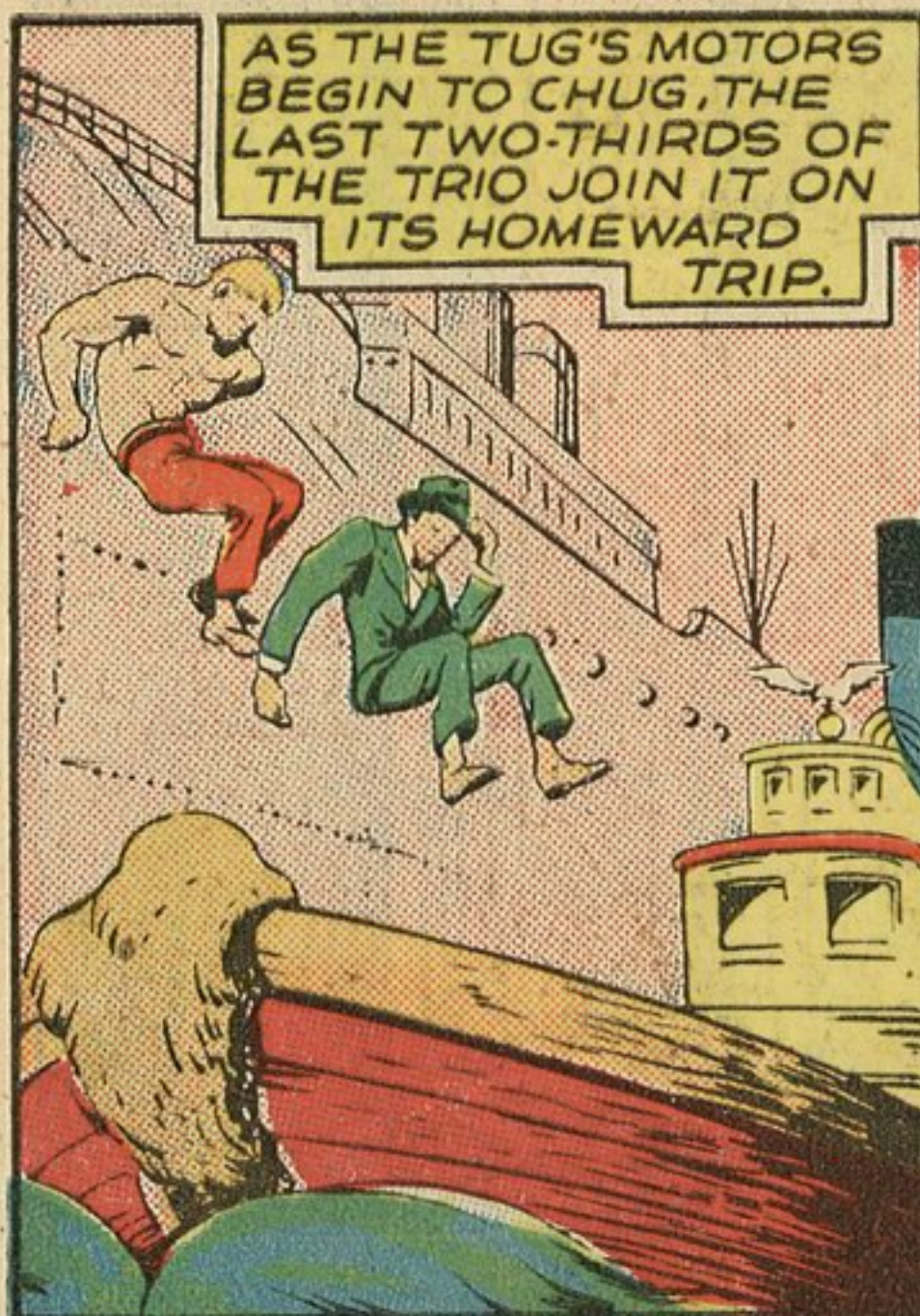
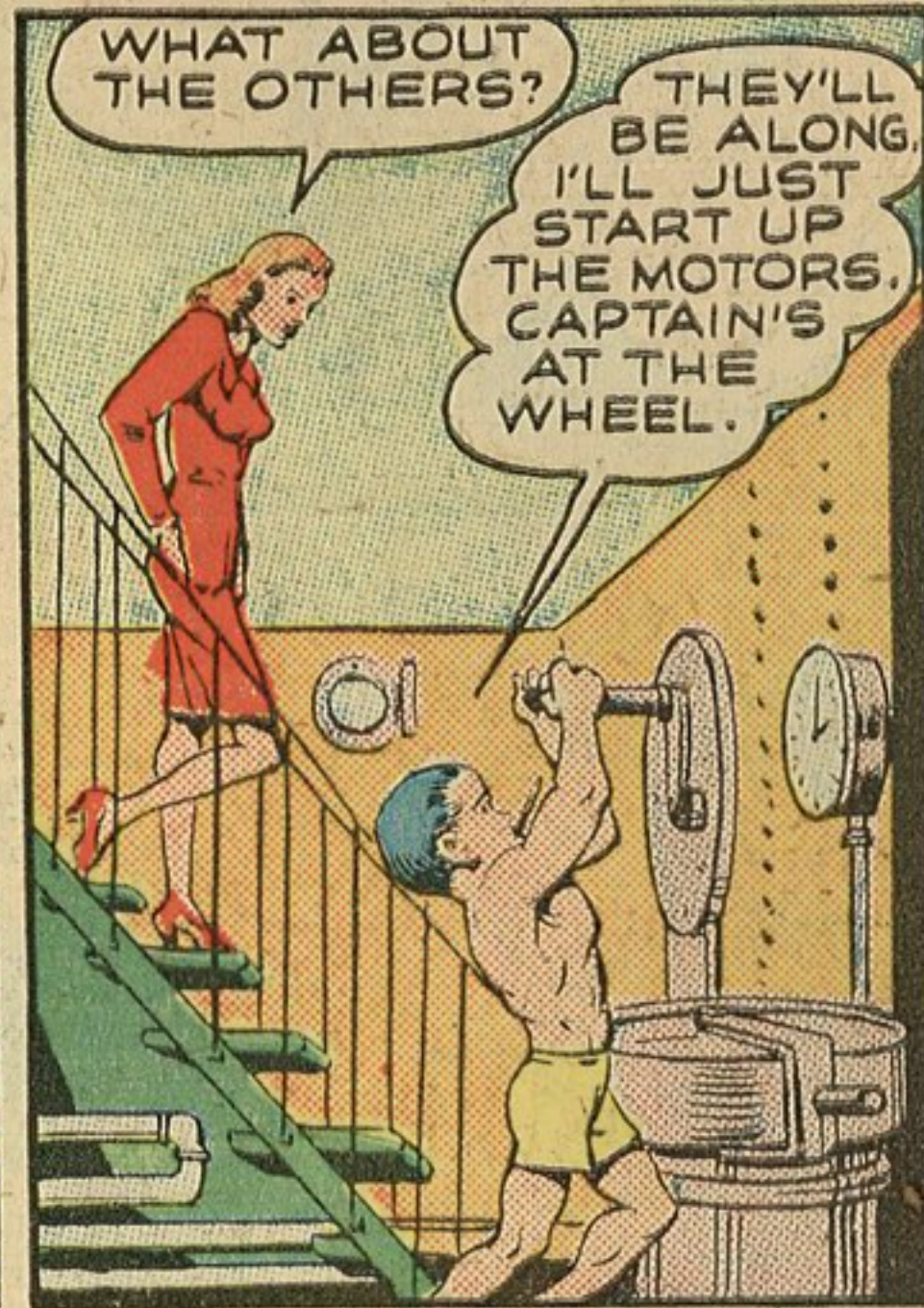
ARMED WITH CLUBS THEY FIND IN THE HOLD, THE TRIO MARCHES UP ON DECK.



"DAVY JONES" AND THE "MERMAID" SWING INTO THE CROOKS WITH RESOUNDING WALLOPS.



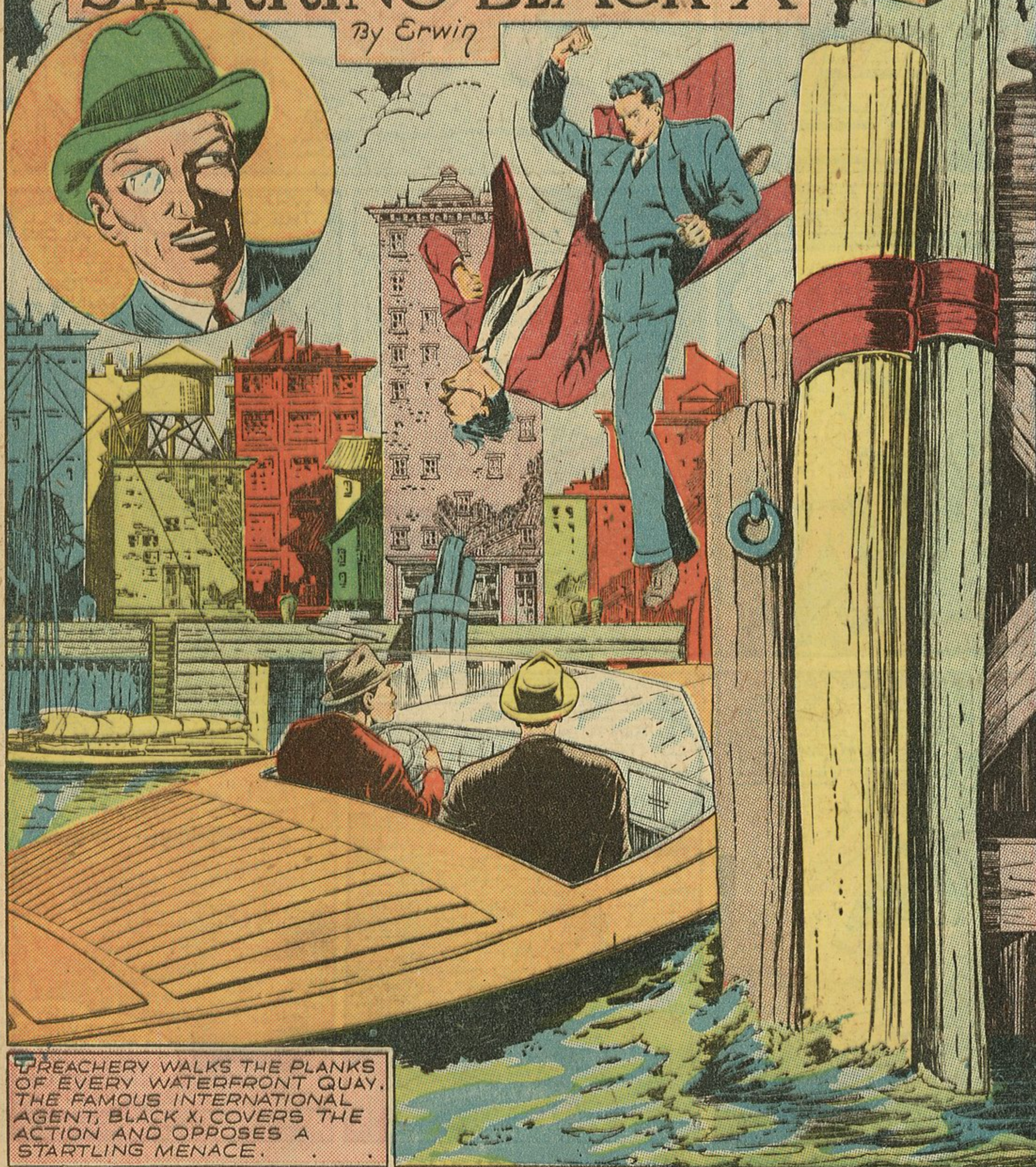
IN NO TIME THE FOREDECK IS CLEANED OF RESISTANCE.



ESPIONAGE

STARRING BLACK X

By Erwin



TREACHERY WALKS THE PLANKS OF EVERY WATERFRONT QUAY. THE FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL AGENT, BLACK X, COVERS THE ACTION AND OPPOSES A STARTLING MENACE.

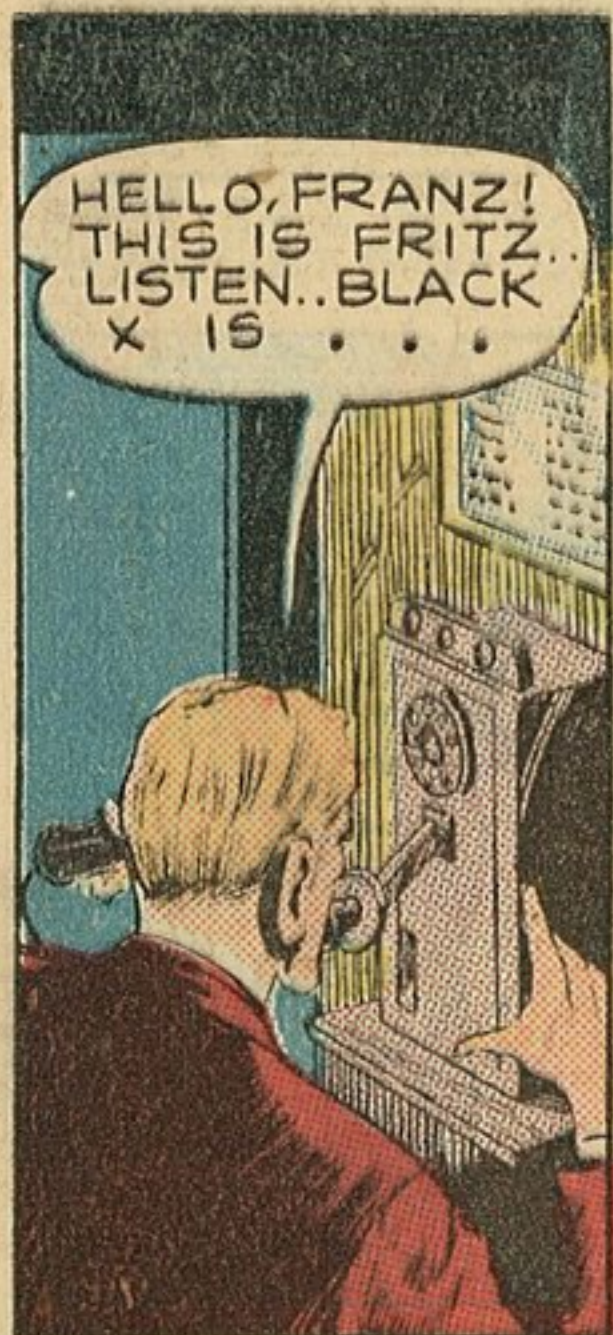
BLACK X AND MADAME DOOM DINE IN HIS FAVORITE WASHINGTON RESTAURANT.



UNKNOWN TO THE DINERS, A WAITER EAVESDROPS.



BATU, BLACK X'S HINDU SERVANT, ALSO WATCHES.



THE HINDU PROJECTS HIS IMAGE TO THE COUNTER AND QUICKLY LEAVES UNSEEN WITH THE SPY



HE IMMEDIATELY RETURNS AND STEPS INTO HIS IMAGE AFTER LOCKING HIS CAPTIVE IN BLACK X'S CAR.



MEANWHILE AT WENZEL'S WATERFRONT HIDEOUT...



I WONDER WHAT THAT CALL WAS ABOUT! I'LL GET THE BOYS..

WHAT'S UP, BOSS?

LISTEN! I WANT YOU TO GO OVER TO THE RESTAURANT WHERE FRITZ ISS WORKING.



AND BRING HIM BACK TO ME. DON'T LET ANYTHING STOP YOU!



BACK IN THE RESTAURANT.



I HAVE A FIFTH COLUMNIST SPY LOCKED IN THE CAR, MASTER.

GOOD! WAIT THERE FOR ME!

AS BATU STEPS OUTSIDE HE IS RECOGNIZED BY WENZEL'S HENCHMEN.



THAT'S BLACK X'S HINDU SERVANT!

GET THAT FAKIR!

HE PROJECTS HIS IMAGE AS BLACK X FOLLOWS HIM OUT OF THE RESTAURANT.



THOSE MUGS ARE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.

MADAME DOOM AND THE ALERT AGENT FIRE...



I GOT HIM.



ONE OF THE BULLETS GOES WILD AND CRASHES THROUGH THE CAR CUTTING THE WAITER'S BINDINGS...



MY HANDS ARE FREE, BUT I'LL WAIT FOR A GOOD CHANCE TO GET BLACK X!

THE ECHOES OF THE SHOTS ARE FOLLOWED BY THE WAILS OF POLICE SIRENS.

MADAME DOOM RETREATS TO THE SHADOWS AS BLACK X DRIVES OFF.

BATU WEAVES SKILFULLY THROUGH THE HEAVY TRAFFIC.



GOOD LUCK, BLACK X.. OUR PATHS HAVE CROSSED FOR THE LAST TIME.. I HOPE!



BUT THE WAITER WHIRLS SUDDENLY, GRABBING BLACK X'S GUN.

YES! STEP ON IT! I'LL TAKE YOU WHERE YOU WANTED TO GO.. BUT AS MY CAPTIVES!

WHEN THEY REACH A DOCK WAREHOUSE, BLACK X GIVES BATU AN ORDER IN HINDUSTANI.



A FEW MOMENTS LATER THEY ARE FORCED AT GUN POINT INTO WENZEL'S HIDEOUT.

YOUR GUNMEN YOU SENT AFTER THESE TWO WERE KILLED BY THEM, HERR WENZEL!

BLACK X DISREGARDS THEIR THREATS AND STEPS FORWARD.



TAKING THEM OFF GUARD, BLACK X SWINGS INTO ACTION.

LOOK OUT
BEHIND
YOU,
MASTER!

CATCH
HIM,
BATU?

I'LL SETTLE
WITH YOU NOW,
BLACK X?



BUT THE WILY ESPIONAGE
AGENT CRACKS A BACK-
HANDED BLOW ON WENZEL'S
JAW.

OKAY,
WHISKERS..
LET'S SEE
HOW THIS
SETTLES?



BLACK X COOLS WENZEL'S
THREAT BUT FAILS TO HEAR
STEALTHY FOOTSTEPS
BEHIND HIM.



BATU?
QUICK?

THIS'LL
TAKE CARE
OF YOU?



DAZED BY THE FALL, BLACK X
CANNOT FIGHT OFF HIS
ASSAILANT.

IT'S A PLEASURE
TO PLUNGE MY
KNIFE IN
YOUR
HEART?



MASTER?
GRAB HIS
LEGS!



BATU'S KNIFE SAVES
BLACK X AT THE LAST
MOMENT.



EEOWW!

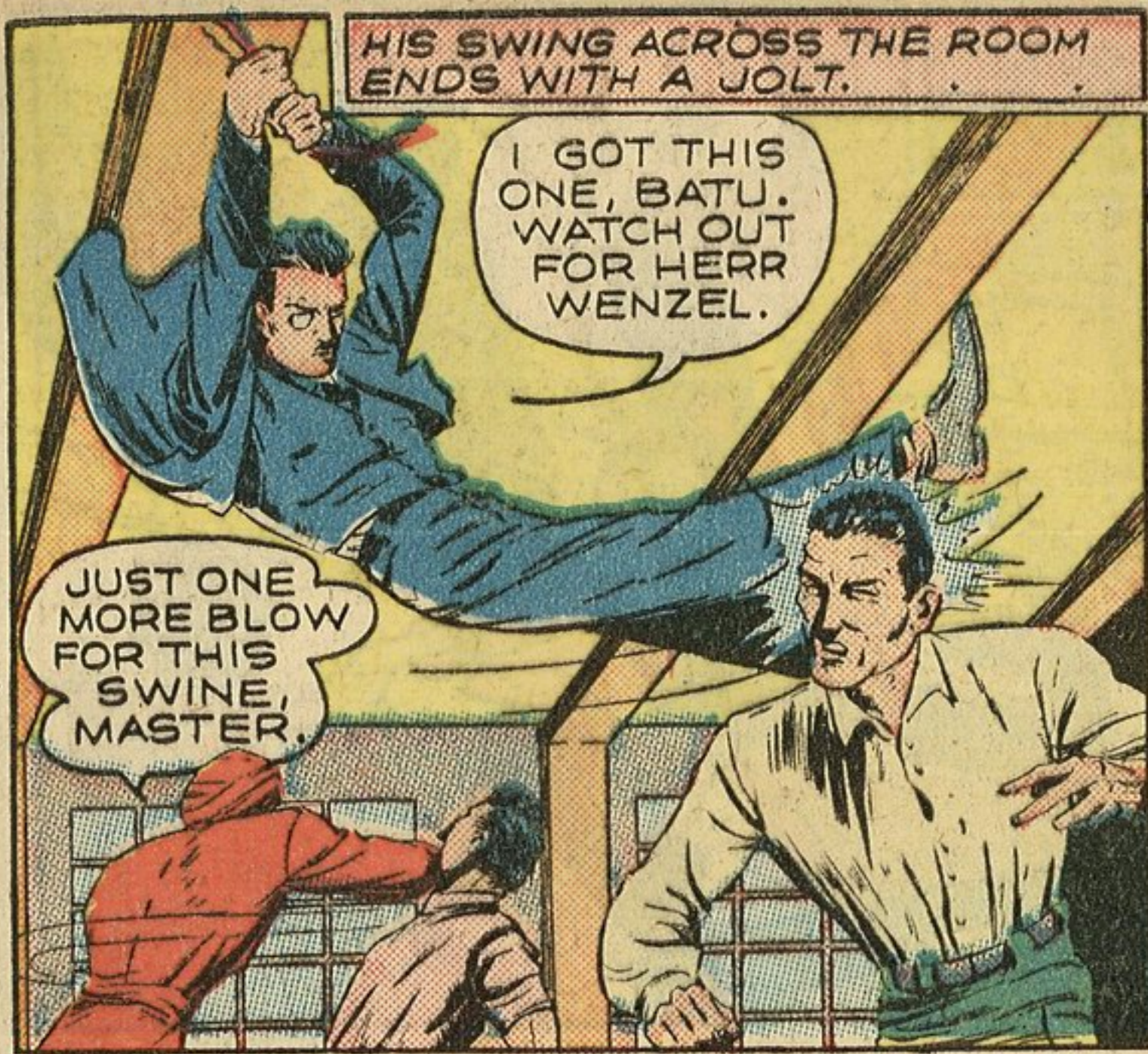
WENZEL'S MEN
SPRING UPON
BATU.



BLACK X LEAPS UP TO A
ROPE DANGLING FROM
A HEAVY PULLEY.



THIS IS A
FIGHT TO
THE DEATH,
NOW! I'M
COMING,
BATU!



HIS SWING ACROSS THE ROOM ENDS WITH A JOLT.

I GOT THIS ONE, BATU. WATCH OUT FOR HERR WENZEL.

JUST ONE MORE BLOW FOR THIS SWINE, MASTER.



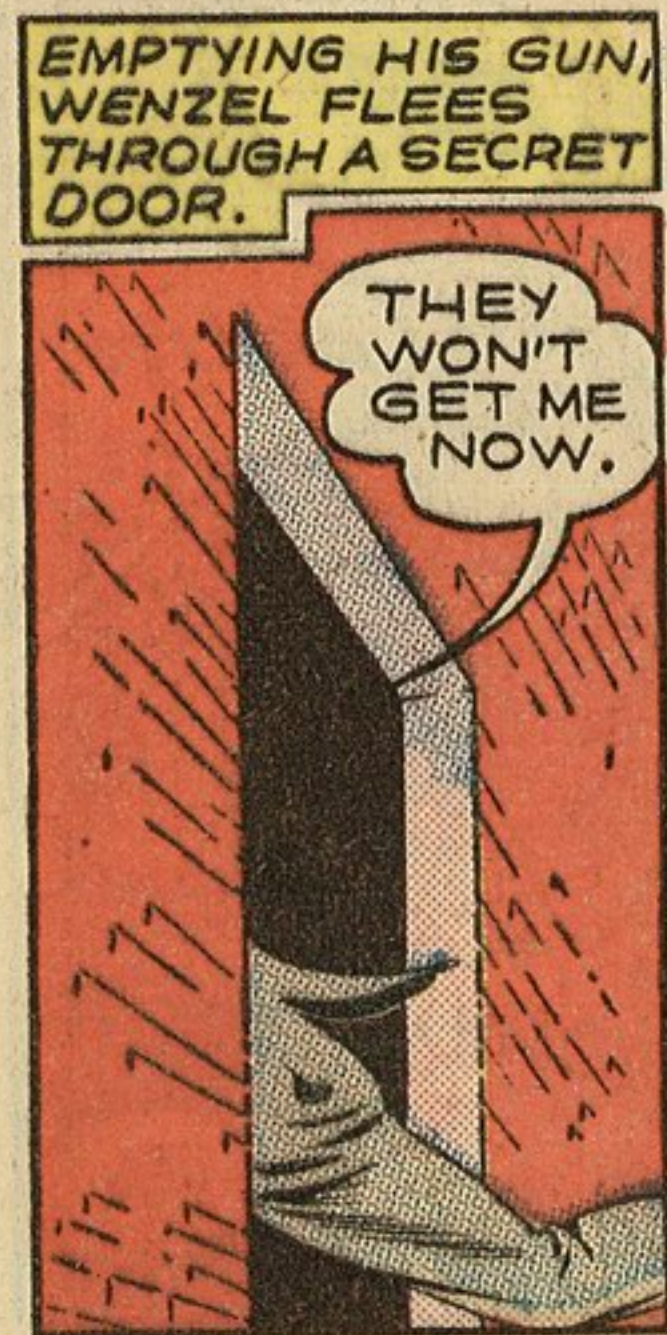
WENZEL STUMBLES GROGGILY TOWARD THEM.

TAKE A DEEP BREATH, YOU TWO. IT WILL BE YOUR LAST ONE!



BUT THE ARMS SMUGGLER'S SHOTS FLY WILD.

THROW YOUR KNIFE, BATU. QUICK!



EMPTYING HIS GUN, WENZEL FLEES THROUGH A SECRET DOOR.

THEY WON'T GET ME NOW.

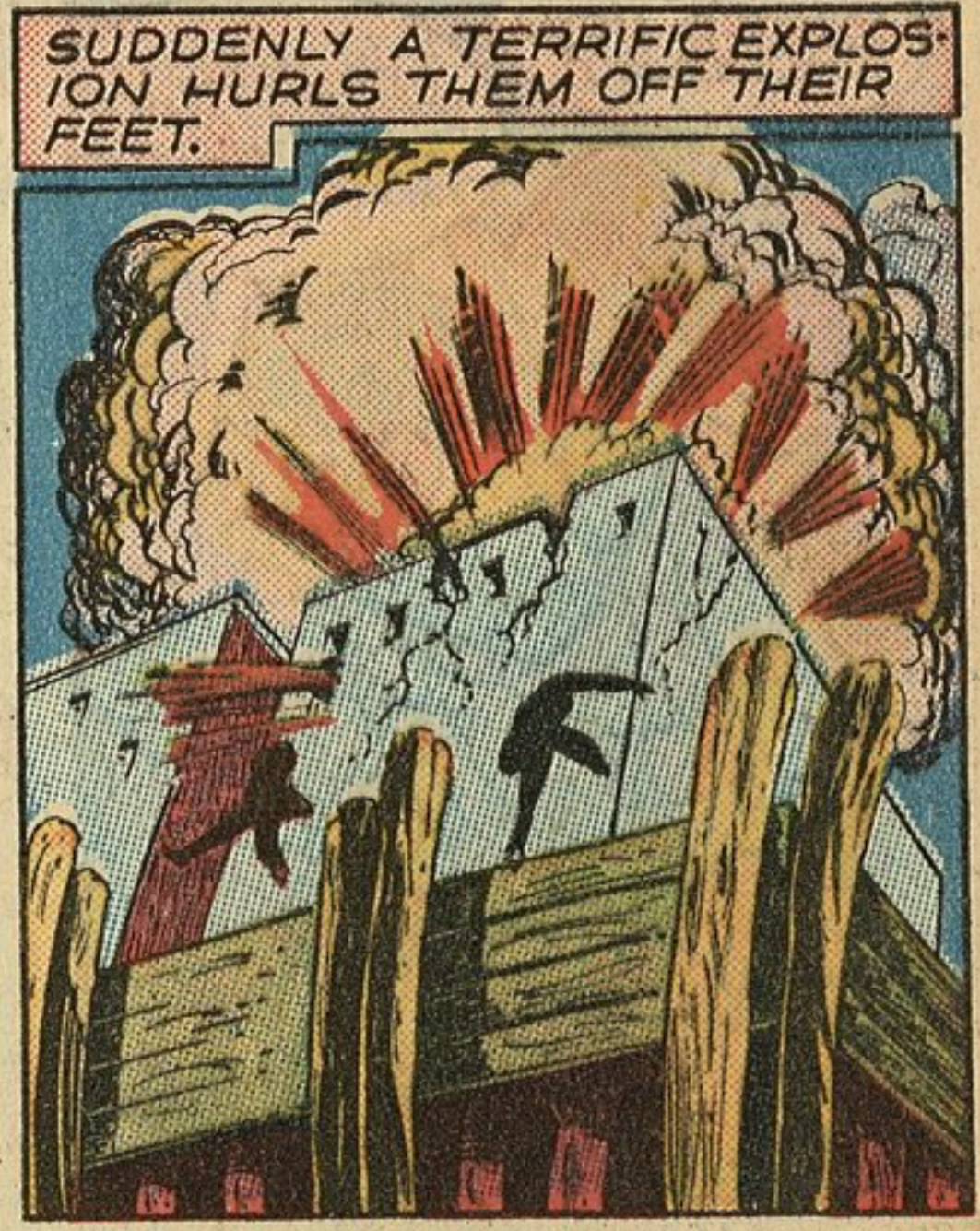


MASTER? HE GOES TO THE DOCK, A BOAT, MAYBE..

WE'LL GET HIM, BATU! COME ON!



THEY SPOT WENZEL LEAPING INTO A SPEEDBOAT.



SUDDENLY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION HURLS THEM OFF THEIR FEET.

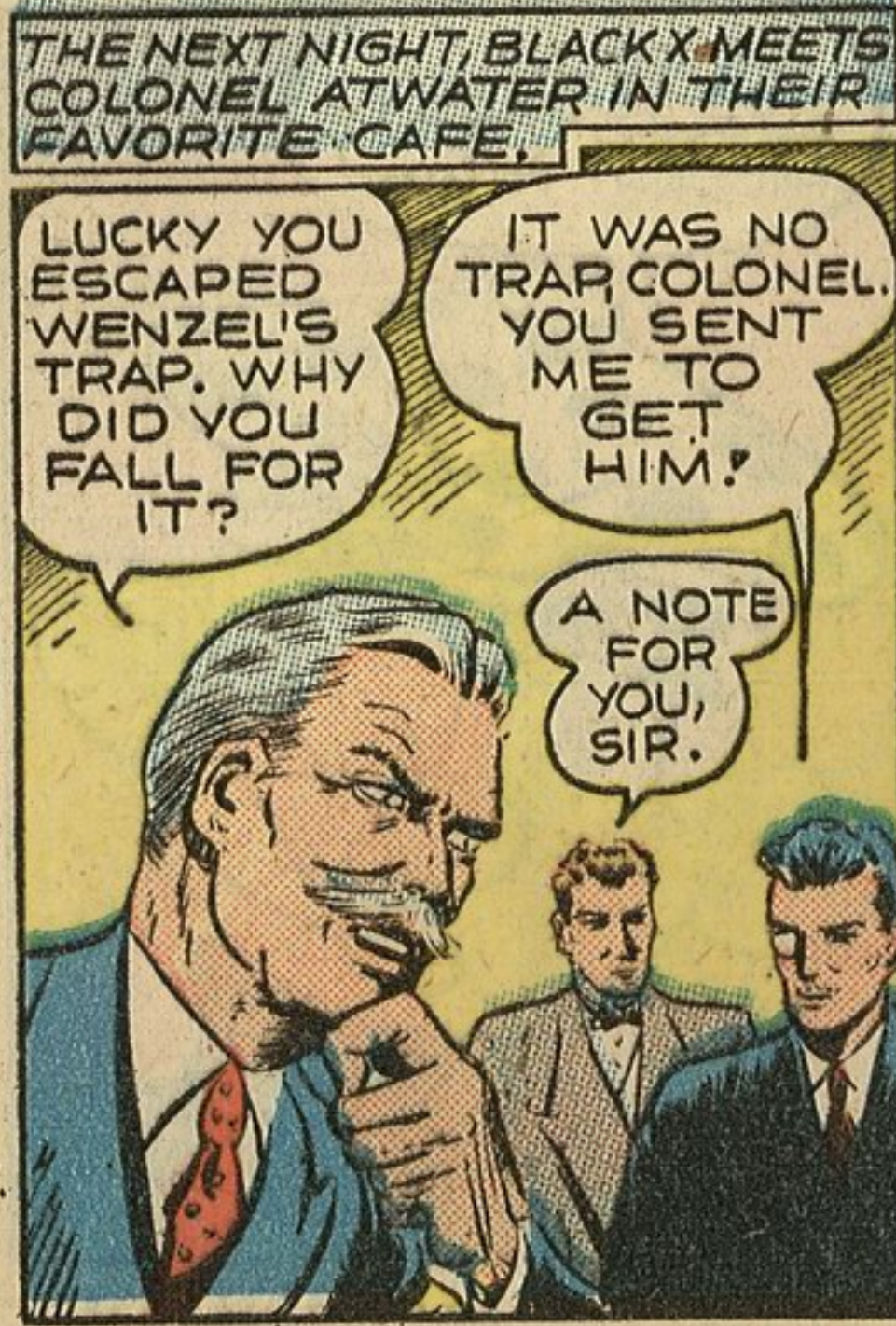


BLACK X AND BATU ARE THROWN INTO THE ARMS SMUGGLER'S CRAFT.

COLONEL ATWATER HAS A CELL WAITING FOR YOU, WENZEL!

WE RETURN IN THIS BOAT, EH, MASTER?

WHAT 'TH'?

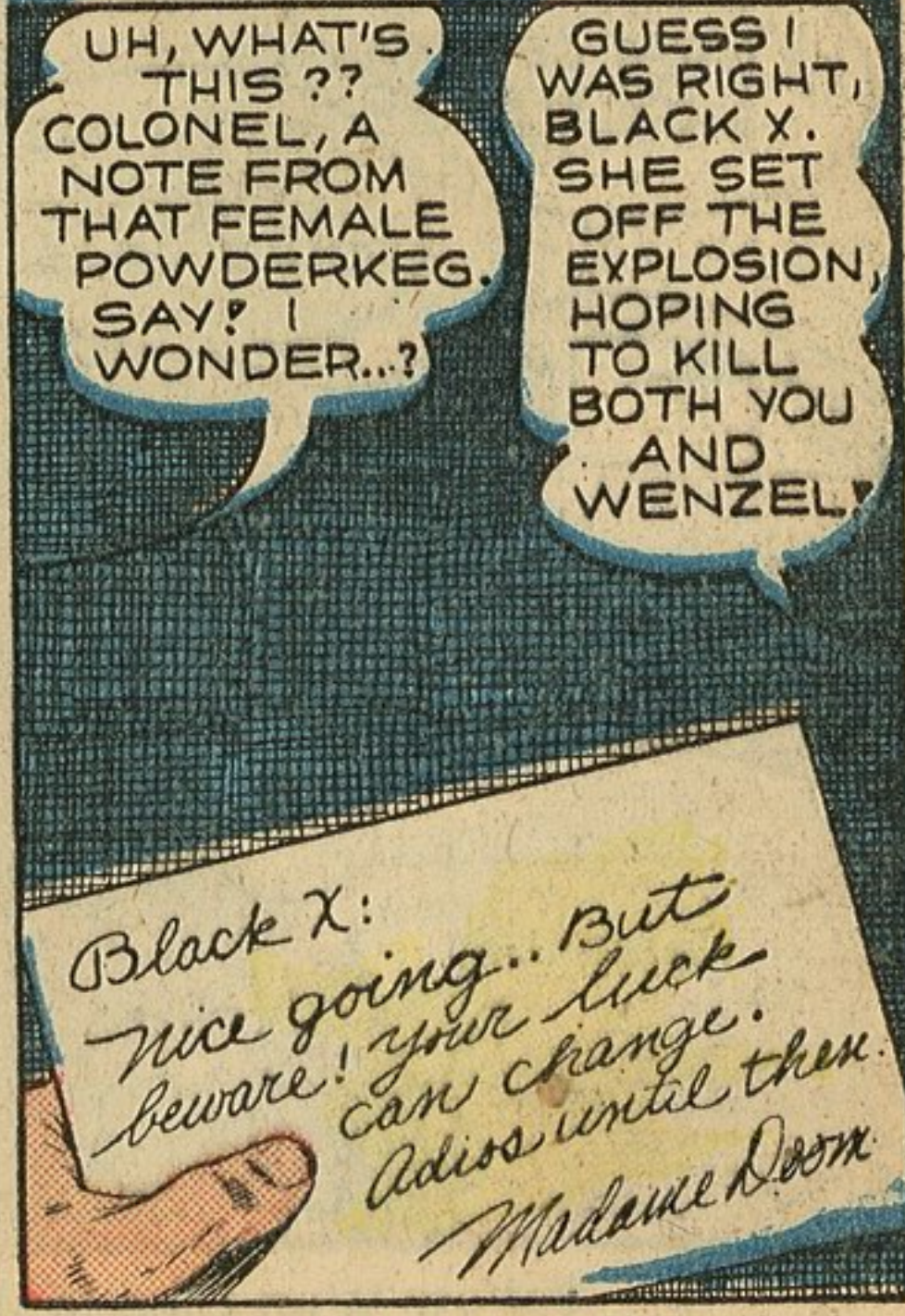


THE NEXT NIGHT, BLACK X MEETS COLONEL ATWATER IN THEIR FAVORITE CAFE.

LUCKY YOU ESCAPED WENZEL'S TRAP. WHY DID YOU FALL FOR IT?

IT WAS NO TRAP, COLONEL. YOU SENT ME TO GET HIM!

A NOTE FOR YOU, SIR.



UH, WHAT'S THIS ?? COLONEL, A NOTE FROM THAT FEMALE POWDERKEG. SAY? I WONDER...?

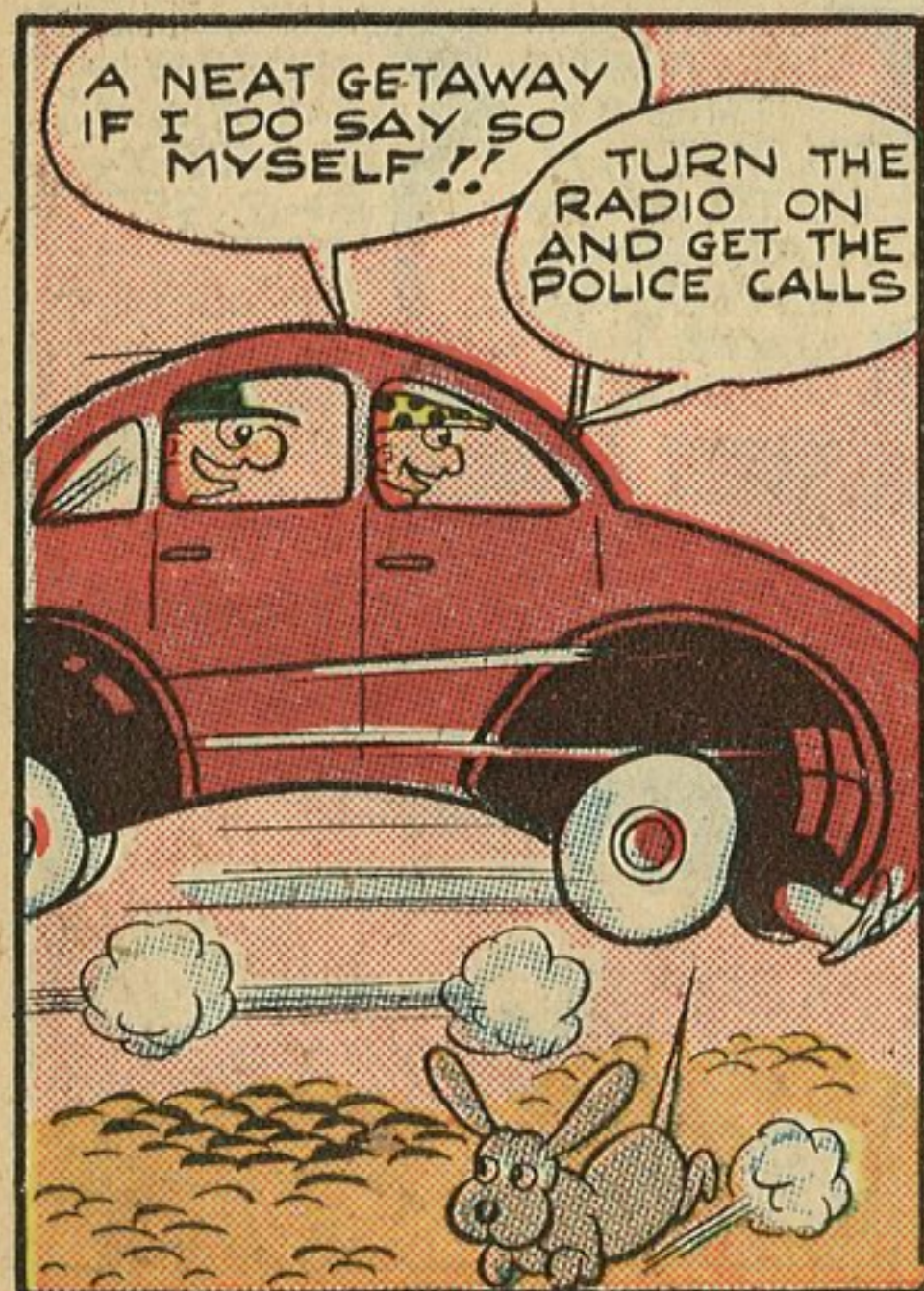
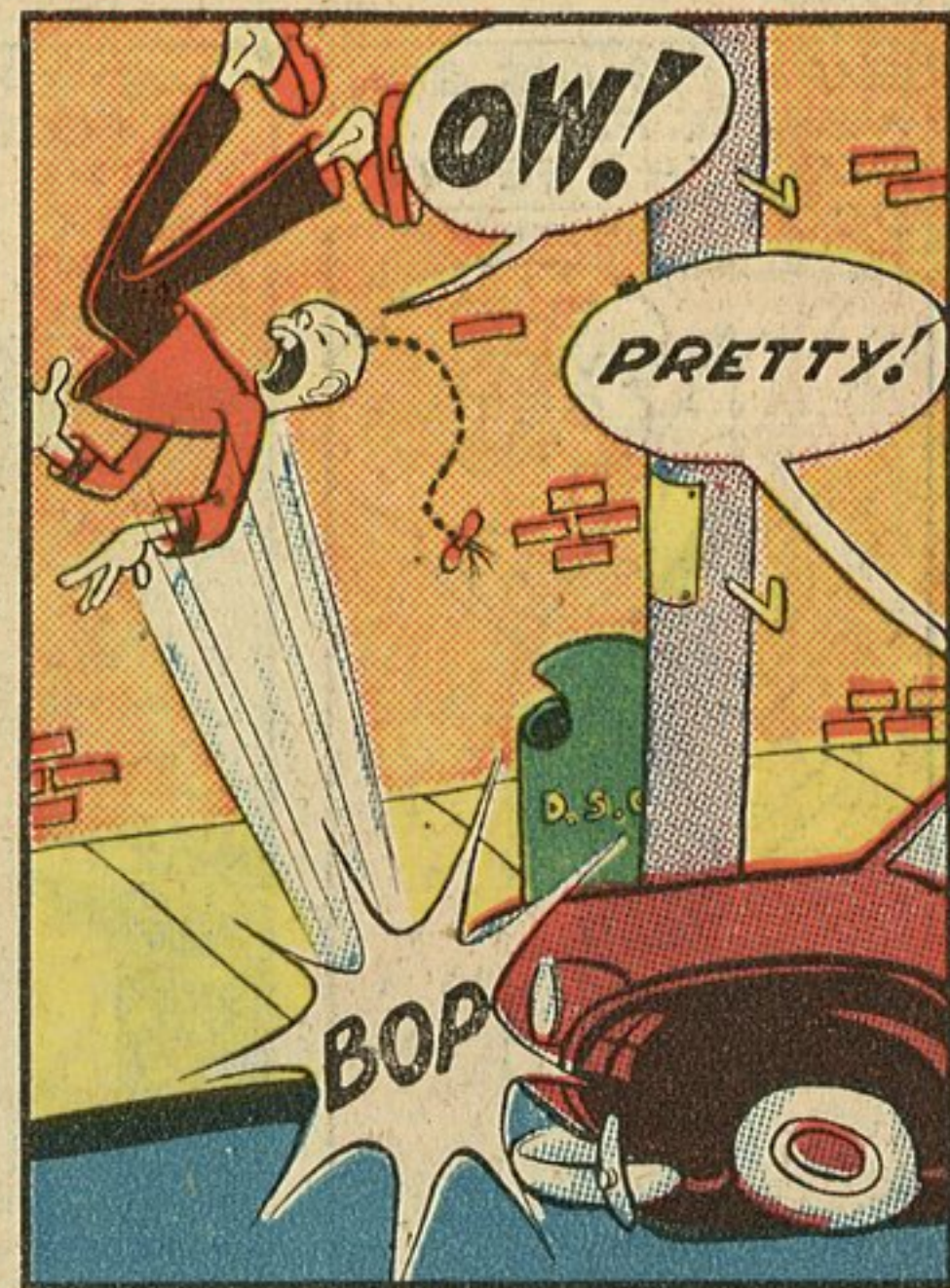
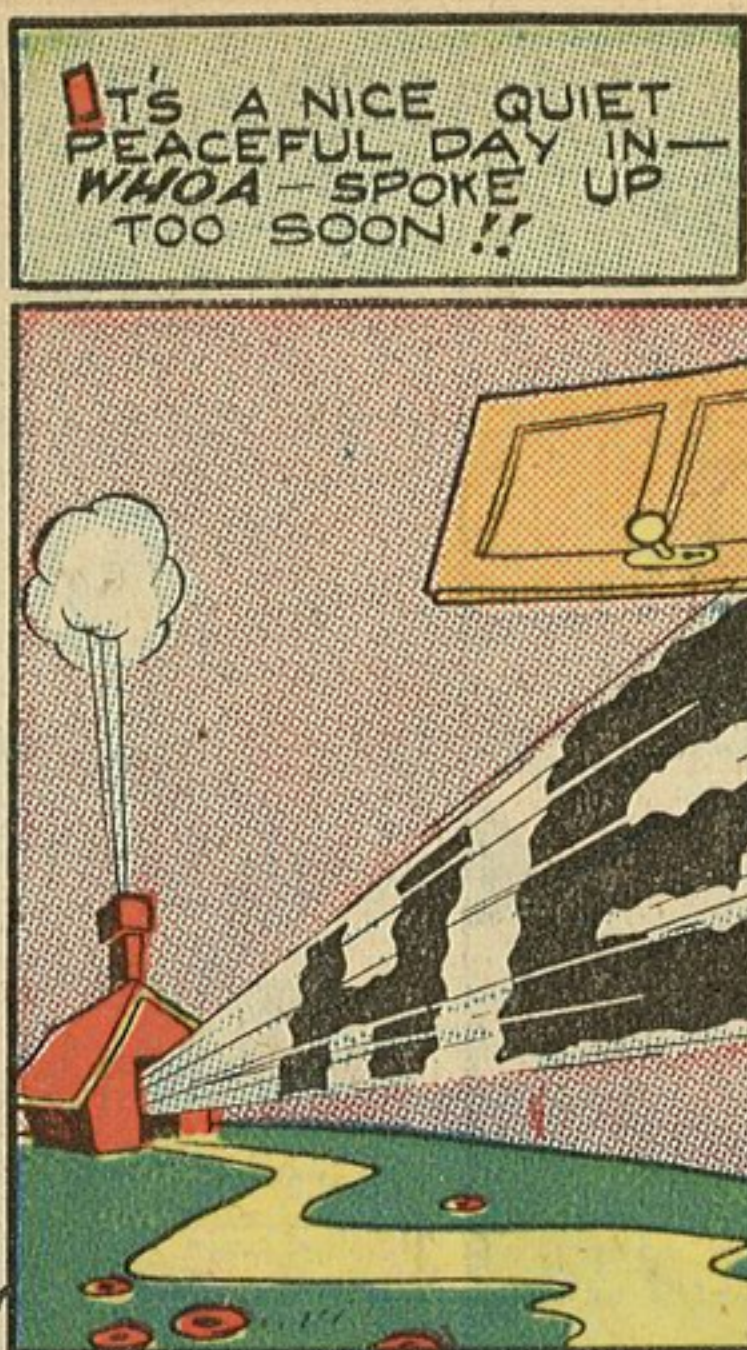
GUESS I WAS RIGHT, BLACK X. SHE SET OFF THE EXPLOSION, HOPING TO KILL BOTH YOU AND WENZEL!

Black X:
Nice going.. But
beware! your luck
can change.
Adios until then.
Madame Doom

The daring exploits of Black X will come to you again in the October issue of SMASH COMICS.



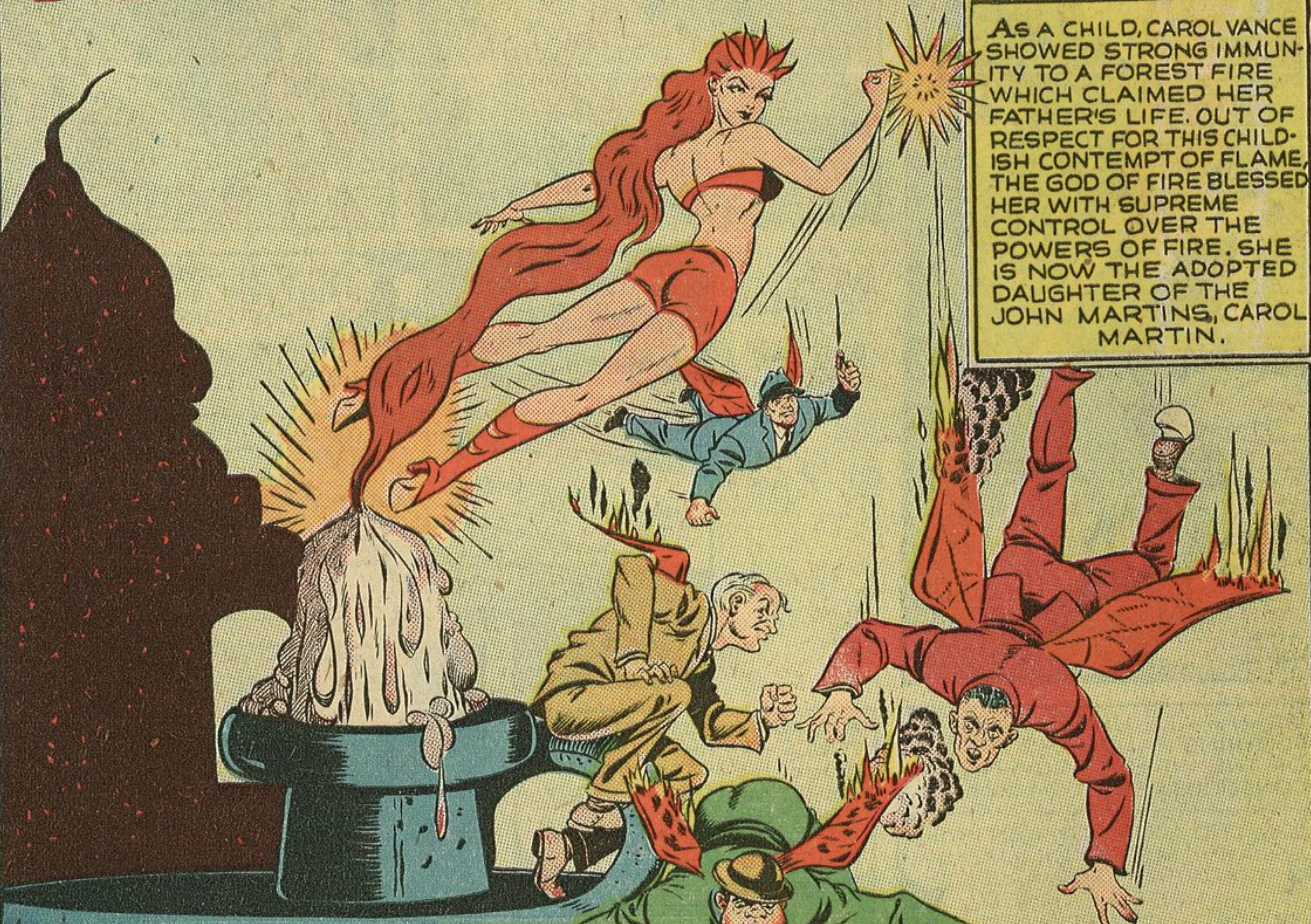
THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE



WILDFIRE

BY—
JIM MOONEY
AND
ROBERT TURNER

AS A CHILD, CAROL VANCE SHOWED STRONG IMMUNITY TO A FOREST FIRE WHICH CLAIMED HER FATHER'S LIFE. OUT OF RESPECT FOR THIS CHILDISH CONTEMPT OF FLAME, THE GOD OF FIRE BLESSED HER WITH SUPREME CONTROL OVER THE POWERS OF FIRE. SHE IS NOW THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF THE JOHN MARTINS, CAROL MARTIN.



THE MURDERERS LEAVE AND A FEW MINUTES LATER.

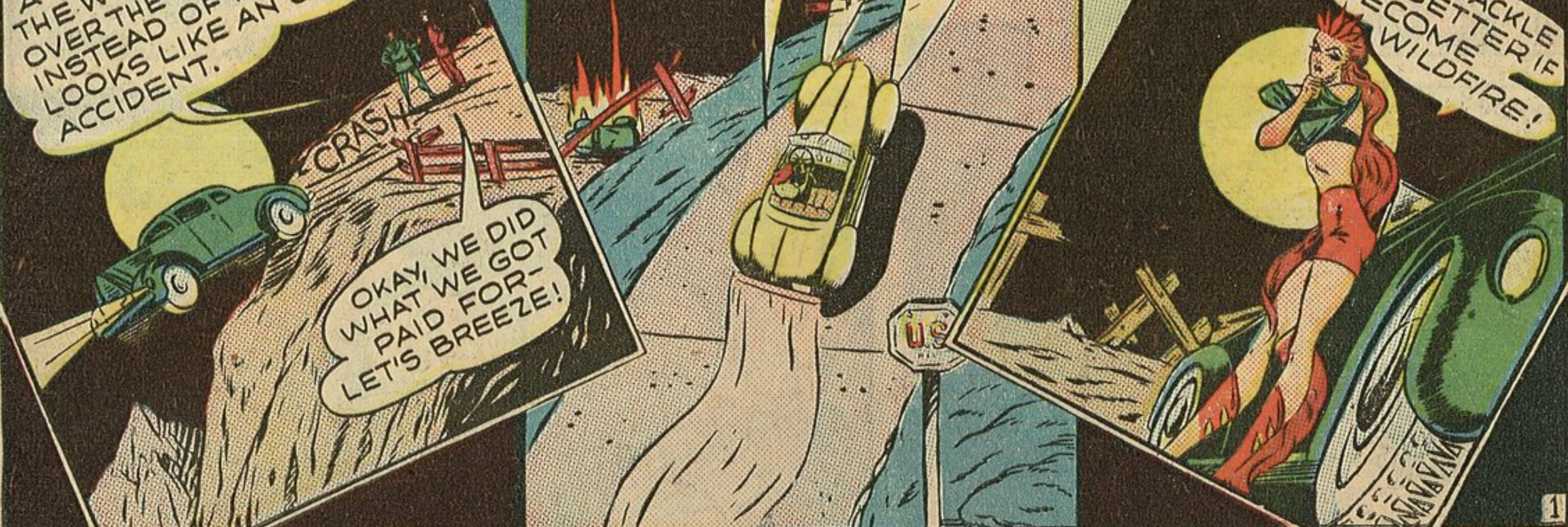
A CRACK-UP AND THE CAR IN FLAMES! I HOPE THERE'S STILL TIME TO SAVE SOMEBODY!

IT IS MIDNIGHT ON A LONELY COUNTRY ROAD. A NICE CLEAN JOB. WE SET THE WHEEL, SEND THE HEAP OVER THE EMBANKMENT, AND INSTEAD OF MURDER, IT LOOKS LIKE AN ORDINARY ACCIDENT.

CRASH!
OKAY, WE DID WHAT WE GOT PAID FOR—LET'S BREEZE!

IT IS CAROL VANCE, RETURNING FROM A COUNTRY CLUB

I CAN TACKLE THIS BETTER IF I BECOME WILDFIRE!

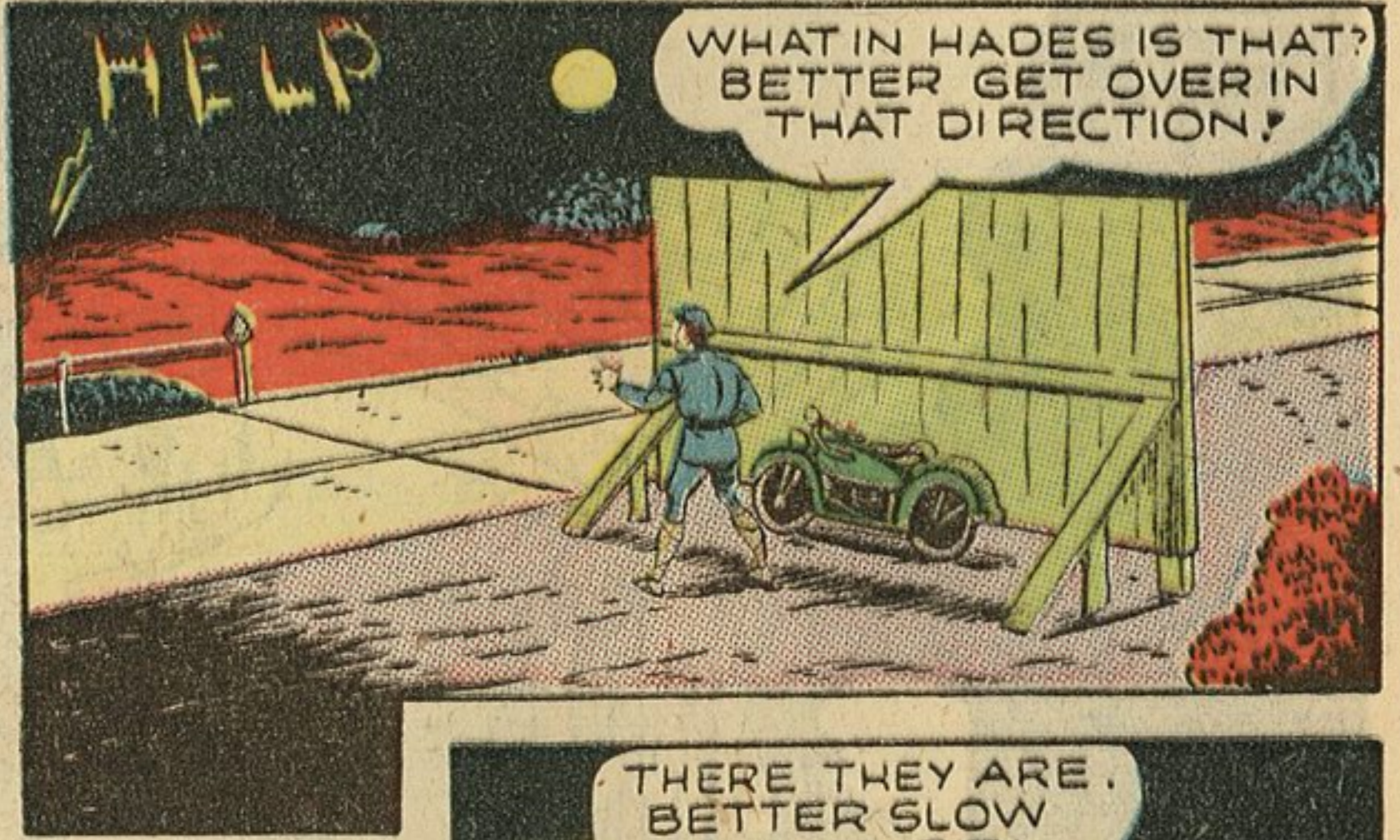




AT
WILDFIRE'S
COMMAND,
THE
FLAMES
FORM
INTO
LETTERS.



I'LL TOSS THE FLAMES
INTO THE AIR TO
ATTRACT
ASSISTANCE.



WHAT IN HADES IS THAT?
BETTER GET OVER IN
THAT DIRECTION!

MEANWHILE UNDER WILDFIRE'S
SOOTHING HANDS, THE VICTIM
OF THE WRECK REGAINS
CONSCIOUSNESS FOR A MINUTE.

THIS..NO ACCIDENT--MEN IN BIG
SEDAN--TRIED TO KILL ME--I'M
A TEACHER IN MIDVILLE
ORPHANAGE--LEARNED
SOMETHING CROOKED
GOING ON--SO
THEY--

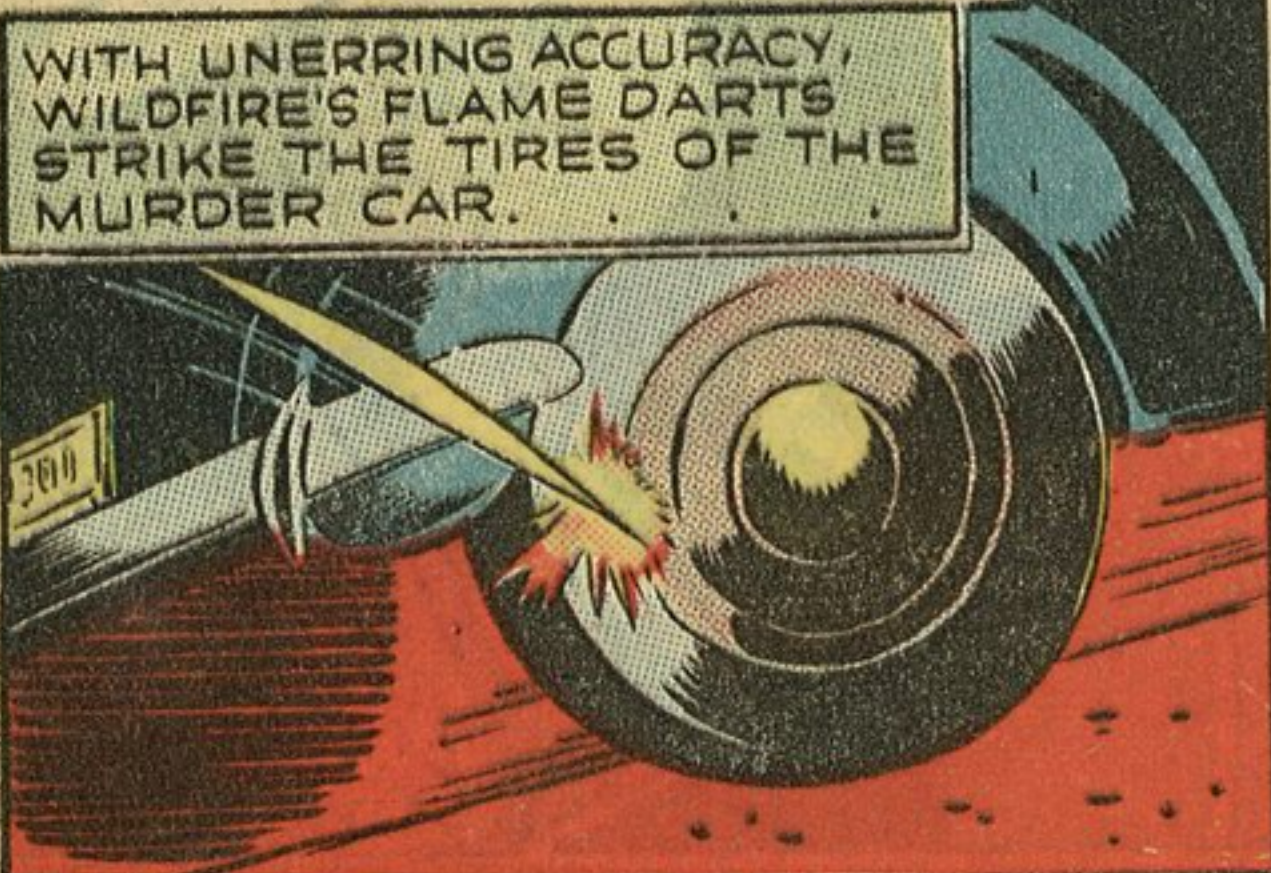


HE DIED BEFORE HE
COULD FINISH. THAT CAR
COULDN'T HAVE GONE
FAR. I'M GOING AFTER
THEM. SOMEONE WILL
ARRIVE SOON TO TAKE
CARE OF THIS POOR
CHAP.

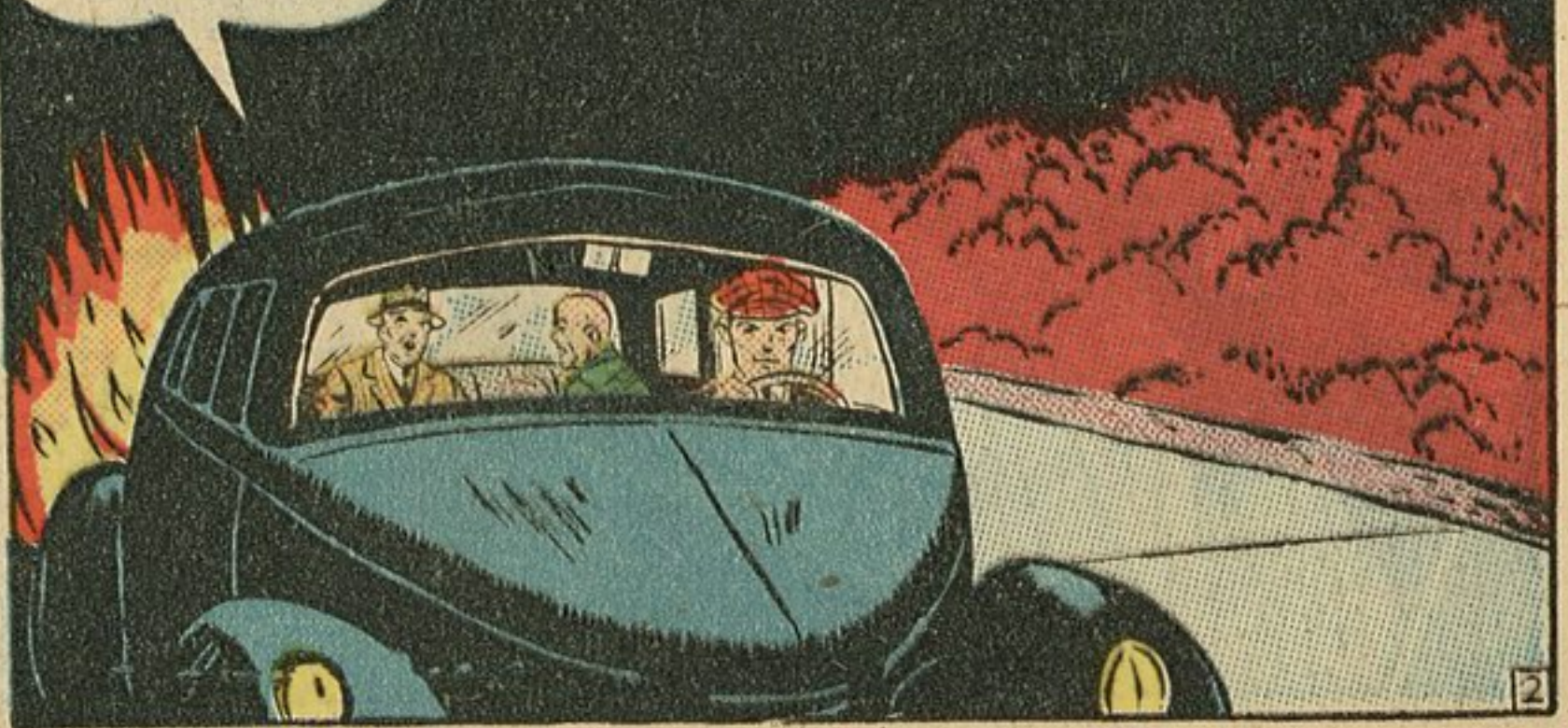


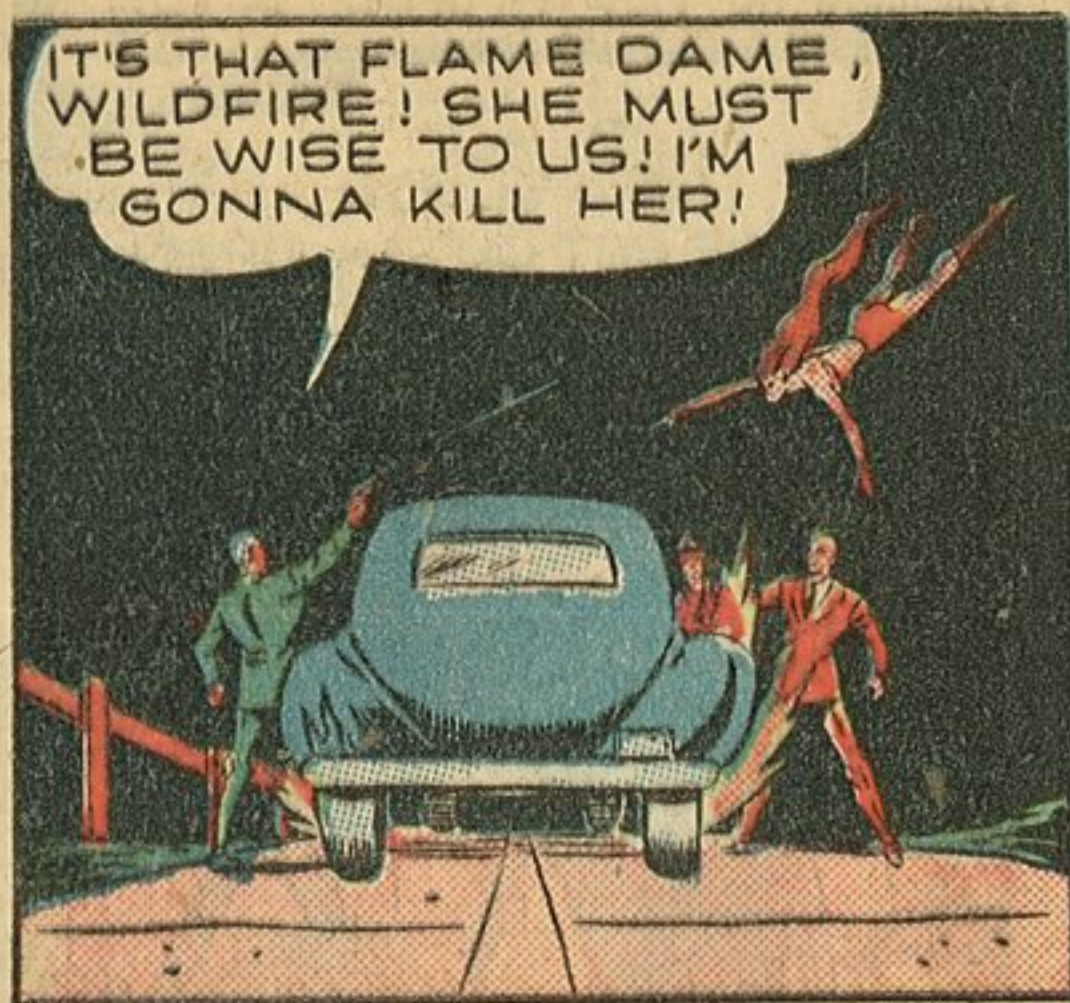
THERE THEY ARE.
BETTER SLOW
DOWN A BIT!

WITH UNERRING ACCURACY,
WILDFIRE'S FLAME DARTS
STRIKE THE TIRES OF THE
MURDER CAR.



HULLY GOSH!
THE JALLOP'S
ON FIRE!
STOP!





IT'S THAT FLAME DAME, WILDFIRE! SHE MUST BE WISE TO US! I'M GONNA KILL HER!

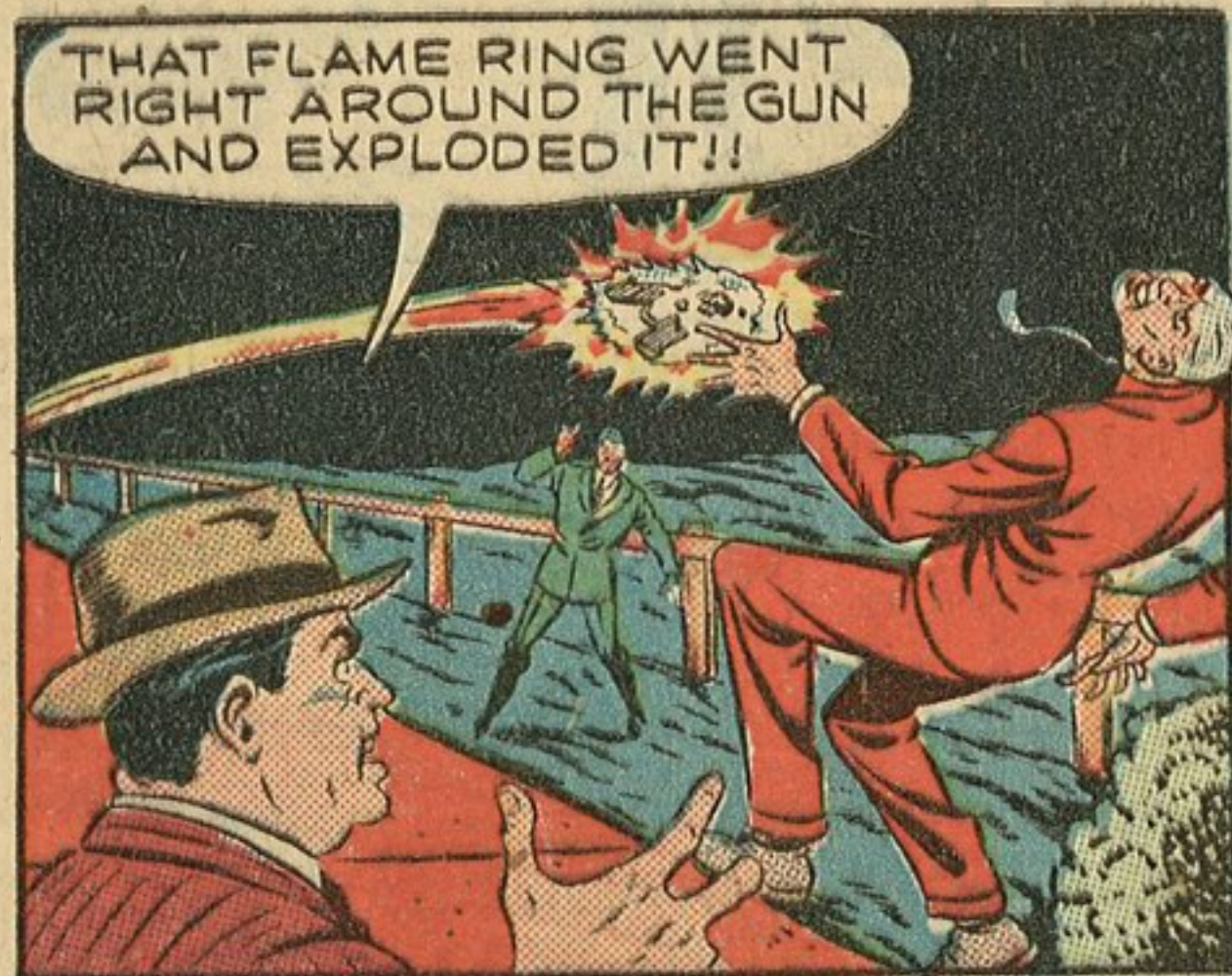


COME TO ME, FLAMES I NEED YOU.
G-GOT TO TAKE BETTER AIM. TOO NERVOUS. I'M MISSING BY A MILE!



HERE GOES A RINGER!

JEEPERS! LOOKA THAT!



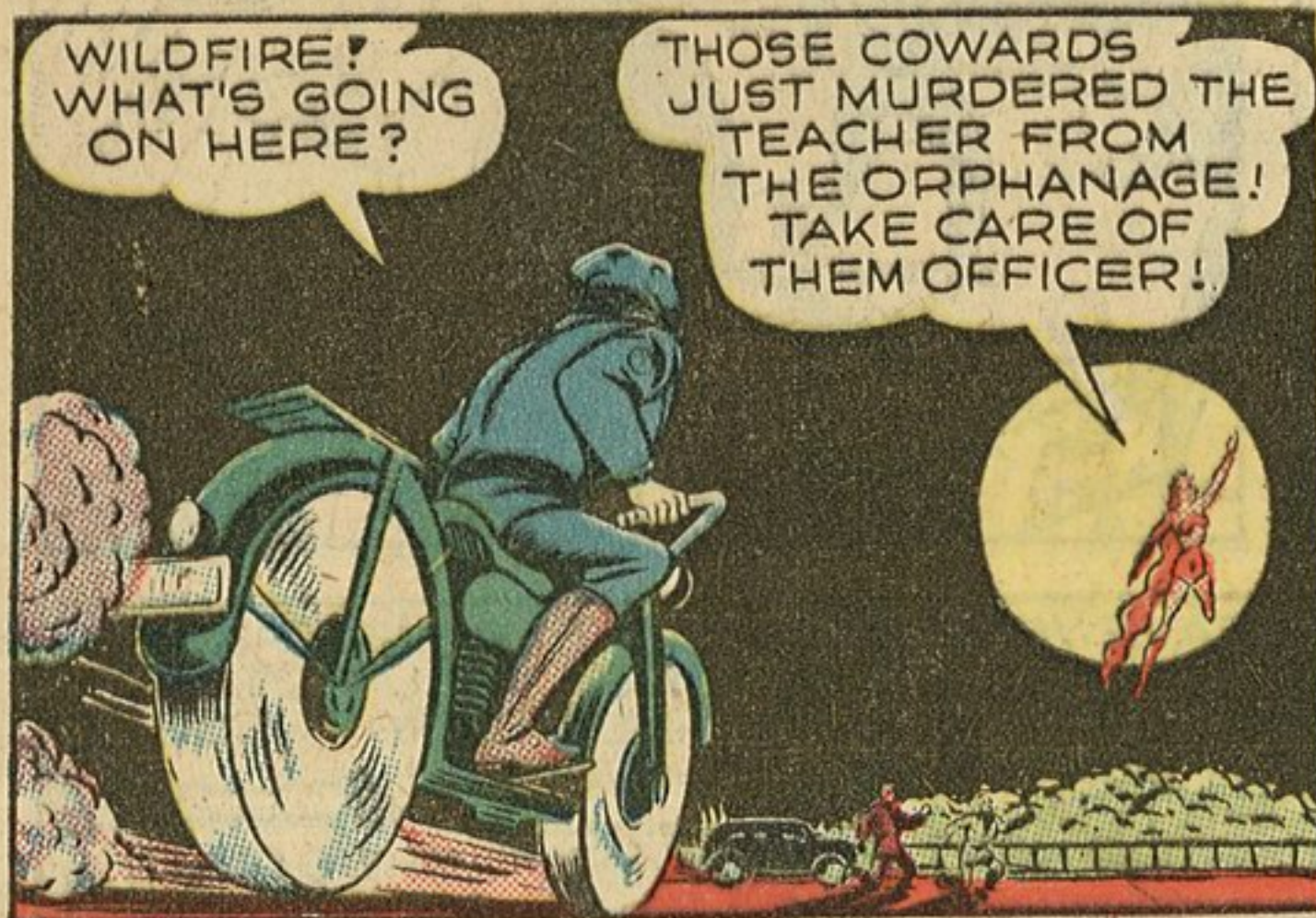
THAT FLAME RING WENT RIGHT AROUND THE GUN AND EXPLODED IT!!

WITH THE OTHER THUGS NOW COWERING BEFORE HER, WILDFIRE QUESTIONS THEM ABOUT THE MURDER OF THE ORPHANAGE TEACHER.



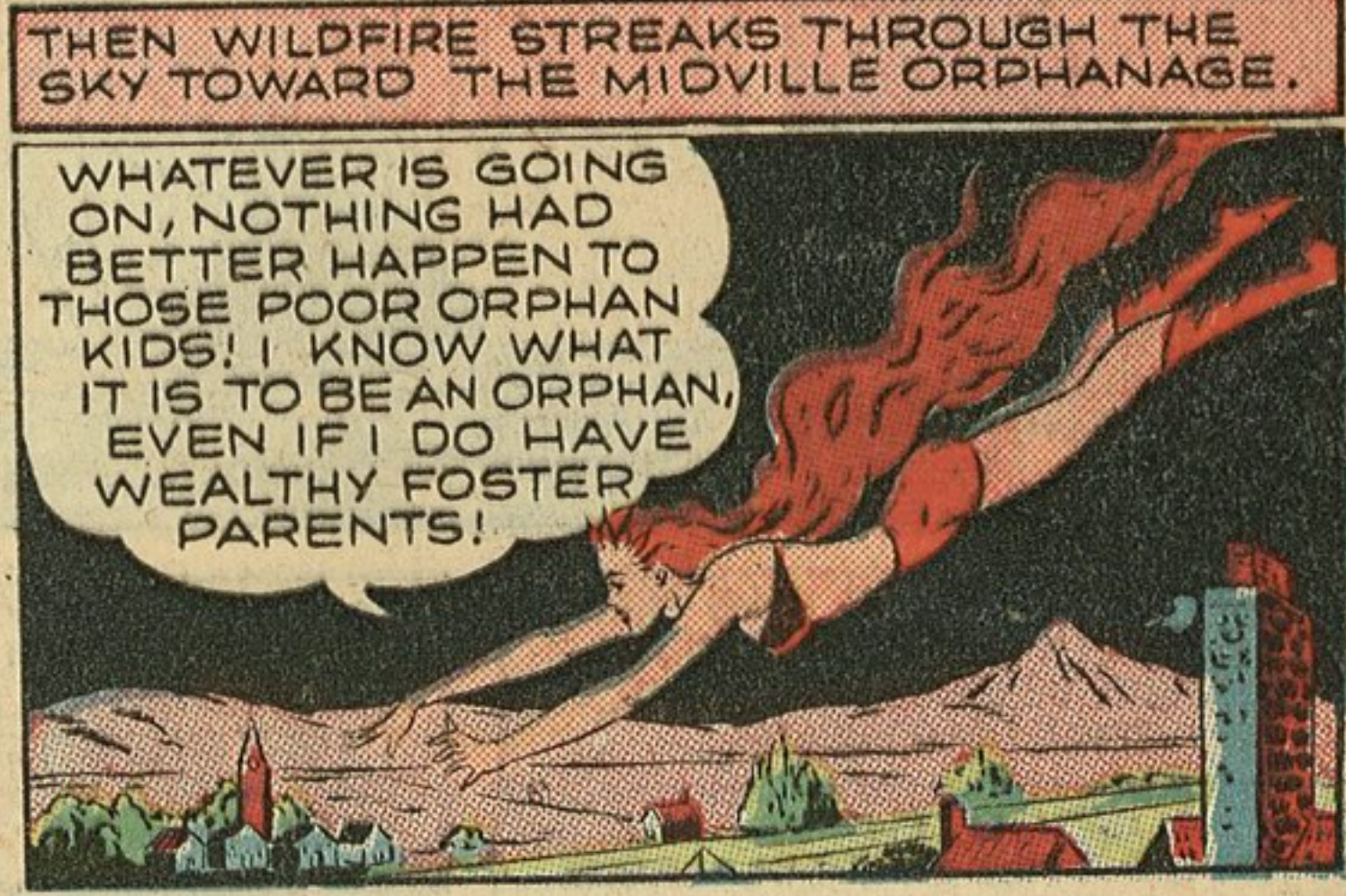
ALL WE KNOW, MISS W-WILDFIRE IS THAT SOME GUY PAID US \$500. TO TAKE THE TEACHER FOR A RIDE!

THAT MUST BE THE TRUTH. YOU'RE TOO SCARED TO LIE NOW.



WILDFIRE! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

THOSE COWARDS JUST MURDERED THE TEACHER FROM THE ORPHANAGE! TAKE CARE OF THEM OFFICER!



THEN WILDFIRE STREAKS THROUGH THE SKY TOWARD THE MIDVILLE ORPHANAGE.

WHATEVER IS GOING ON, NOTHING HAD BETTER HAPPEN TO THOSE POOR ORPHAN KIDS! I KNOW WHAT IT IS TO BE AN ORPHAN, EVEN IF I DO HAVE WEALTHY FOSTER PARENTS!



AT THIS VERY MOMENT IN THE OFFICE OF SILAS RADDO, SUPER-INTENDANT OF THE ORPHANAGE.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN ENDOWMENTS FOR THIS DUMP! IF THERE WERE NO KIDS HERE AND THE PLACE HAD TO CLOSE UP, IT WOULD ALL BE MINE- ALL MINE!



BUT UNKNOWN TO THE CONNING RADDO, WILDFIRE HAS ARRIVED AND LISTENS OUTSIDE HIS ROOM.

AND AFTER TOMORROW THERE'LL BE NO KIDS HERE! HEH! HEH! IT'S WELL I GOT RID OF THAT SNOOPING TEACHER WHO WAS GETTING SUSPICIOUS!

SO!



THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT THAT FELLOW UNTIL I SEE WHAT HIS PLANS ARE! THEN I'LL CATCH HIM IN THE ACT.

THE NEXT DAY AN EXCURSION BOAT SAILS FOR A DAY'S HOLIDAY AT TREASURE ISLAND.



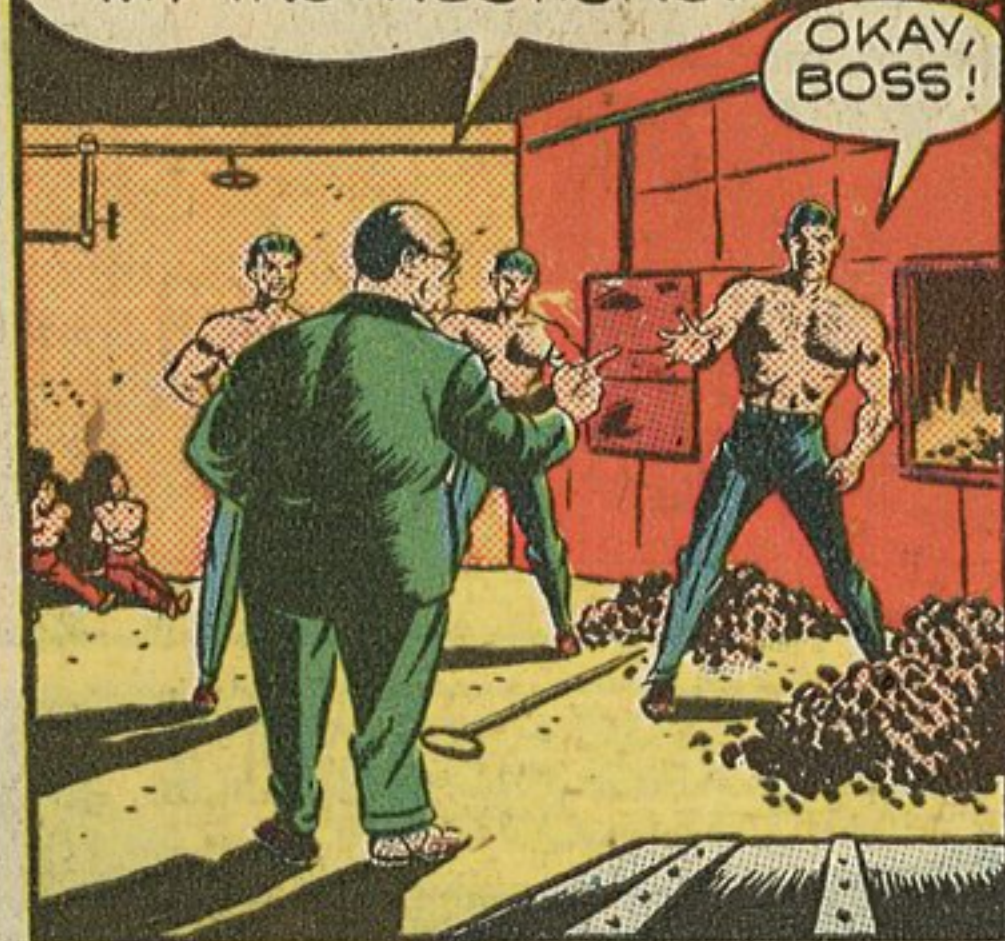
GEE, IT WAS SWELL OF MR. RADDI TO TAKE US ON THIS OUTING.



YEAH, I GUESS HE'S NOT SUCH AN OLD SKINFLINT AFTER ALL.

DOWN IN THE BOILER OF THE BOAT.

NOW YOU MEN HAVE TAKEN OVER THE BOILER ROOM, KEEP THE BOAT GOING UNTIL WE GET OUT IN OPEN WATER. THEN CARRY OUT MY INSTRUCTIONS.



OKAY, BOSS!

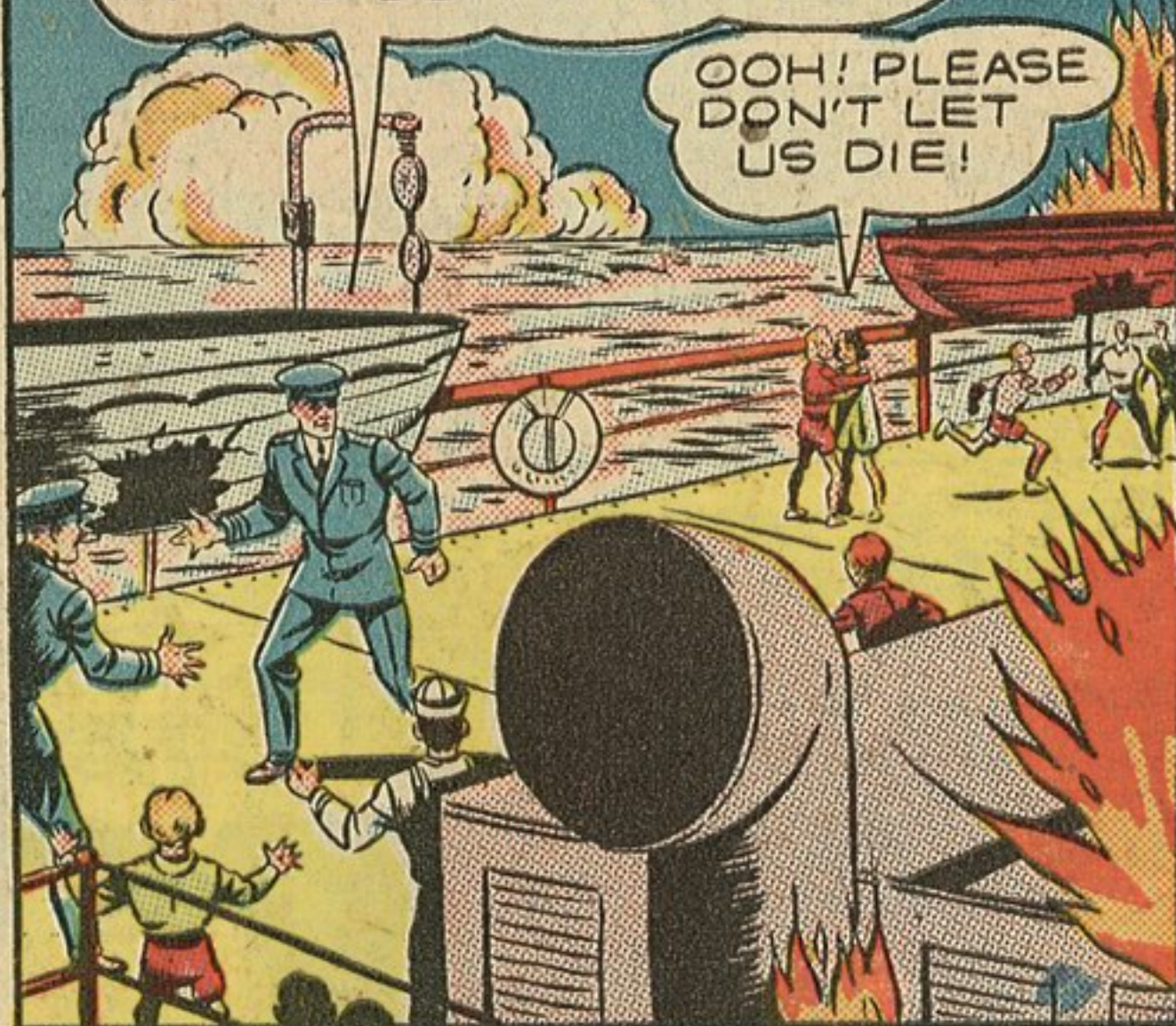
AH, VERY SOON NOW ALL THESE PESKY ORPHANS WILL BE KILLED AT ONE SWOOP AND THAT HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS WILL BELONG TO ME!



SOMETIME LATER DISASTER OVERTAKES THE HAPPY EXCURSION BOAT. A FIRE AT SEA WITH NO HELP FOR MILES.



SOMEONE HAS KNOCKED HOLES IN ALL THE LIFE BOATS! WE'RE TRAPPED IN THIS BURNING HULK!



OOH! PLEASE DON'T LET US DIE!

BUT WILDFIRE WHO HAS BEEN HOVERING HIGH OVER THE DOOMED VESSEL DIVES TO THE RESCUE.

IT'S A GOOD THING I HEARD ABOUT THIS ORPHANAGE EXCURSION AND DECIDED TO TRAIL ALONG.



WAIT! WE CAN'T LEAVE YET! IT'S THAT WILDFIRE I'VE HEARD ABOUT HER! IF SHE TRIES TO PUT OUT THE FIRE WE STARTED, WE'VE GOT TO STOP HER.

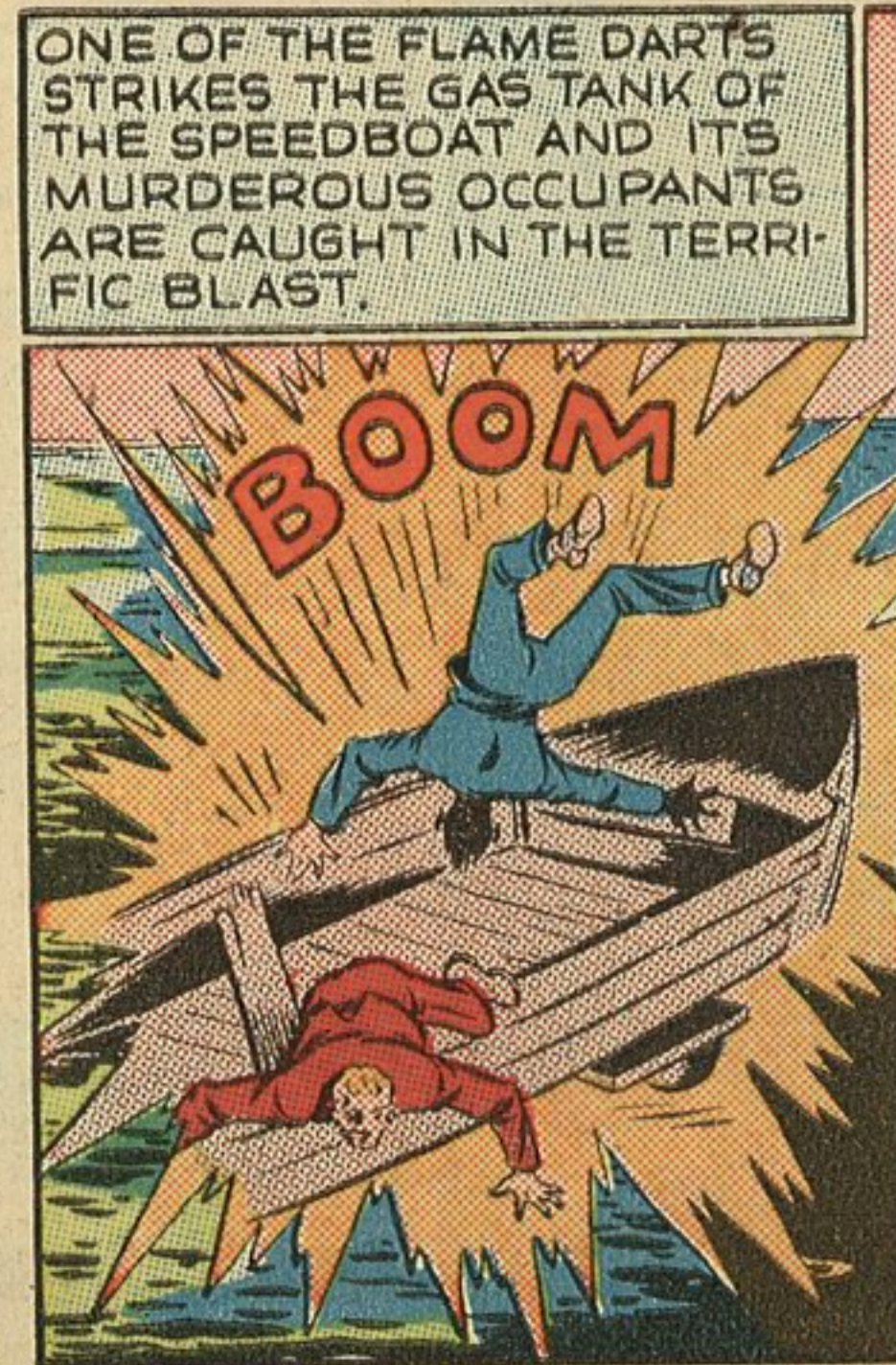
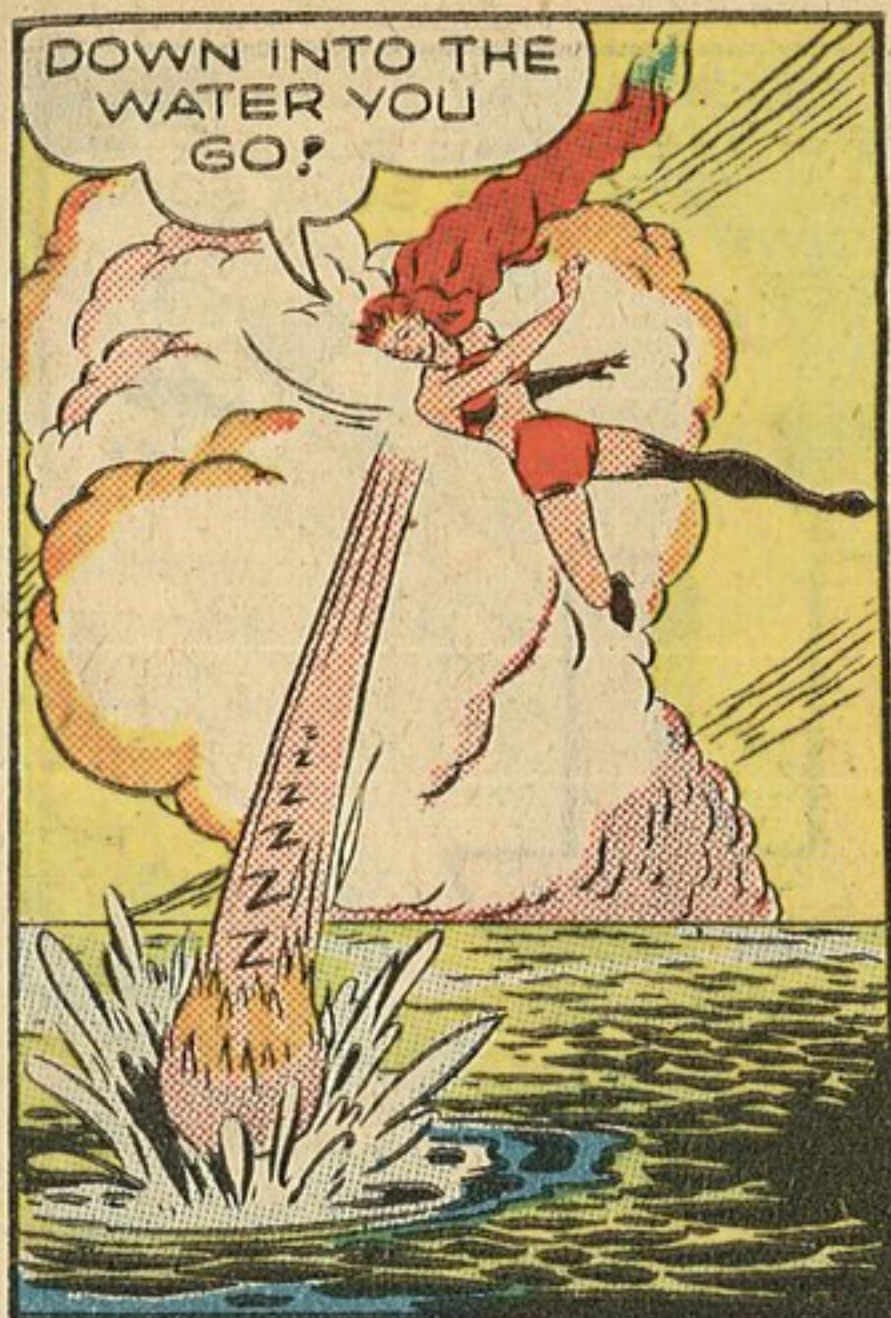
WATCH OUT, BOSS. SHE'S BAD MEDICINE!



YOU MUST LEAVE THE BOAT, FLAMES. I WILL NOT LET YOU DESTROY THOSE CHILDREN!



SHE'S PULLING ALL THE FLAMES FROM THE BOAT HOORAY!



WINGS WENDALL

by
VERNON
HENKEL



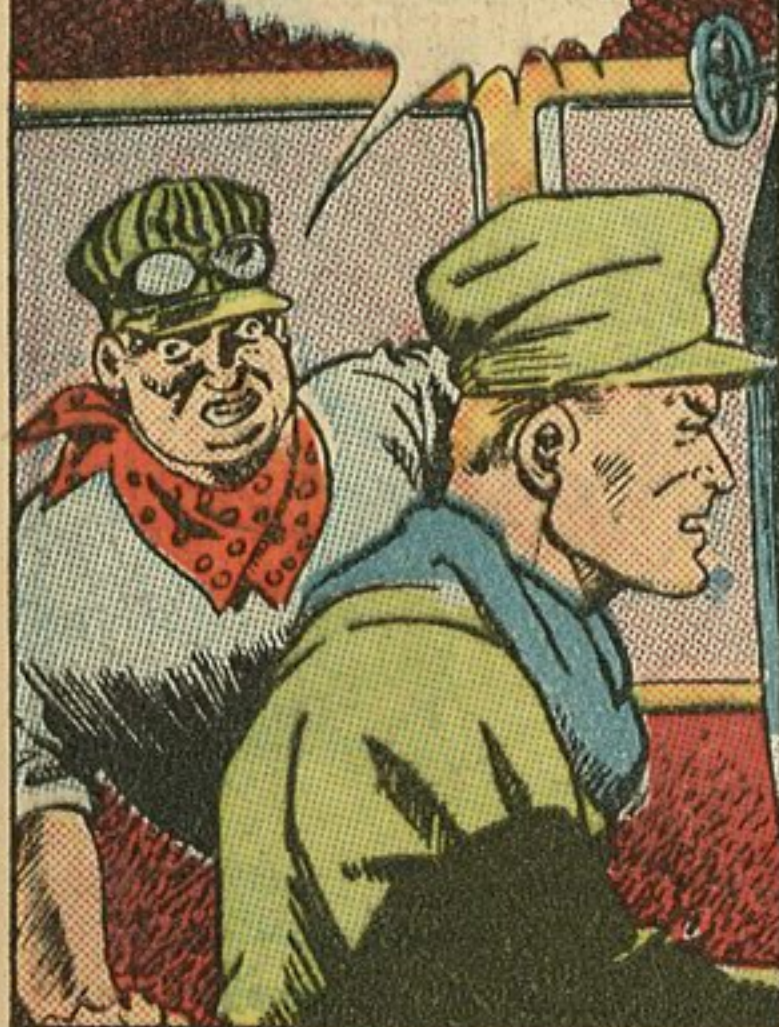
WHEN DEFENSE ACTIVITY BECOMES VITAL TO OUR SAFETY, WINGS WENDALL, ACE OF ARMY INTELLIGENCE, FERRETS OUT AMERICA'S ENEMIES...

THE DEFENSE LIMITED STREAKS ALONG ITS SHINY TRACKS... LADEN WITH GOVERNMENT ARMS AND AMMUNITION...

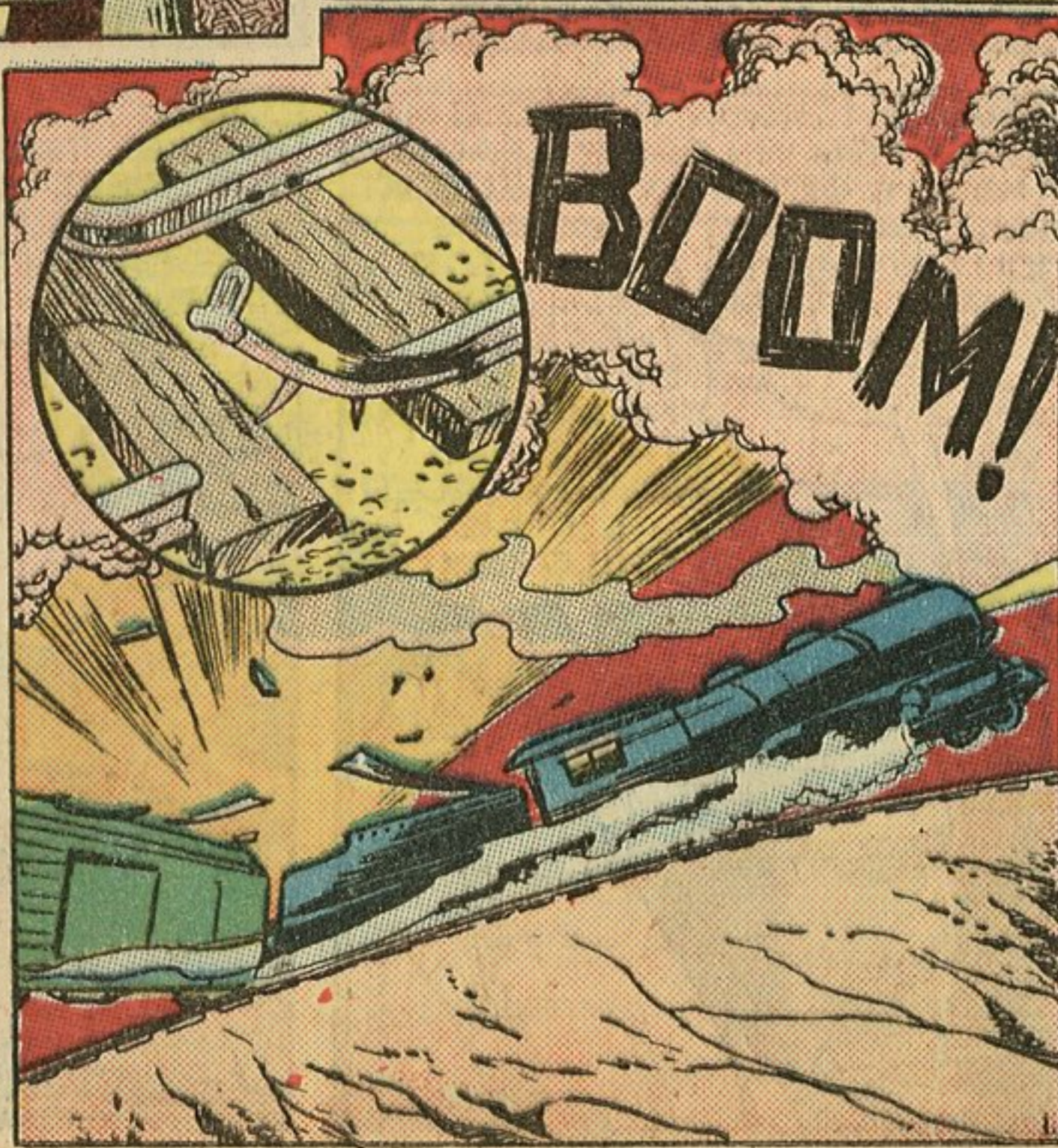
HIS EYES GLUED ON THE CAR, PETE FAILS TO SEE PARTED RAILS, LIKE A METEOR THE TRAIN LEAVES THE TRACKS... AN EXPLOSION FOLLOWS!

THE FIREMAN SNAPS AROUND, CALLING WILDLY TO PETE PHILLIPS, ENGINEER.

..A CAR'S ON THE TRACKS!

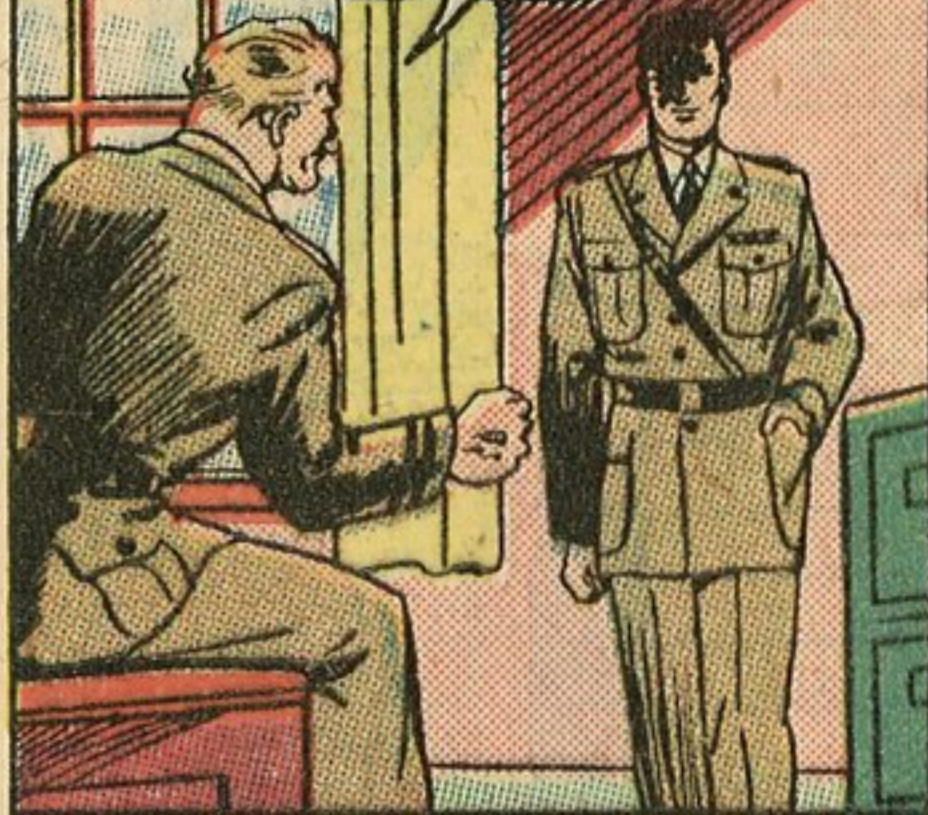


CAN'T STOP! WERE GOING TO HIT IT!!



U.S. ARMY INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON

CAPTAIN WENDALL, A WAVE OF SABOTAGE IS STRIKING AT OUR DEFENSE.. WE BELIEVE IT IS HEADED BY A CLEVER ALIEN SPY ANTON SHRECK!!



ANTON SHRECK, THE INTERNATIONAL SPY? A CAPABLE MAN TO TRY IT, CHIEF!!

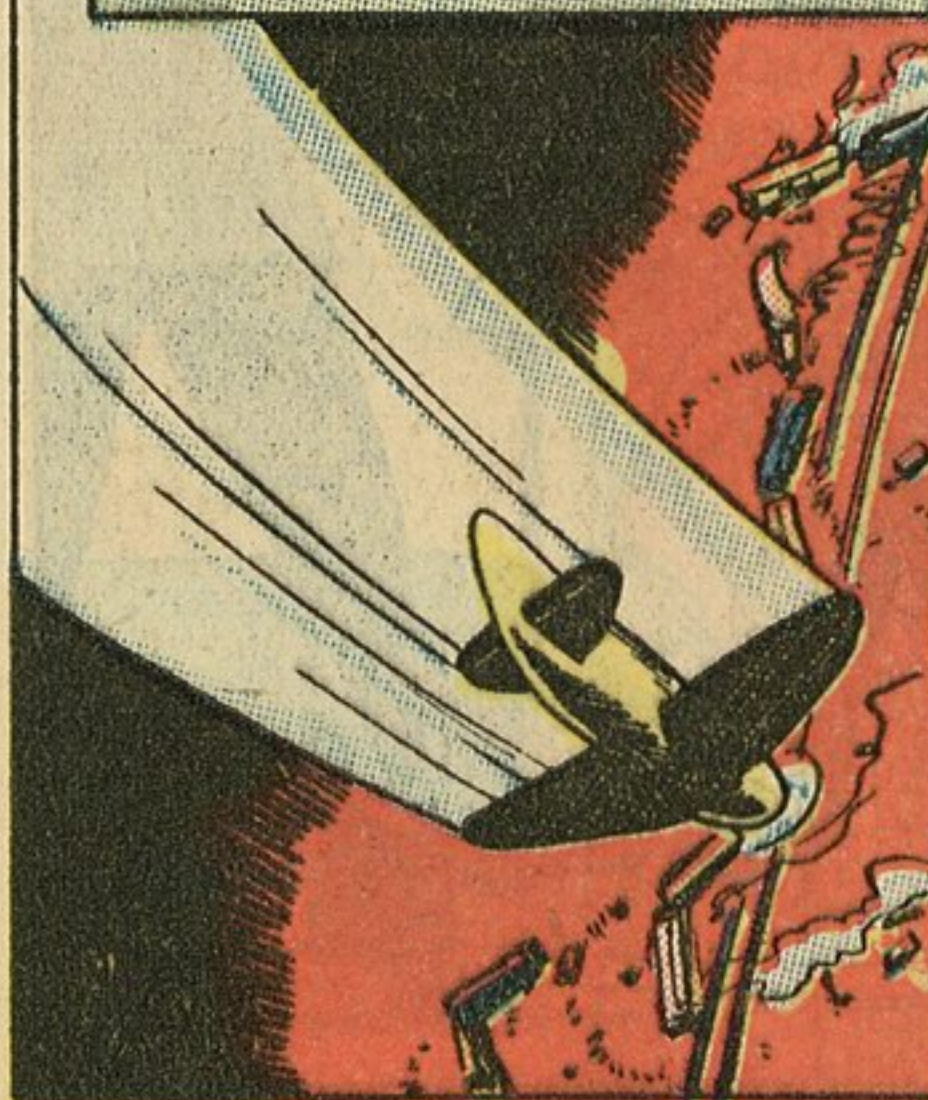


THIS JUST CAME IN, SIR, THE DEFENSE LIMITED WAS WRECKED AT CEDAR FALLS..

LOOKS LIKE OUR 'FRIEND' IS AT IT AGAIN.. SEE YOU LATER..

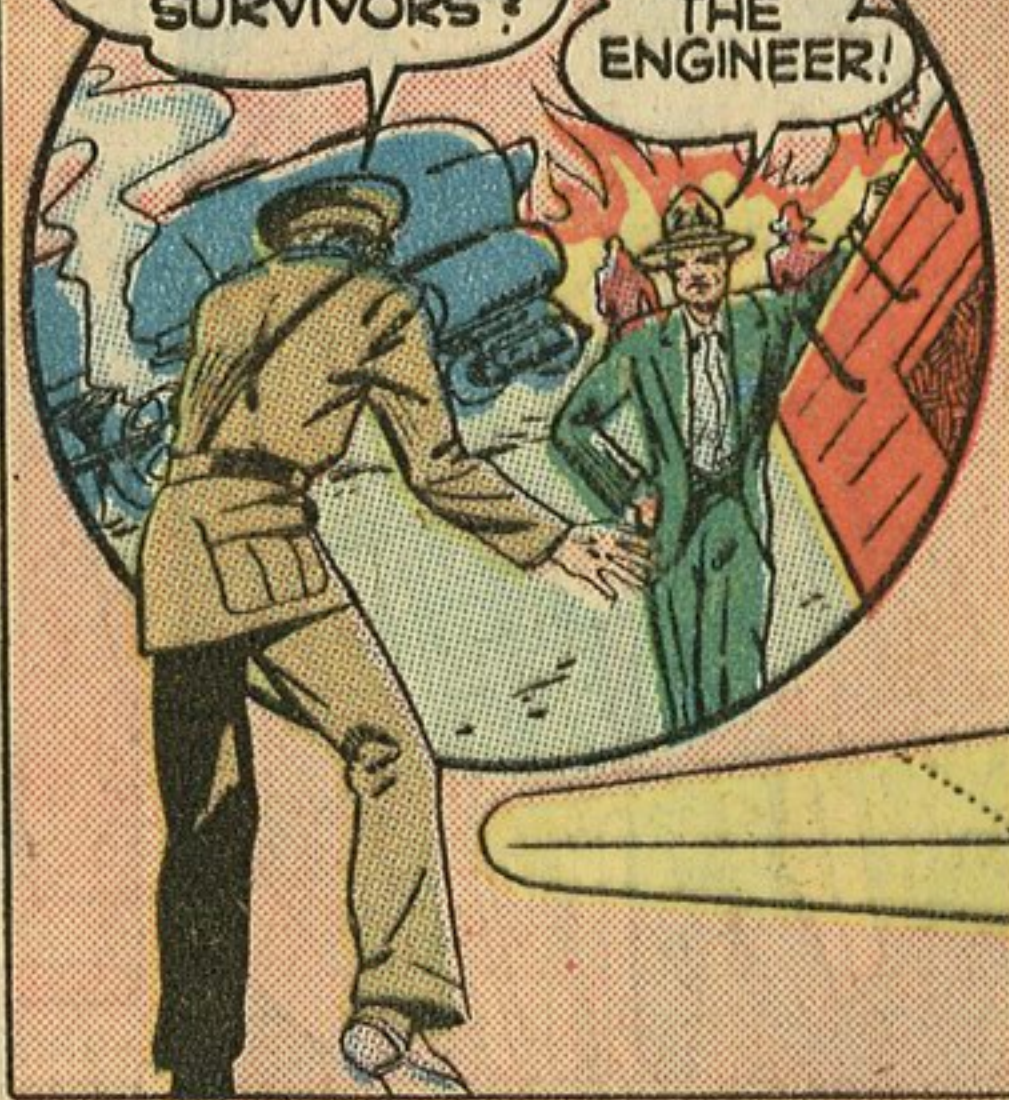


A FEW MINUTES LATER, WINGS WENDALL IN THE WORLD'S FASTEST PLANE LANDS AT THE SCENE..



THERE ISN'T MUCH LEFT OF THIS TRAIN.. ARE THERE ANY SURVIVORS?

ONLY THE ENGINEER!



I TELL YOU, SIR, THERE WAS A CAR ON THE TRACKS

SORRY, PETE, BUT THE OFFICIALS CAN'T BELIEVE YOUR STORY, NO PART OF A CAR WAS FOUND!



THERE WAS A HALF MILLION DOLLARS OF DEFENSE MATERIAL DESTROYED!

POOR FELLOW!.. SOMEHOW I BELIEVE HE IS TELLING THE TRUTH!!



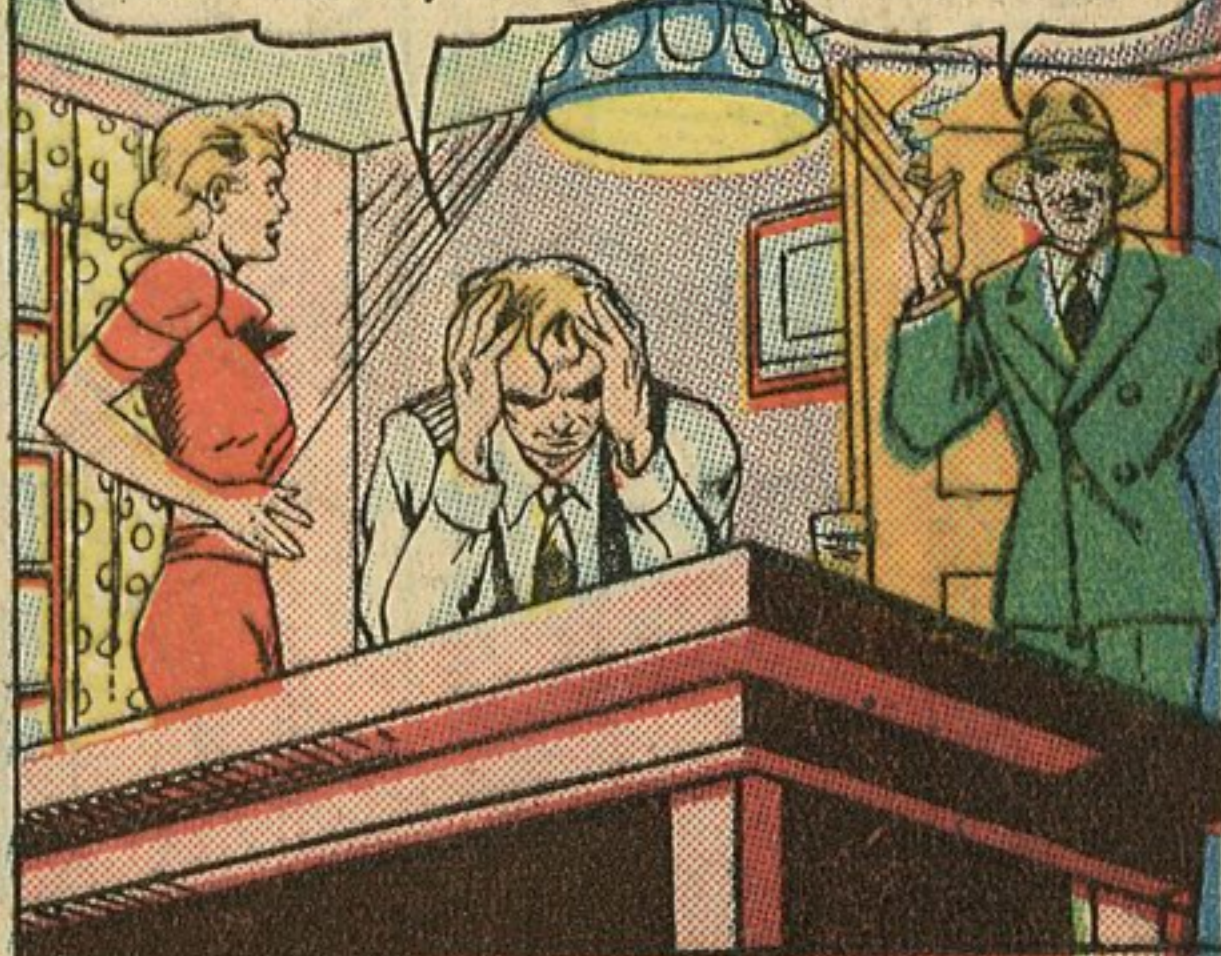
LATER.. WINGS CARRIES OUT HIS OWN INVESTIGATION..

WHAT'S THIS? BITS OF A BROKEN MIRROR!

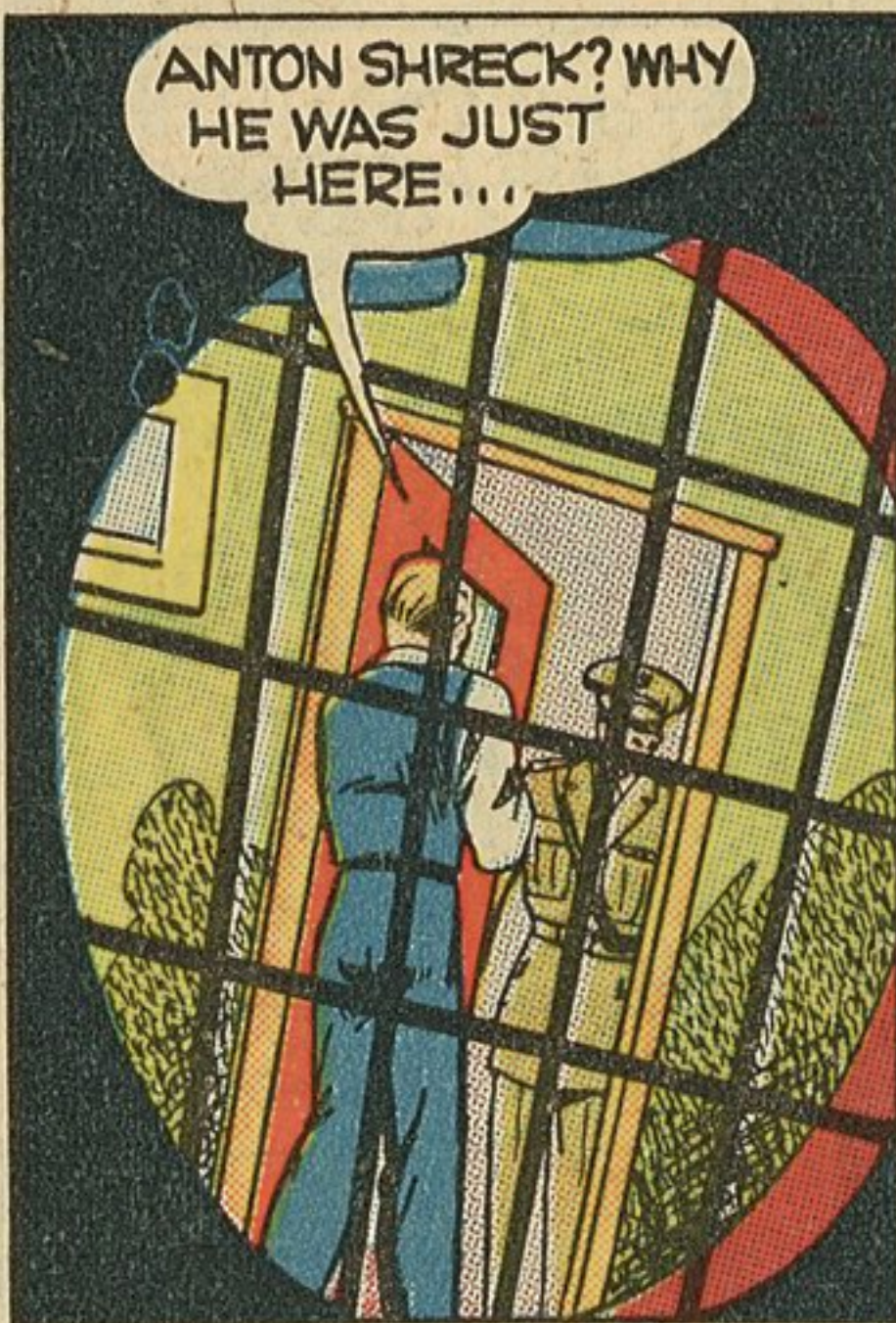
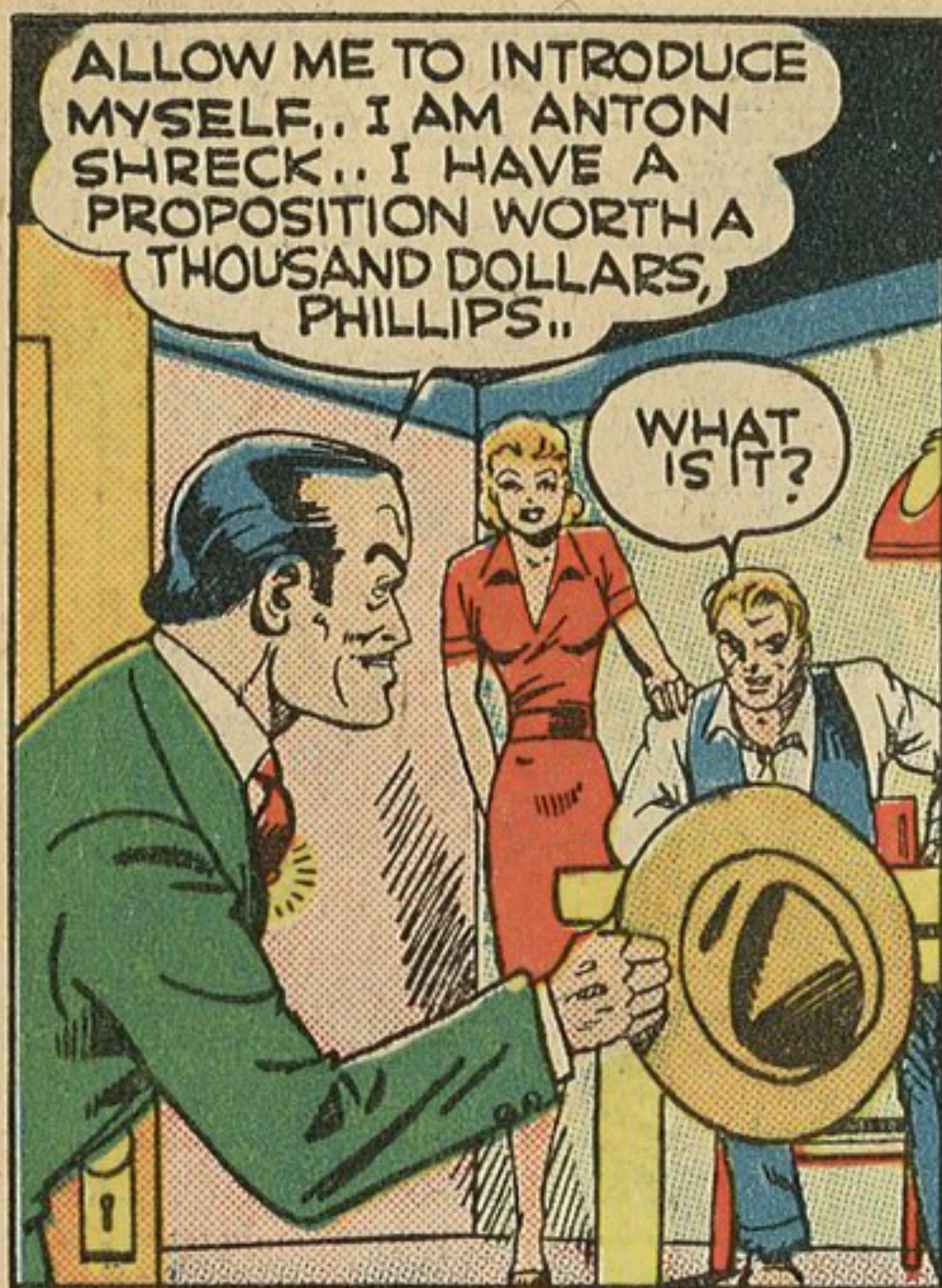


AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS OF SERVICE I'M FIRED... WASHED UP WITH THE RAILROAD, MARY!!

GOOD EVENING.. HOPE I'M NOT.. ER.. INTRUDING!!



SOON AFTER... THE HOME OF PHILLIPS THE ENGINEER....



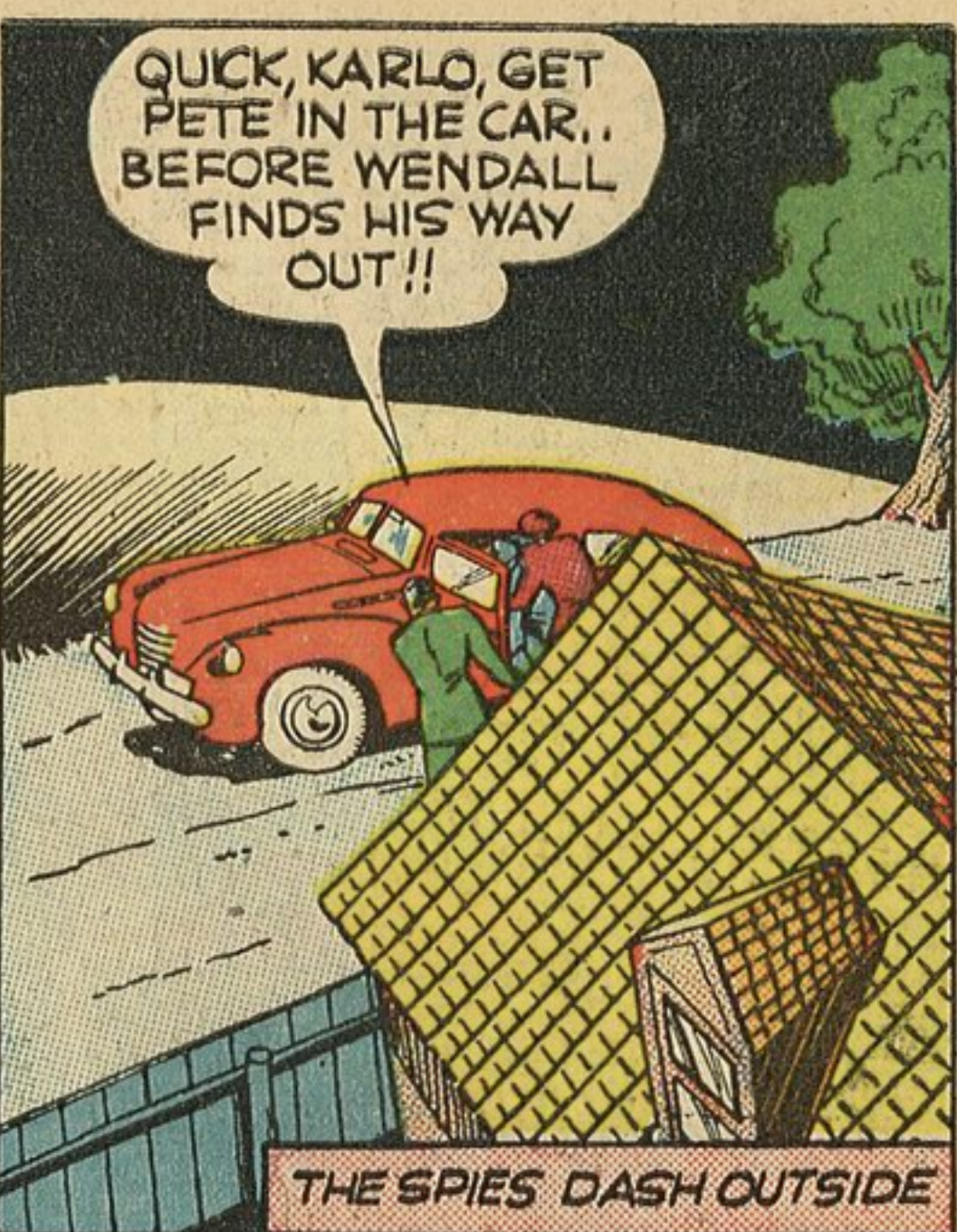


WHY YOU YELLOW RAT! YOU SHOT A WOMAN!!

ANTON SHRECK REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS AND HURLS A TEAR GAS BOMB....



THIS'LL STOP YOU!!



QUICK, KARLO, GET PETE IN THE CAR.. BEFORE WENDALL FINDS HIS WAY OUT!!

THE SPIES DASH OUTSIDE



(COUGH-COUGH) THEY GOT AWAY, I MUST GET THE WOMAN TO A HOSPITAL!



THIS IS THE QUICKEST WAY..



WINGS LANDS HIS PLANE ON THE ROOF OF CITY HOSPITAL...

TAKE CARE OF HER, DOC, I'M GOING AFTER THE GUYS WHO DID IT!



SHE'S HURT BADLY BUT IF WE OPERATE AT ONCE.. HEY!! WHERE...

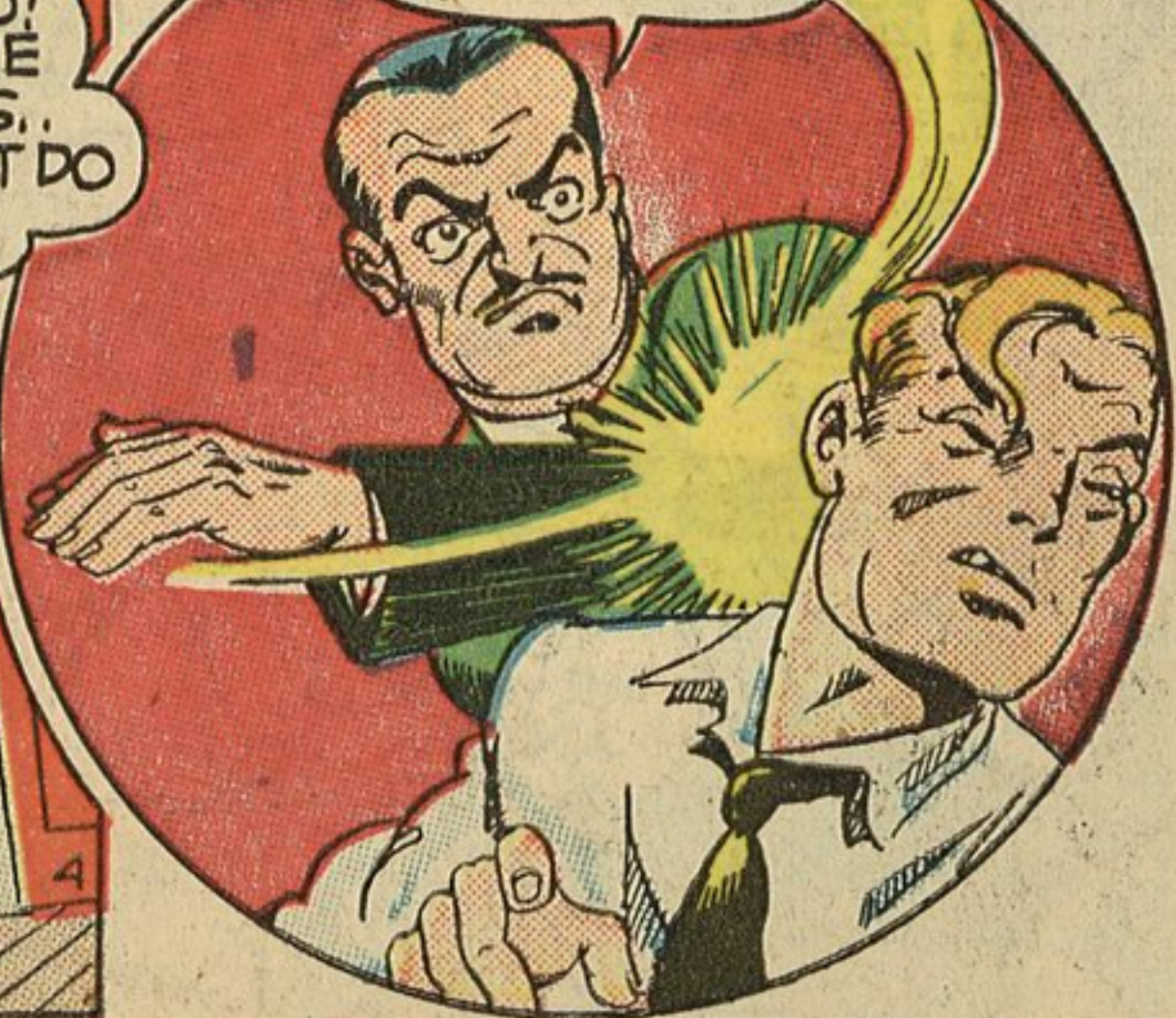
THE SECRET HIDEOUT OF ANTON SHRECK...



ALL RIGHT, MUG, I GOT A JOB FOR YOU, YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY ENGINEER..

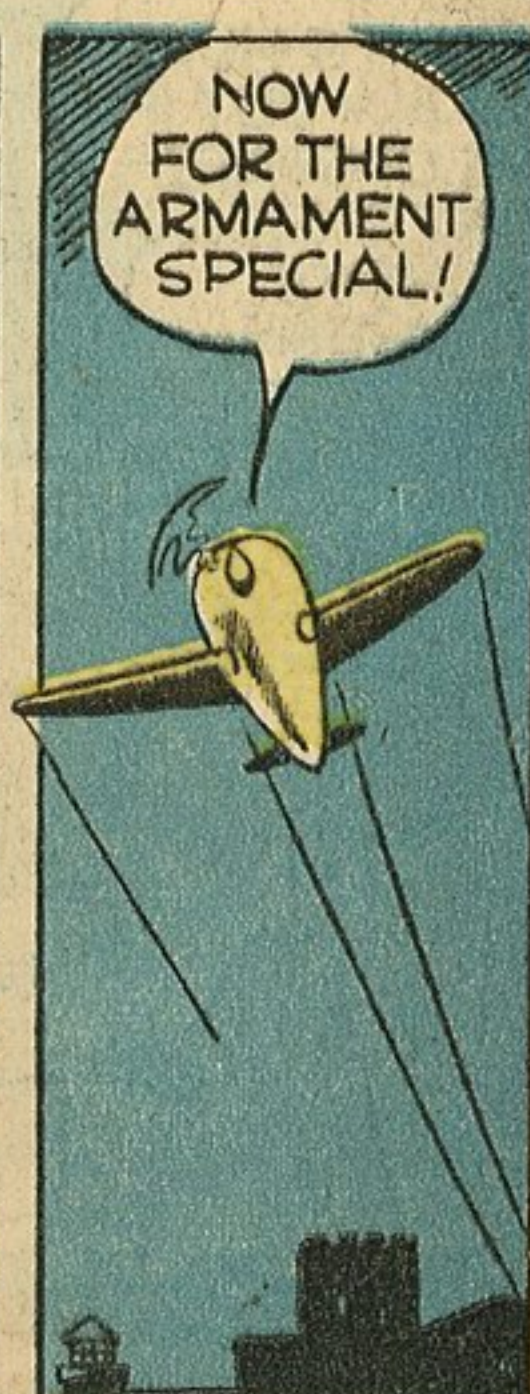
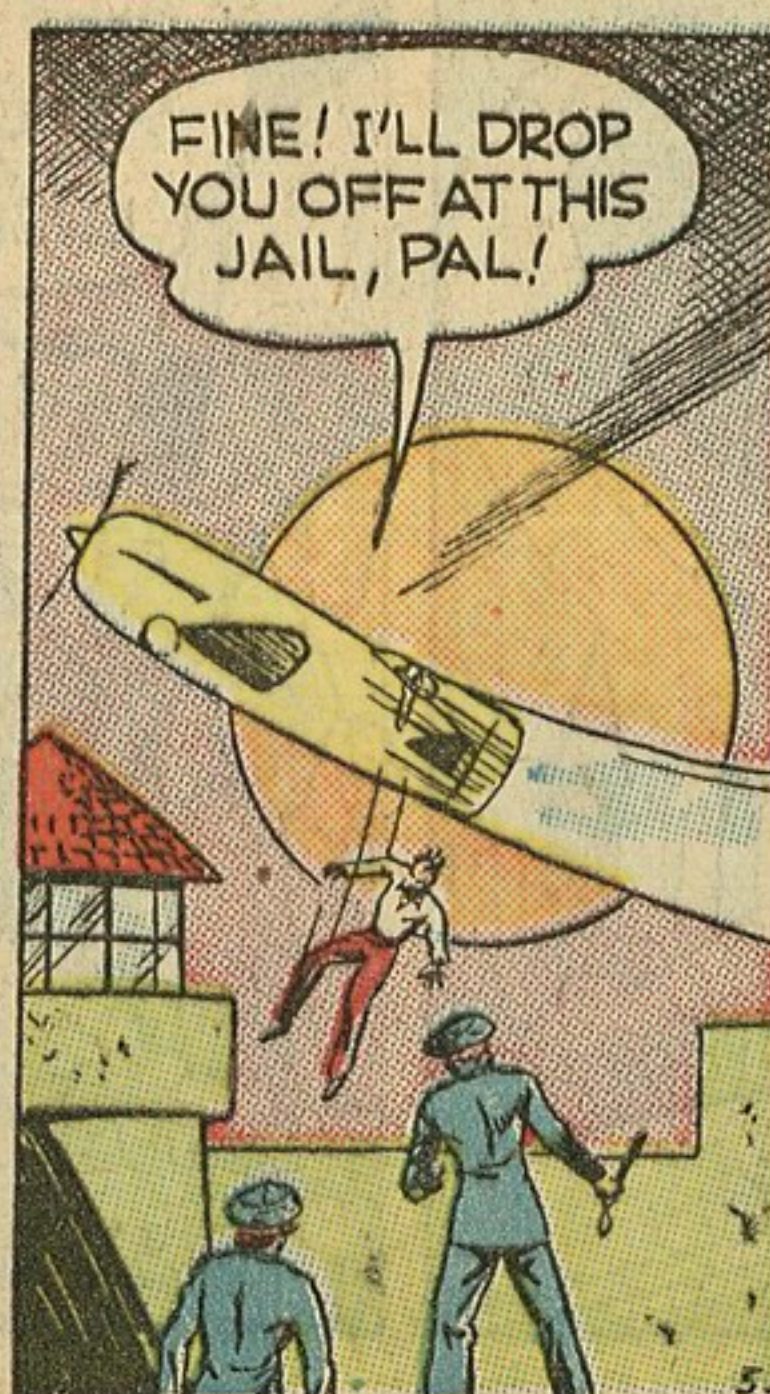
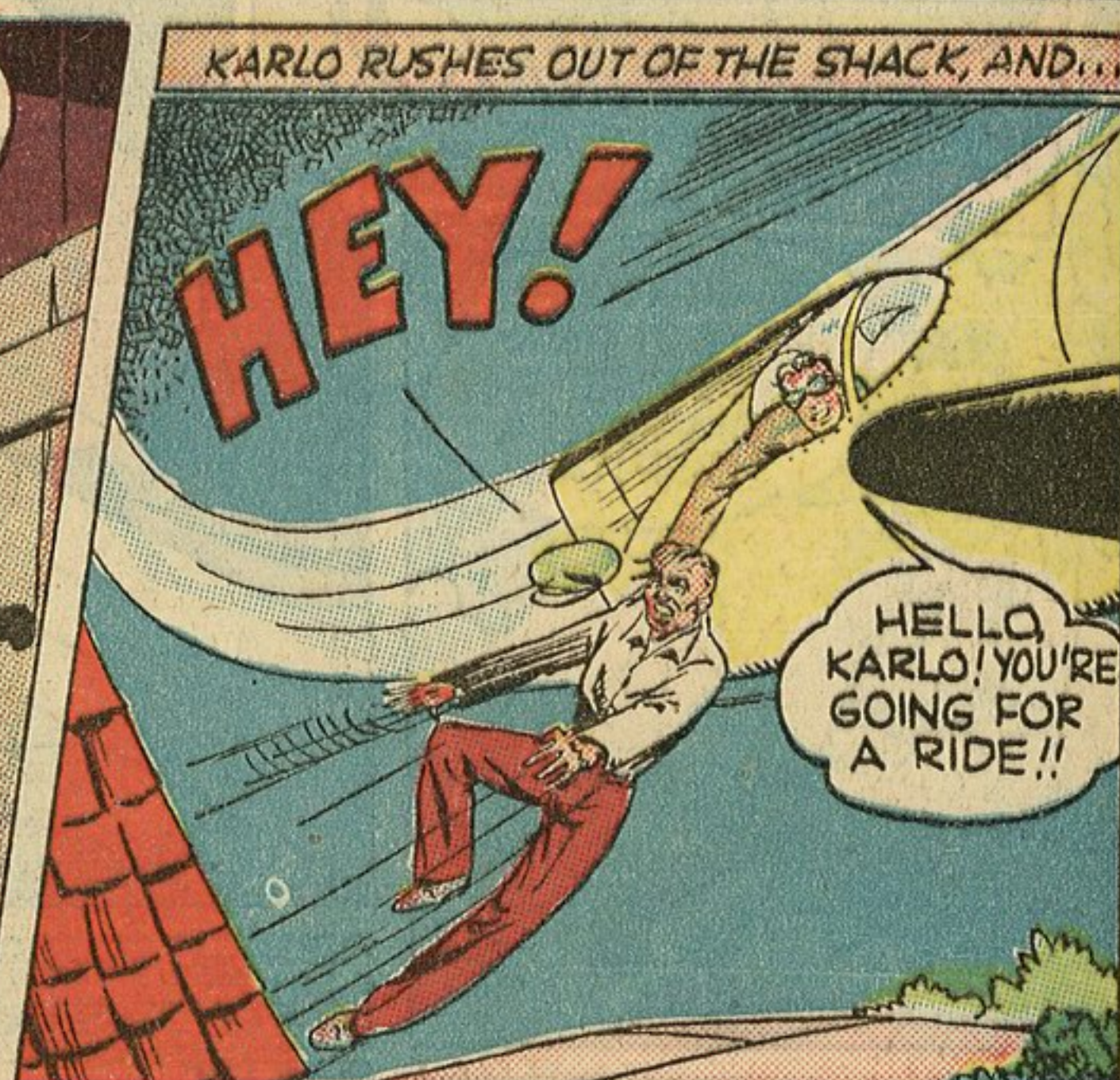
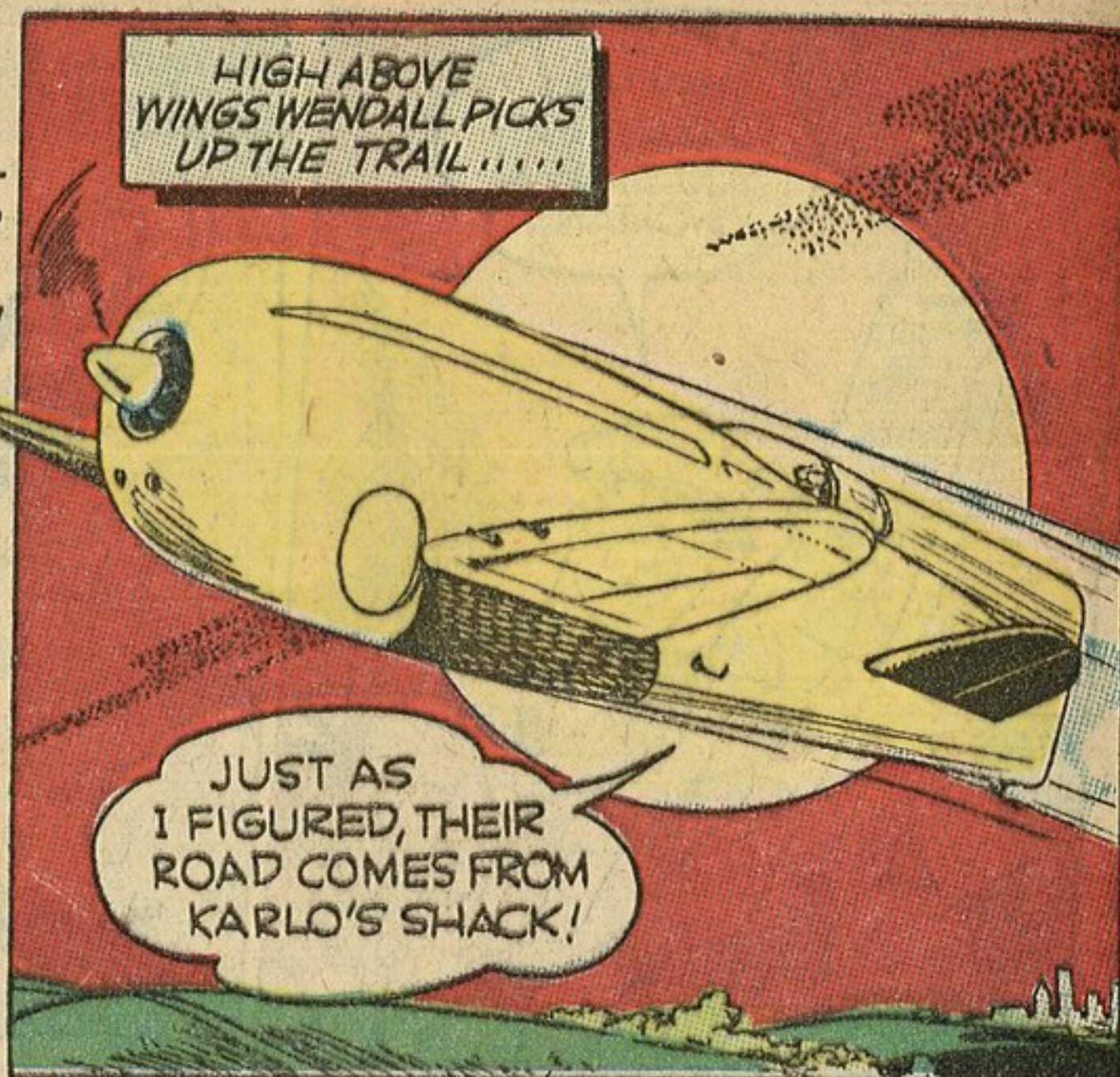
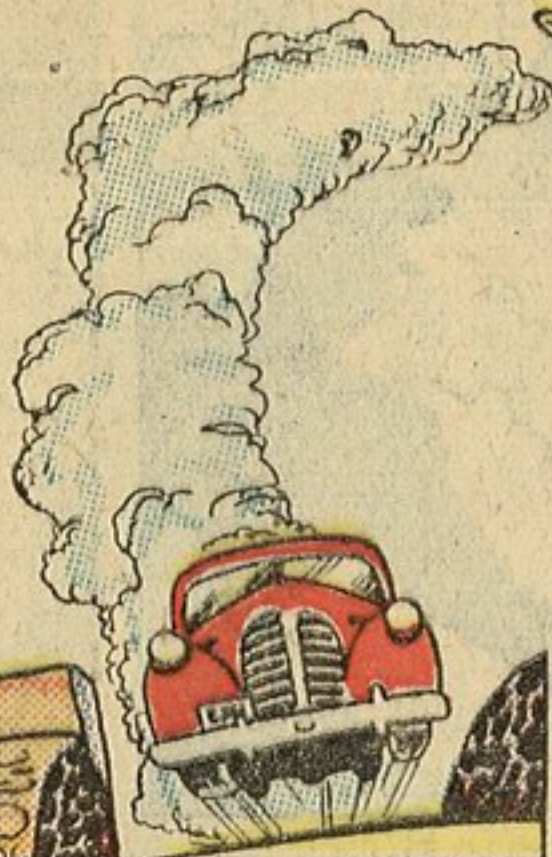
NO! NO! YOU'RE SPIES.. I WON'T DO IT!!

LISTEN, STUPID, YOUR WIFE ISN'T DEAD.. SHE WAS TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL.. SHE WILL BE KILLED IF YOU REFUSE TO WORK AGAINST AMERICA AND NATIONAL DEFENSE!!





HIS SPIRIT BROKEN, PETE IS FORCED TO OBEY THE ARCH-SPY, AND SOON THEIR CAR IS SPEEDING AWAY ON A DEVILISH MISSION.





AS THE ARMAMENT SPECIAL THUNDERS THROUGH THE NIGHT...

AHEAD, SHRECK FORCES PETE INTO THE CAB OF HIS STOLEN LOCOMOTIVE!!!

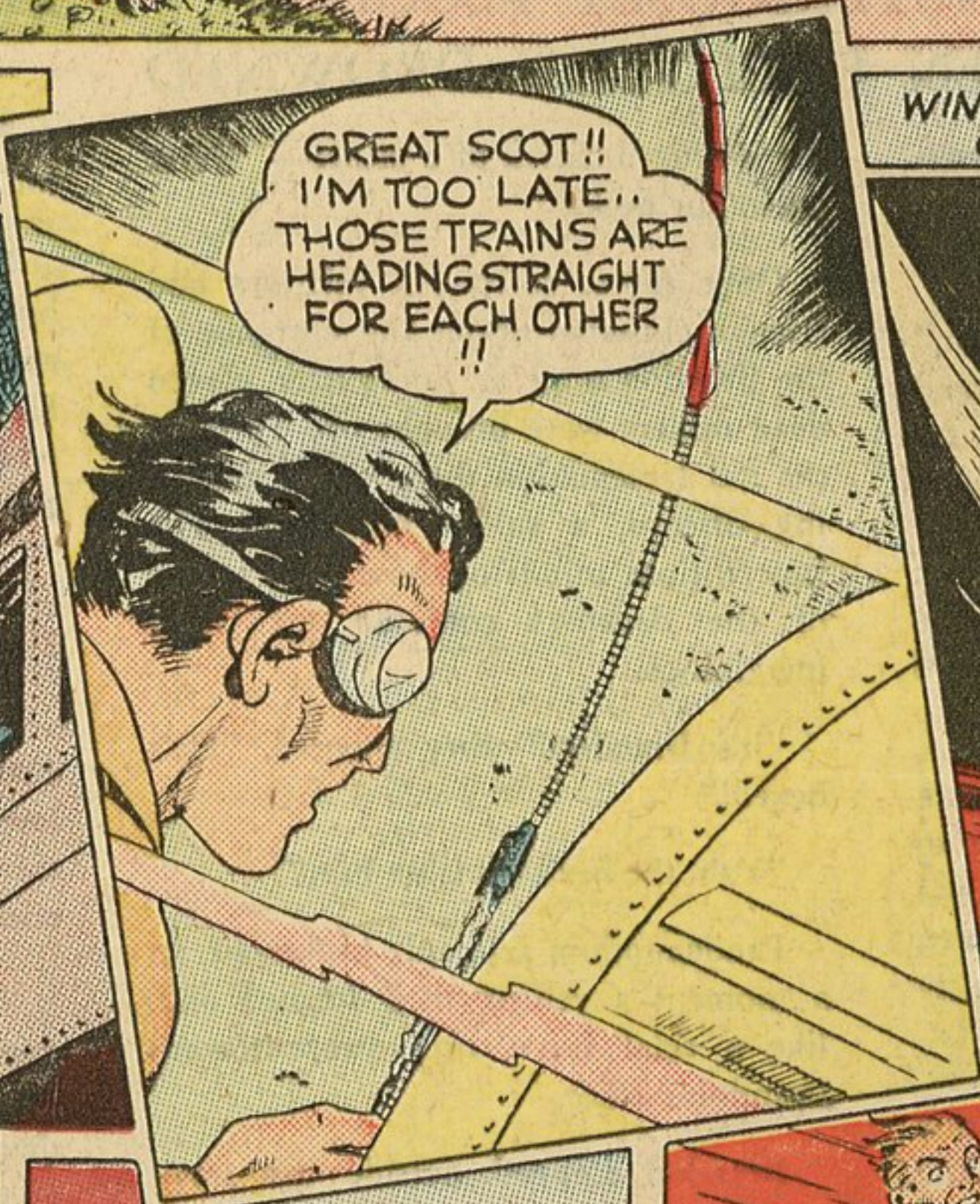


GET INSIDE.. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE THE HONOR OF SMASHING THIS LOCOMOTIVE INTO THAT ONCOMING TRAIN.. AFTER I JUMP!



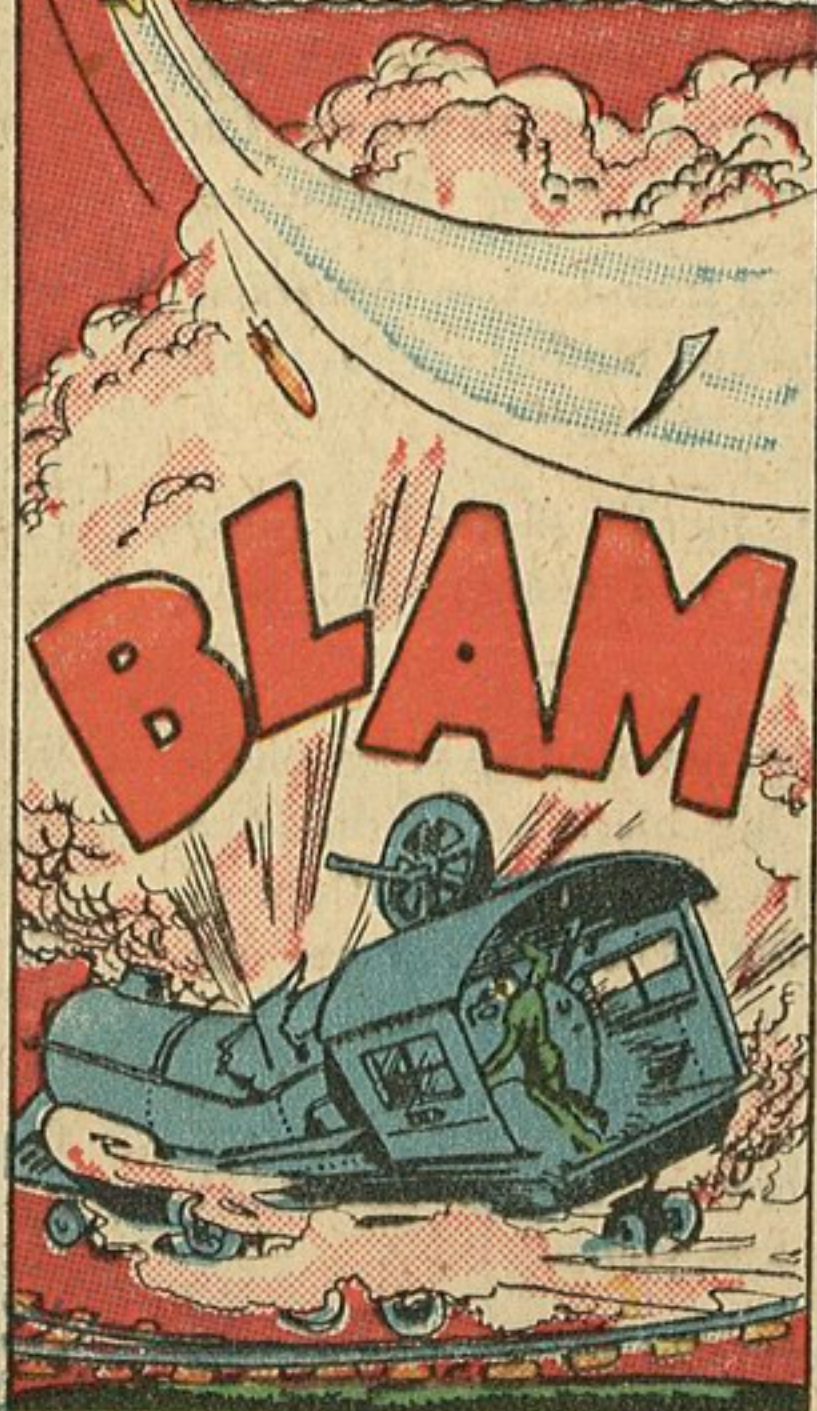
THIS IS YOUR IDEA, SHRECK, YOU CAN FINISH IT!!!

COME BACK, OR..

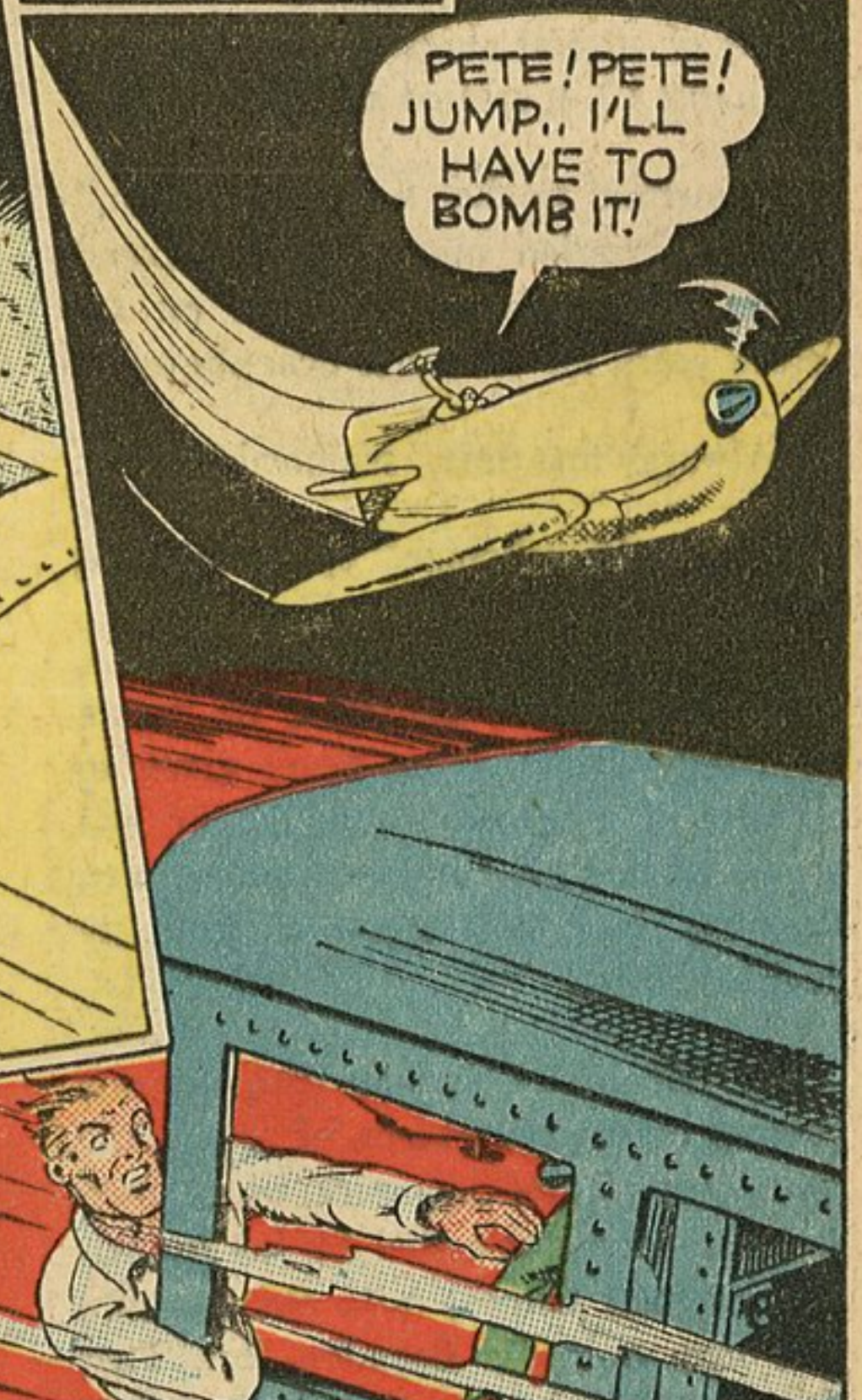


GREAT SCOT!! I'M TOO LATE.. THOSE TRAINS ARE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR EACH OTHER!!

PETE JUMPS A MOMENT BEFORE WENDALL DROPS A BOMB....



WINGS ZOOMS LOW ABOVE PETE'S CAB....



PETE! PETE! JUMP.. I'LL HAVE TO BOMB IT!

...AND THE ARMAMENT SPECIAL COMES TO A GRINDING STOP BEFORE THE WRECK...



IT WAS A MIRACLE THIS TRAIN WAS SAVED.. AND OUR SAVIOR IS UP IN THAT SILVER PLANE!!

A SILVER DEFENDER OF DEMOCRACY!



BRANDON MINE MYSTERIOUSLY FLOODED SEVENTEEN EMPLOYEES DROWNED

That scarehead appeared in the newspapers of several cities on the morning of August 10. It created a furor.

"Somethin' mighty funny 'bout that," stated a grizzled miner. "I've knowed fellers worked in the Brandon pit fer fifteen years, an' no water ever showed."

"Always a first time," reasoned another.

"Mebbe it's sabotage," spoke up a pit boss.

Nobody blamed Brandon; he was a respected business man, never given to excesses of generosity, although he had always treated his employees fairly. Yet, Brandon had a secret—a jealously guarded secret!

He felt pretty certain that no one guessed that secret, except, of course, the three men (felons they were, whose freedom Brandon controlled by his knowledge of their crimes) who assisted him. One man only did Brandon fear. That man was Mike Minovitch, a burly fellow who operated the White Star mine. A terrible enmity existed between Mike and Brandon. Some said that Brandon had sent Mike to prison years before, on a cold frameup. However, Mike had never shown his hand.

Never? "I wonder," mused Brandon, a sudden coldness numbing him. "I wonder if Mike knows—and is waiting! No. It can't be. Yet—what—"

Two weeks after the mine tragedy, horror struck again at the Brandon mine. The five a. m. shift had gone below and begun their tasks. At six the alarm bells sounded. A rescue crew, hastily formed, climbed into the elevator and started down. The car stuck half way to the bottom. By the time they got this delay remedied, phone service from the bottom of the shaft was cut off. It cut off on

the agonized shriek of a miner—"Water up to our necks!"

Once more, sorrowing relatives and friends clustered about the entrance of the Brandon mine as, hours later, eleven dead miners were brought up. Through the sad lamentation there was a mounting discord, a sullen muttering. The superstitious minds of those poor toilers of the darkness conjured up weird imaginings.

"It's Brandon!" they shouted. "He's hexed!"

"Yah, the hex sign is on him!"

Pandemonium suddenly broke out. In a moment a yelling mob formed and, like a tidal wave, they swept toward Brandon's office.

Brandon stepped outside the small cubicle and began a harangue as the crowd approached.

"Listen, men," he cried, "you're making a mistake. I had nothing to do with this. Somebody is trying to wreck me; trying to incite you men against me. For what? You know I've always been fair—"

A shot roared from back in the crowd. Brandon paled and jumped back into his office.

"Come on, men!" shouted a burly chap. "Let's tar and feather him! He's hexed!"

"Stop!" The commanding voice emanated from a big black sedan that had swung into the gravel drive in front of Brandon's office. The door of the car opened and a tall youth leaped out. "What's all the trouble?"

"What's it to you?" a miner demanded. "Keep out of this, you—"

"I'm Jimmy Christian," replied the tall lad calmly. "Perhaps if you tell me—"

"Mr. Christian! Mr. Christian!" Brandon's bushy head poked from his office window. "Oh, please, stop this! I know if anybody can, you can!"

Jimmy Christian smiled. "Men," he said to the mobsters, "Let me handle this. I promise you everything will work out. Will you give me a chance?" Something in his voice, the steely ring of it, the powerful force he exuded, turned the tide. Grumbling, the mob broke up and left.

"Now, Mr. Brandon," began Jimmy as he seated himself in the mine operator's office, "tell me all about it."

Brandon stared at the youth. "I've heard of you," he said, with a touch of awe in his voice. "You're that Robin Hood fellow who bobs up unexpectedly where there's trouble . . . mighty glad I am to see you!"

Jimmy smiled. "All that later. Please give me the details."

Brandon did. "You see, I've run this coal mine for fifteen years, and on the level, Mr. Christian. I've never had any trouble. That's why I now suspect a certain man—Mike Minovitch."

"I understand," replied Jimmy. Brandon was holding something back, Jimmy knew. "Tell me one thing: Is it not true that according to the terms of all leases given in this territory, every man working in a coal mine must share in any minerals found, such as gold and silver?"

"Right. But there's no minerals in my diggings, just coal."

That night, Jimmy, disguised as a common miner, sneaked up to the watchman's shack, just outside the entrance to the Brandon mine. The window was open. He hurled a tiny glass vial inside. It broke against the wall, and a moment later he heard a deep snore. The watchman would be asleep for a good two hours from that harmless gas. Jimmy took the man's keys.

Five minutes later he stepped out of the mine car, at the bottom of the deep shaft. It opened into a dark tunnel. The walls were still soggy from the recent flooding. Jimmy made his way along a dark passage. A thousand yards he paced off, then he came to a turn. As he progressed, using his flashlight, he became conscious of a dull roaring, and he could

feel a slight vibration underfoot. This part of the drift had never been worked; it was merely a bore, with its rough ledges of coal gleaming in the light.

Then he saw it. At the very end of the drift his light flashed on something white. It was a series of large pipes, all of them covered thickly with frost.

"Ah!" he said. "An ice plant. Now just what is that for, down here?"

The roaring was louder here. As he placed his ear against a heavy wood beam, the refrigeration plant cut in with a low throbbing. "Just what is the purpose of an ice plant in a coal mine?" Jimmy pondered. Suddenly he had the answer: that roaring—an underground river! By keeping this end of the drift solidly frozen, the water was kept out. If that ice plant was cut off . . . !

He saw it all clearly. The ice plant *had* been cut off, twice. But how? He began a careful search. After a few minutes he found it, a clever power unit hidden behind some beams in the tunnel wall. Quickly he cut the heavy wires leading to it, then he headed back toward the elevator.

The next morning, Jimmy Christian visited Brandon. He told him what he'd found. Brandon listened, slowly turning white. "Of course," said Jimmy, "this is only a theory so far. I'm waiting to hear what you have to say."

The mine operator mopped a pallid brow. "Okay, Mr. Christian, you've called the shot. I'll give. Yes, I've been mining gold in that underground river for ten years. I had the drift condemned, after I'd discovered it by chance. Then I secretly put in that ice machine to keep the water from flooding the other part of the mine. The hidden power unit you found was undoubtedly placed there by Mike Minovitch; but how he found out—how he figured induction to blow out the fuses—"

"Your greed and his hate," cut in Jimmy, "have cost twenty-eight men their lives. It's a felony to have a dangerous hazard in any mine, Mr. Brandon. And hoarding gold is against the law. You say you have not reported any of it. You've violated the terms of your lease by not reporting it and sharing the proceeds with your employees. Looks like you're in a rather hot spot!"

Brandon went limp. "I'll do anything

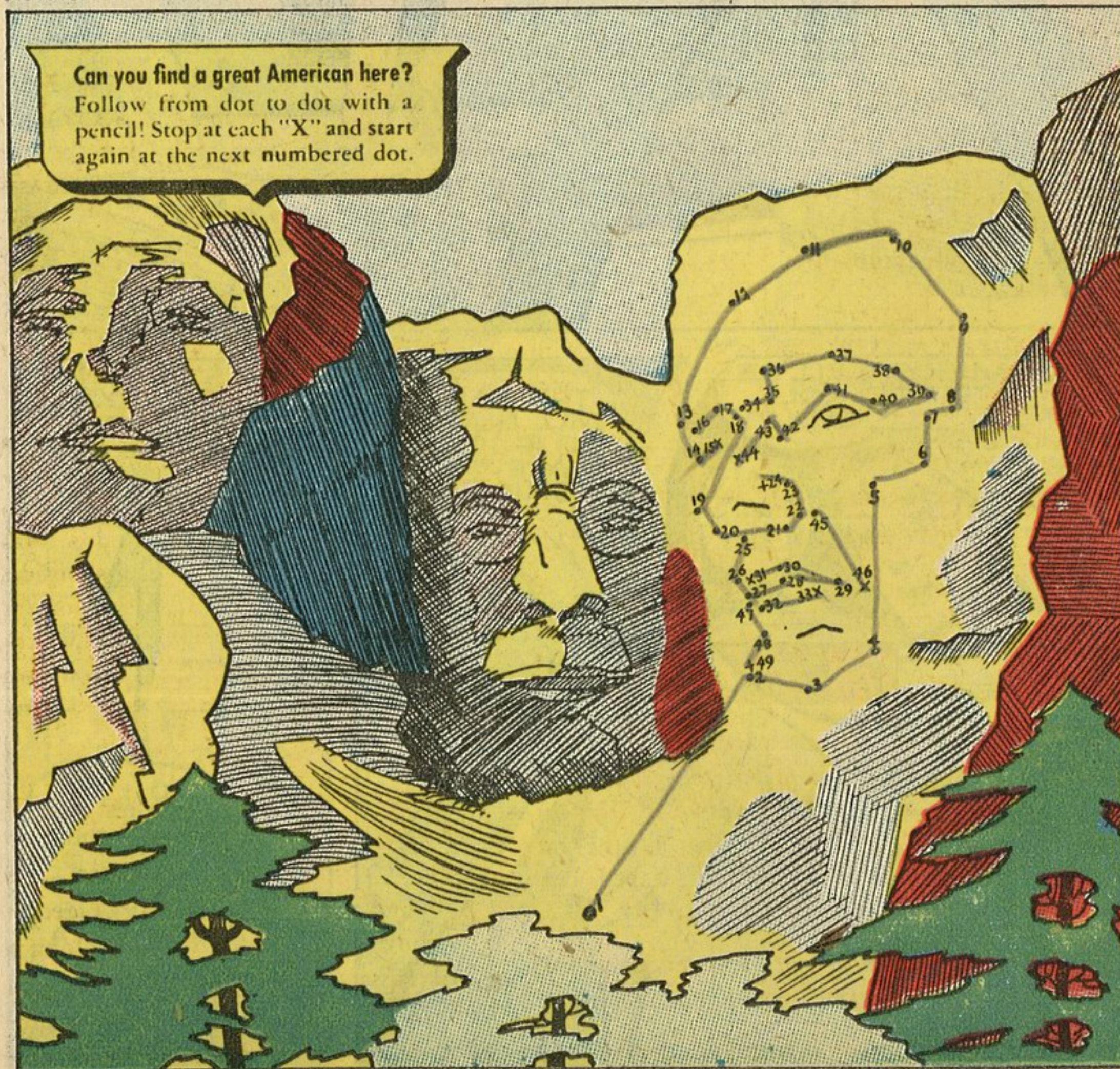
you say, Mr. Christian—anything! I'll share the gold with the men; there's over a million dollars worth. It'll make 'em rich. I'll fill in that drift; the gold is about all petered out anyway. I'll pay Mike Minovitch plenty for the wrong I did him. All this, if you'll not turn me in. I'm ruined if you do . . . and a lot of men'll be thrown out of work."

Jimmy smiled. "Okay, it's a bargain. I think you'll do what you say. But if you don't—" He left the sentence unfinished, but the implication was enough for Brandon. He got to his feet and held out his hand.

"I'm going out there tomorrow and tell that bunch of poor devils that their pay checks will be double each week, until they've received a half million dollars. I never did feel right about this, Mr. Christian."

Smiling happily, Brandon got up. Tomorrow would be a big day!

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
Jimmy Christian
IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF
SMASH COMICS
ON SALE AUGUST 20TH

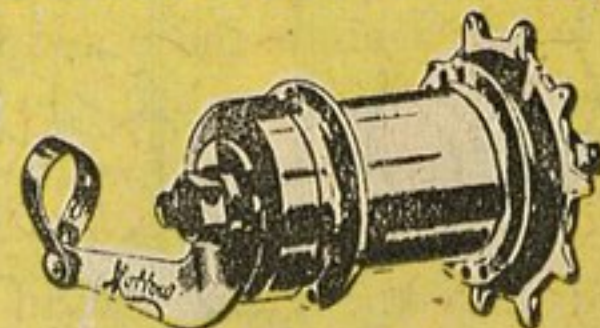


Can you find a great American here?
Follow from dot to dot with a
pencil! Stop at each "X" and start
again at the next numbered dot.



BBUILT by Bendix, the world's foremost maker of automobile and airplane brakes . . . famous for 40 years . . . the good Morrow Coaster Brake is the safest, surest brake your bike could have! More ball bearings (31 in all) than any other coaster brake. That means long, smooth coasting and easy pedaling. Big bronze brake shoes, multi-grooved for positive stops and long wear. Insist on a Morrow Brake on your new bike—you can get it on any standard make.

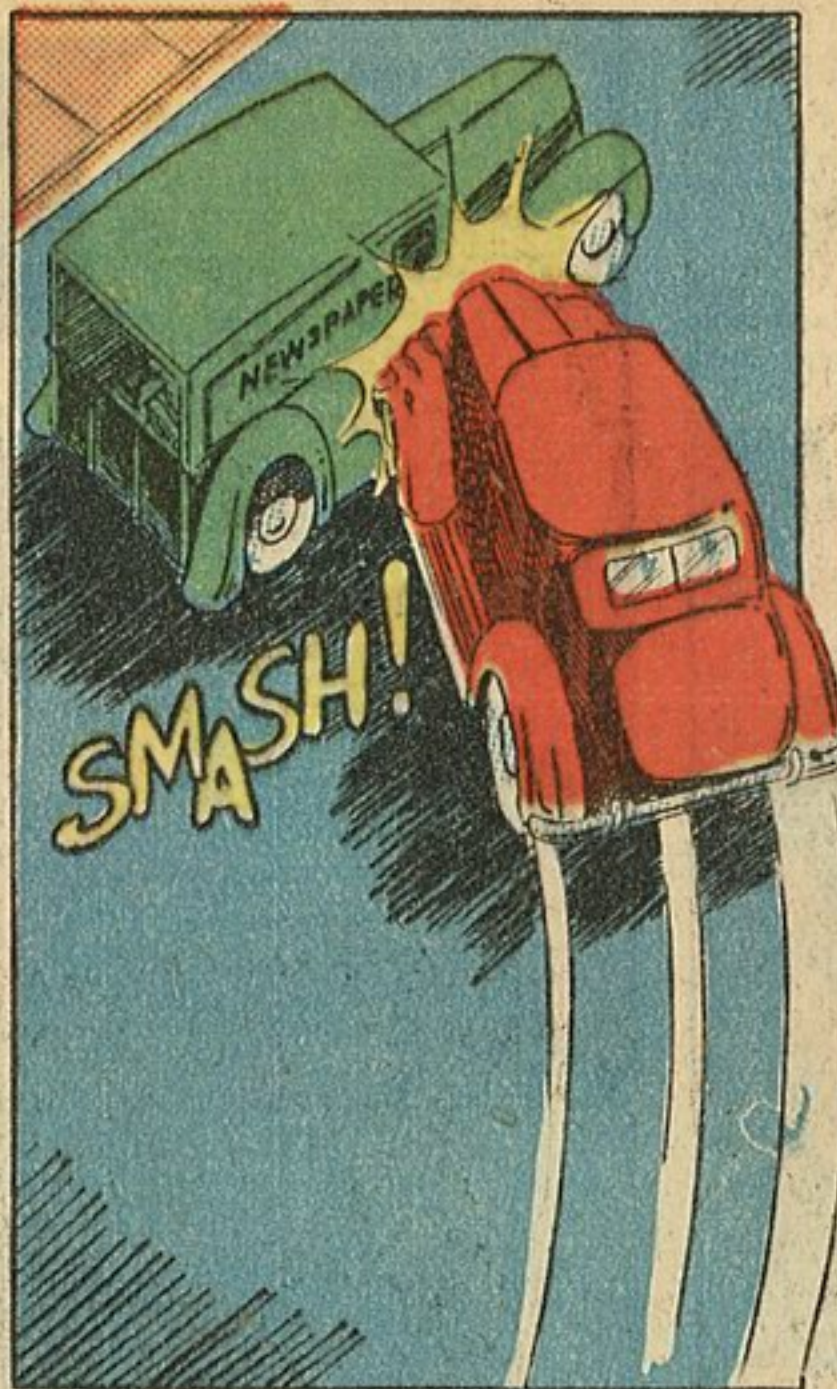
**MORROW
COASTER BRAKE**



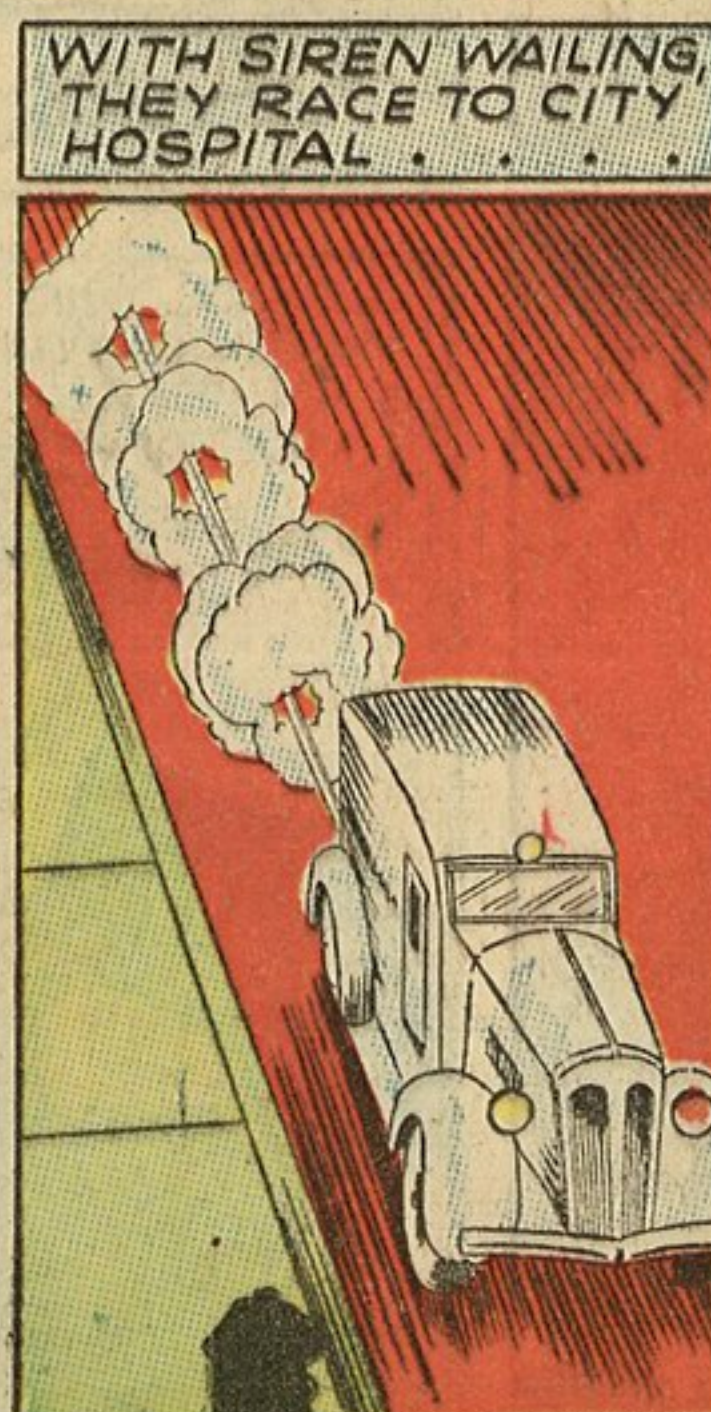
**ECLIPSE
MACHINE DIVISION**
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION, Amro, N. Y.



BUT ROOKIE HALTS SUDDENLY WHEN HE REACHES THE CORNER.

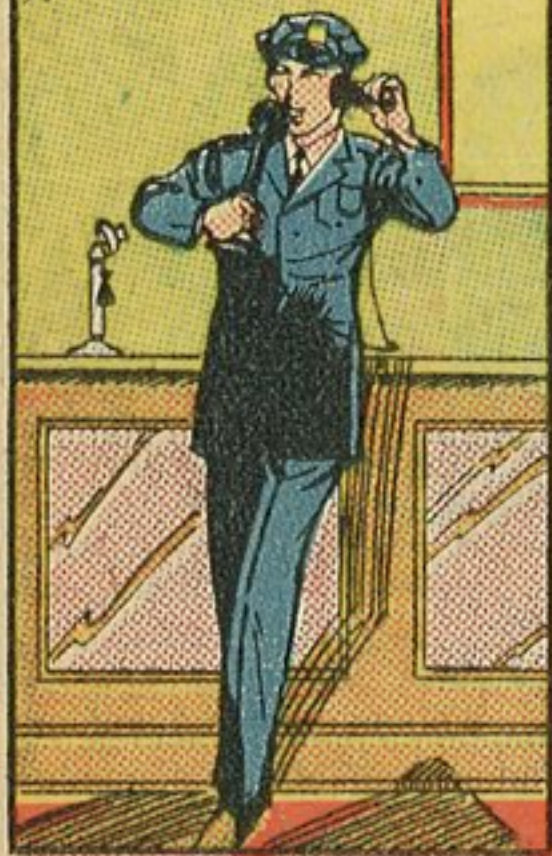


FLAMES LEAP FROM THE NEWSPAPER TRUCK. THE DRIVER OF THE SEDAN FLEES.



AT THE HOSPITAL, ROOKIE GRABS A PHONE.

HELLO, SARGE, THIS IS RANKIN CALLIN' FROM CITY HOSPITAL.



YEAH? I HOPE IT'S NOTHIN' MORE SERIOUS THAN A BROKEN NECK.. IF NOT, REPORT FOR DUTY AT ONCE!



BUT, SARGE? THERE WAS A HIT AN' RUN ACCIDENT.. A STAR NEWS TRUCK. LOOKS LIKE SOME RACKET IS TRYIN' TO SHAKE DOWN THE PAPER!

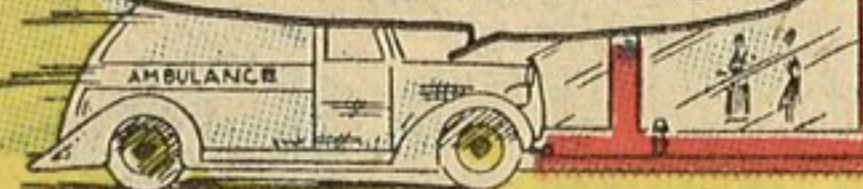


HE HUNG UP ON ME..IMAGINE THAT?? WELL, THANKS FOR THE LIFT?

I AIN'T SUPPOSED TO TAKE ANY RIDERS BUT SEEN' AS IT'S YOU, ROOKIE, AN' YOU'RE LATE..



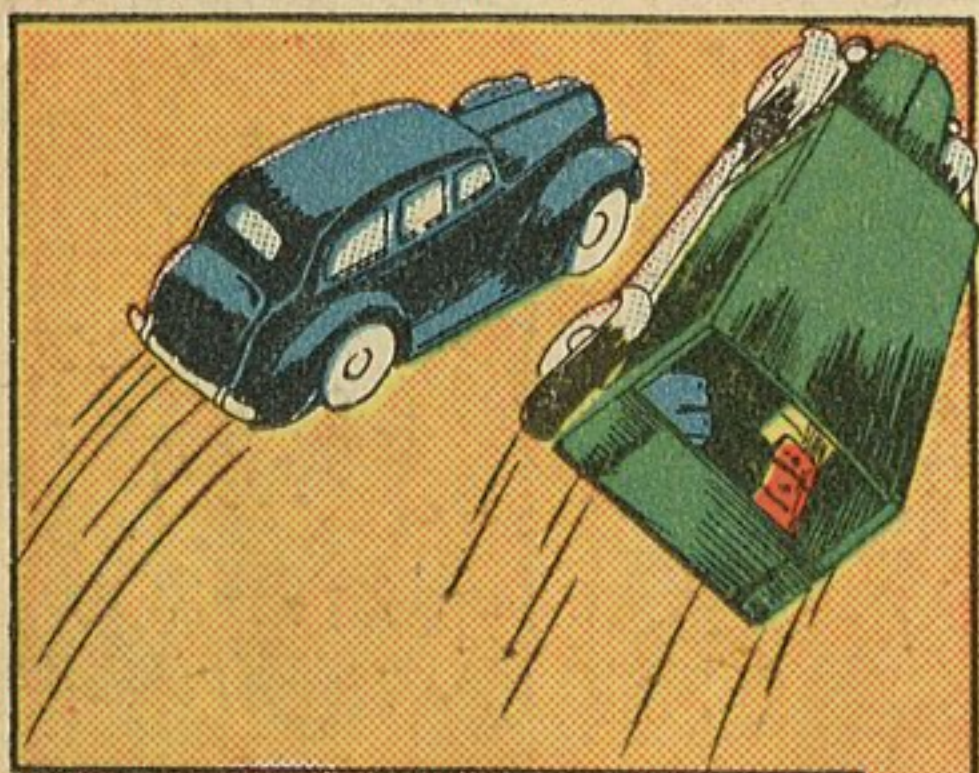
HEY! LOOK AHEAD! A CAR CHASIN' THAT STAR NEWS TRUCK?



STEP ON IT, MORT. JAM HIM OFF TH' ROAD?



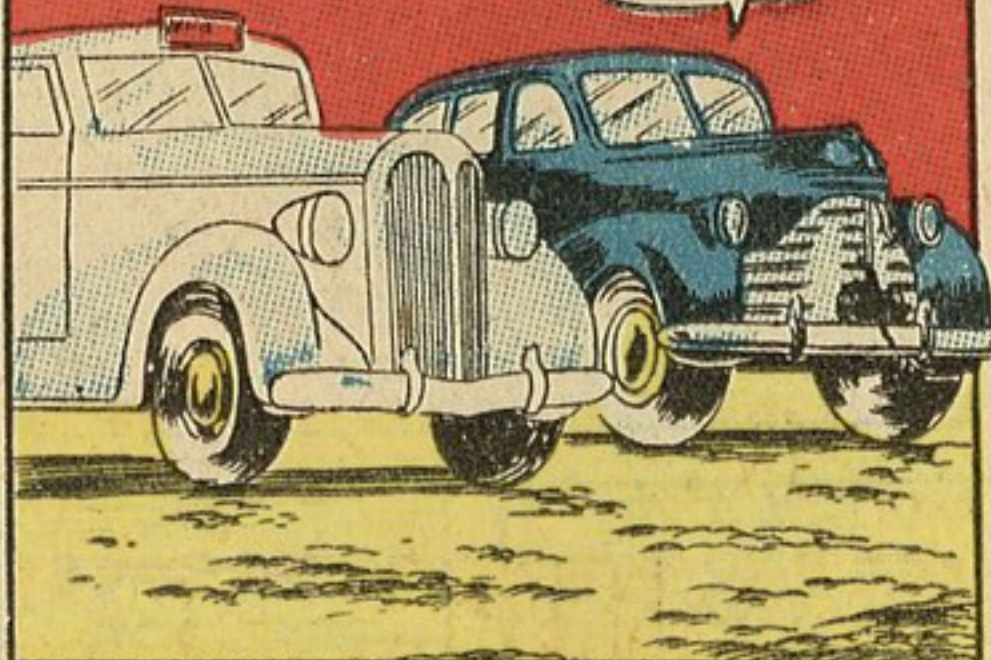
THAT CAR IS FOLLERIN' US, PETE?



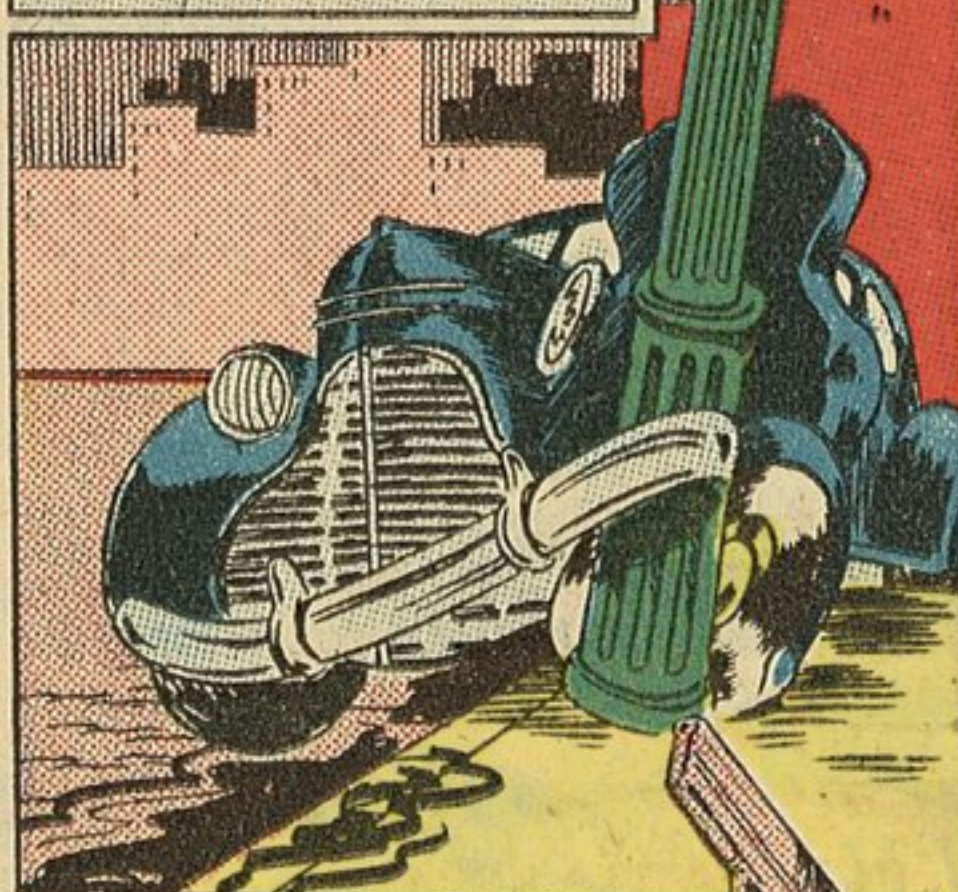
THE NEWS TRUCK TIPS DANGEROUSLY AS THE THUGS FORCE IT ONTO THE CURB.

LET'S GIVE THESE MUGS THE WORKS, ROOKIE?

LOOK OUT FOR THAT POST, MORT?



THE THUG DOESN'T TWIST THE WHEEL QUICKLY ENOUGH.



M'GOSH..THEIR NUMBER PLATE? ANOTHER STOLEN CAR.



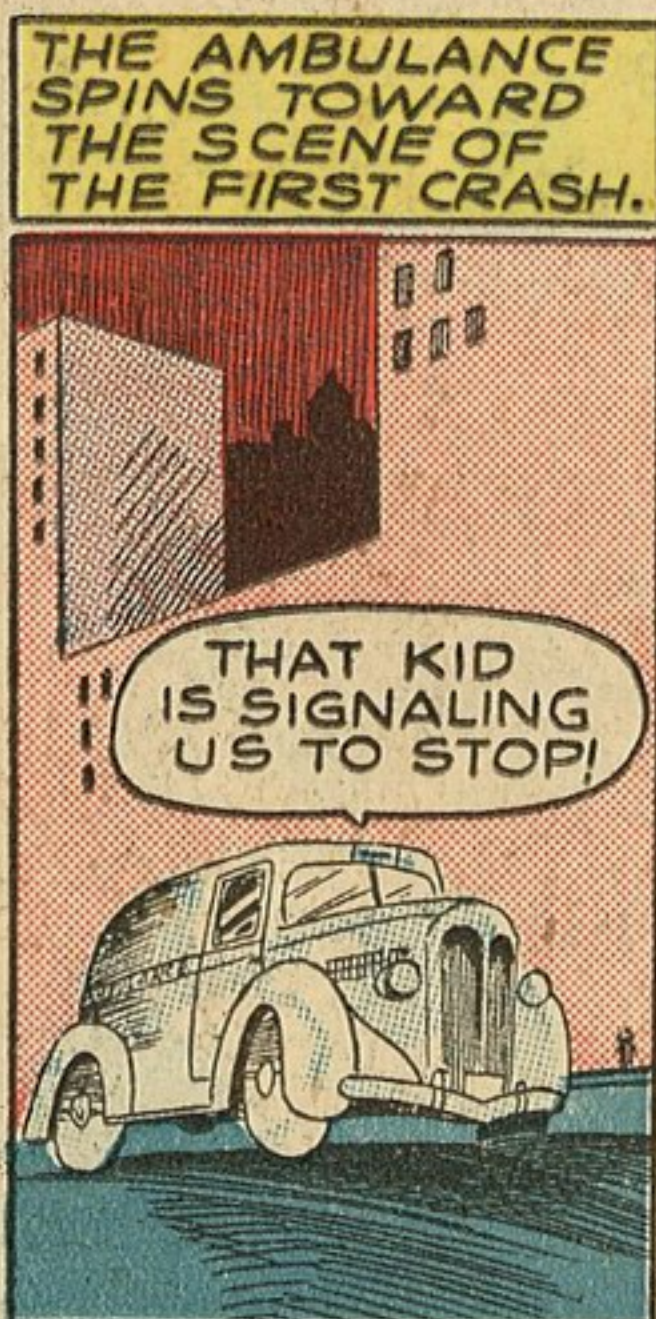
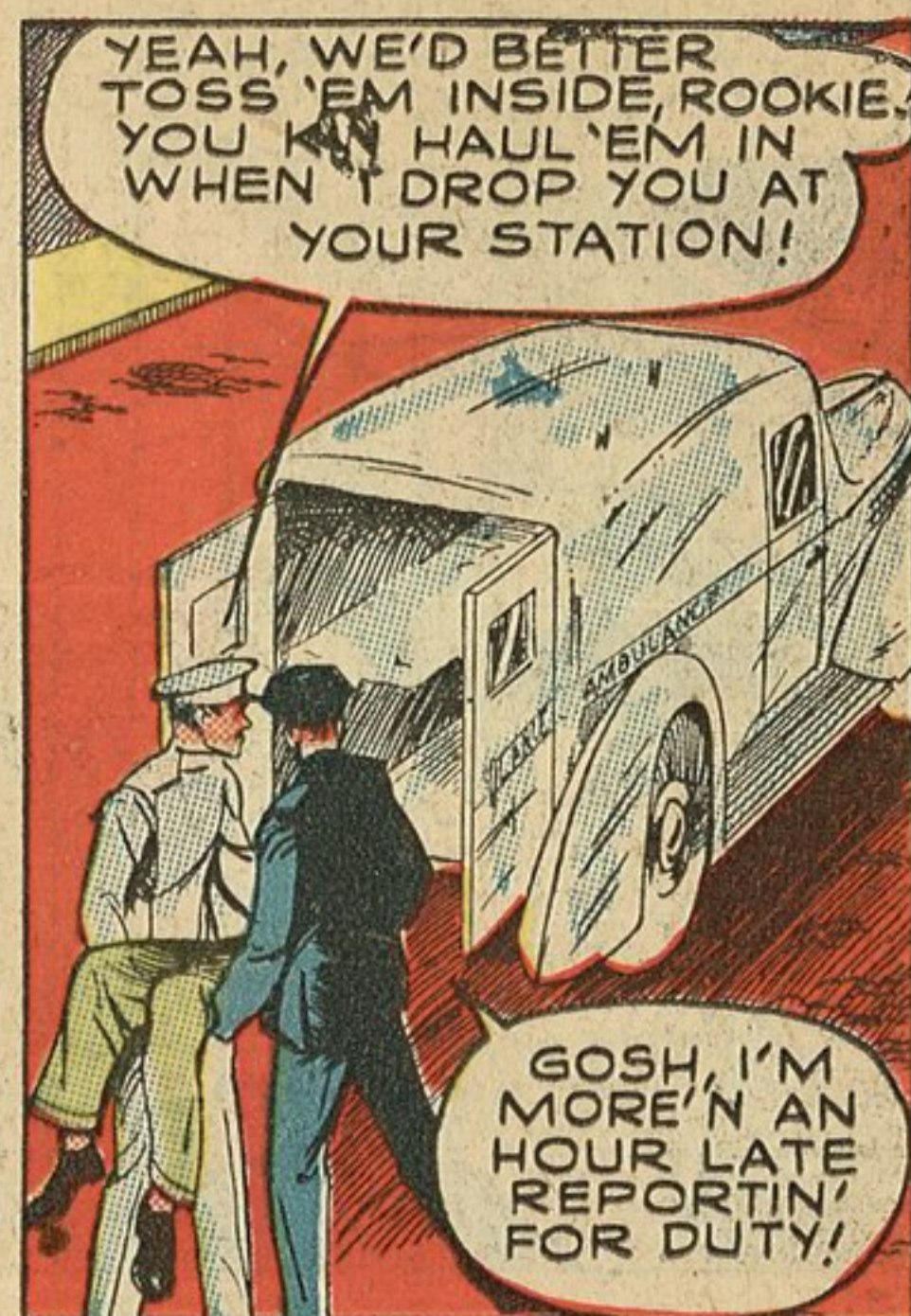
LEAVE THIS WISE COPPER T'ME, MORT?

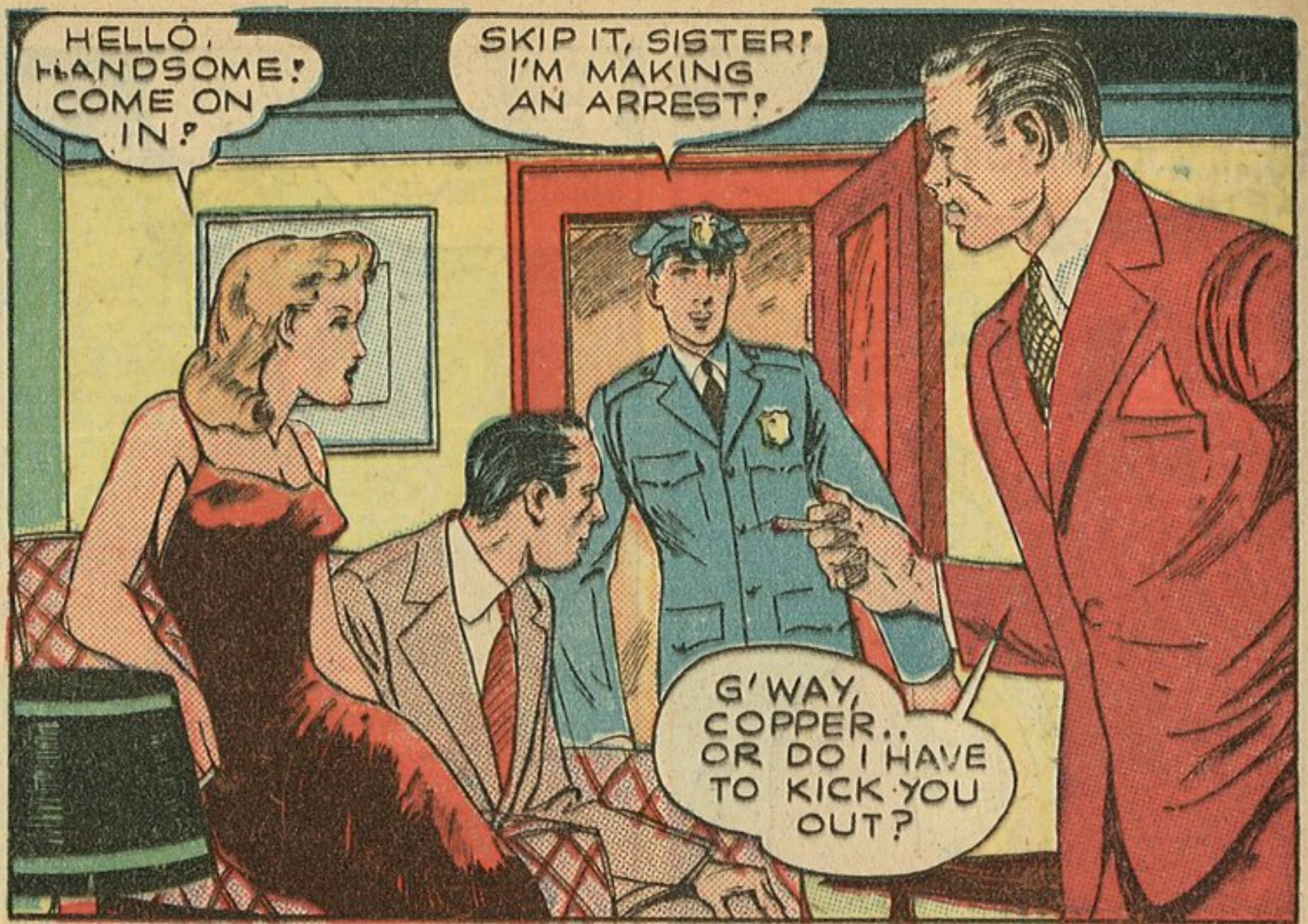
I'M RIGHT BEHIND YUH, BOSS!



YOU'RE TOO SLOW ON TH' DRAW, MUG!









THIS WILL
KEEP THE
PATIENT
QUIET, SIS,
WHILE I GO
AFTER BULL
NECK!



ROOKIE DASHES INTO THE
CORRIDOR...

GOSH!!
HOPE HE DIDN'T
GET TOO
FAR!

BUT WHEN THE FUGITIVE
REACHES THE STREET...



THAT'S
THE
GUY!

STOP
HIM!



LEGGO ME,
YOU BRATS!

PILE ONTO
HIM, FELLAS!

HOLD HIM!
HERE COMES
ROOKIE!



OH, THANKS,
BUDDIES. YOU'LL
MAKE SWELL
COPS WHEN
YOU GROW UP!

GET THESE
KIDS OFF'N
ME, OFFICER.
I GIVE UP!



OH..OH! HERE
COMES THE
SARGE IN A
SQUAD CAR.
HE'LL BAWL
ME OUT FER
BEIN' LATE
AGAIN!

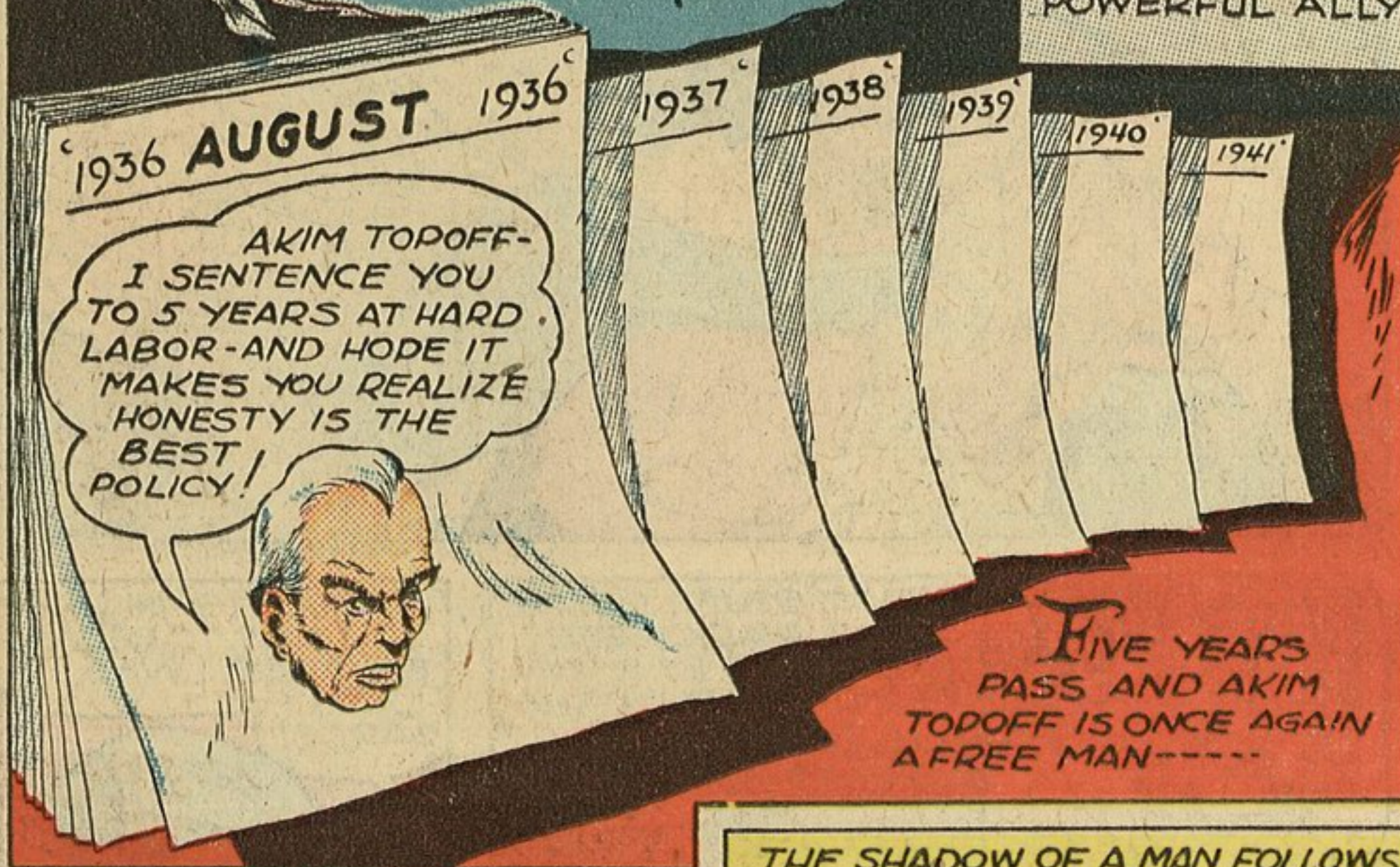
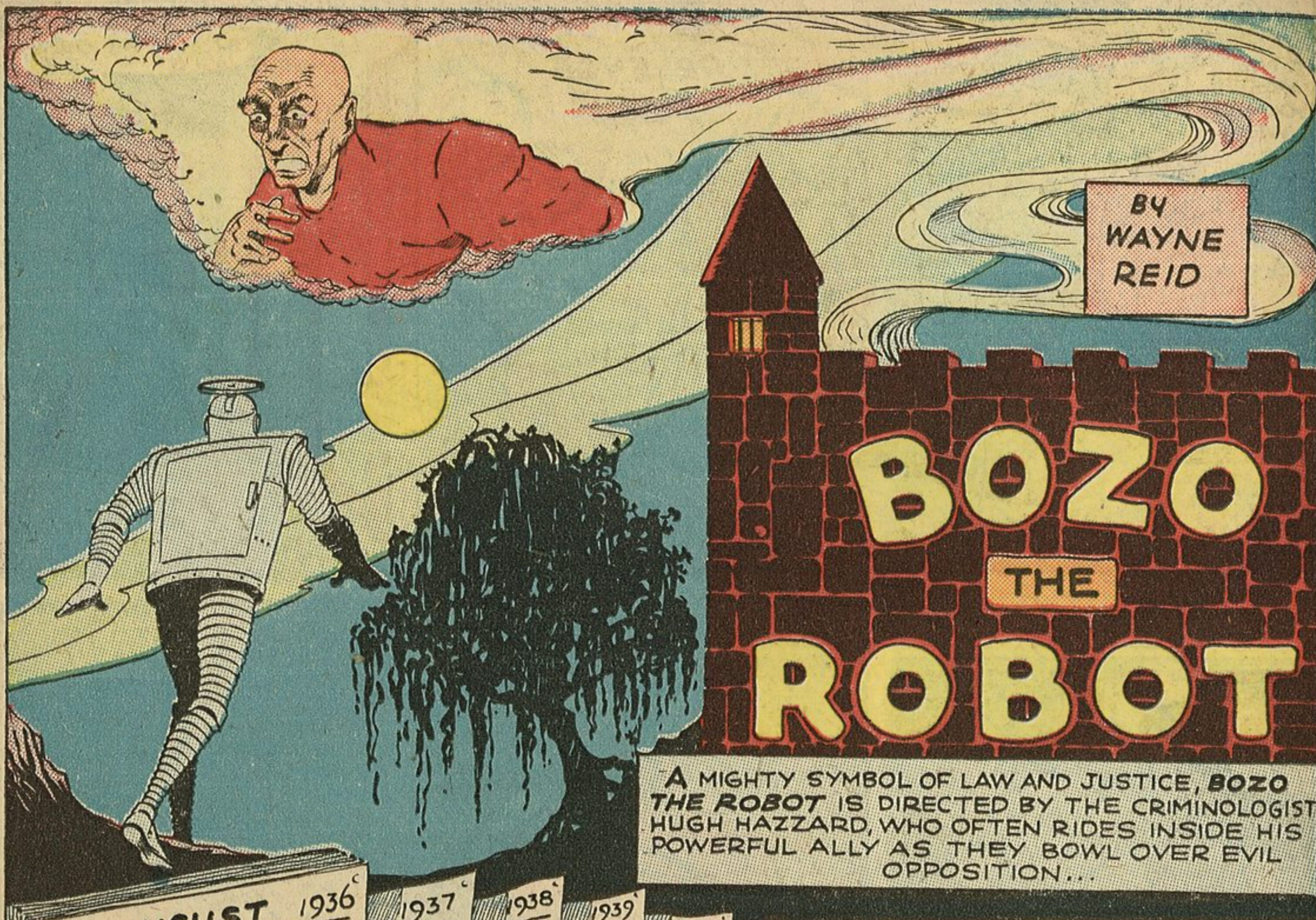


GREAT STUFF, ROOKIE.
.. THIS RACKETEER
WAS HIRED BY A RIVAL
PAPER TO RUIN THE
STAR'S CIRCULATION.

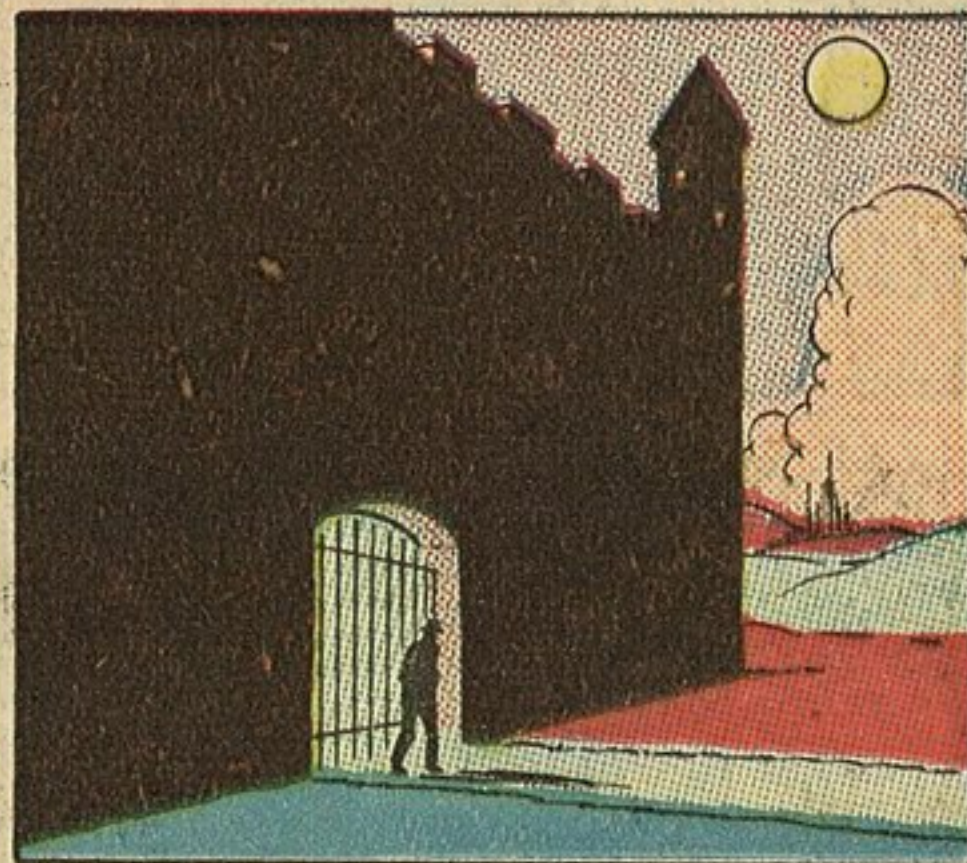


GOSH..IT'S NICE OF
YOU NOT TO BE SORE
BECAUSE I WAS
LATE,
SARGE!

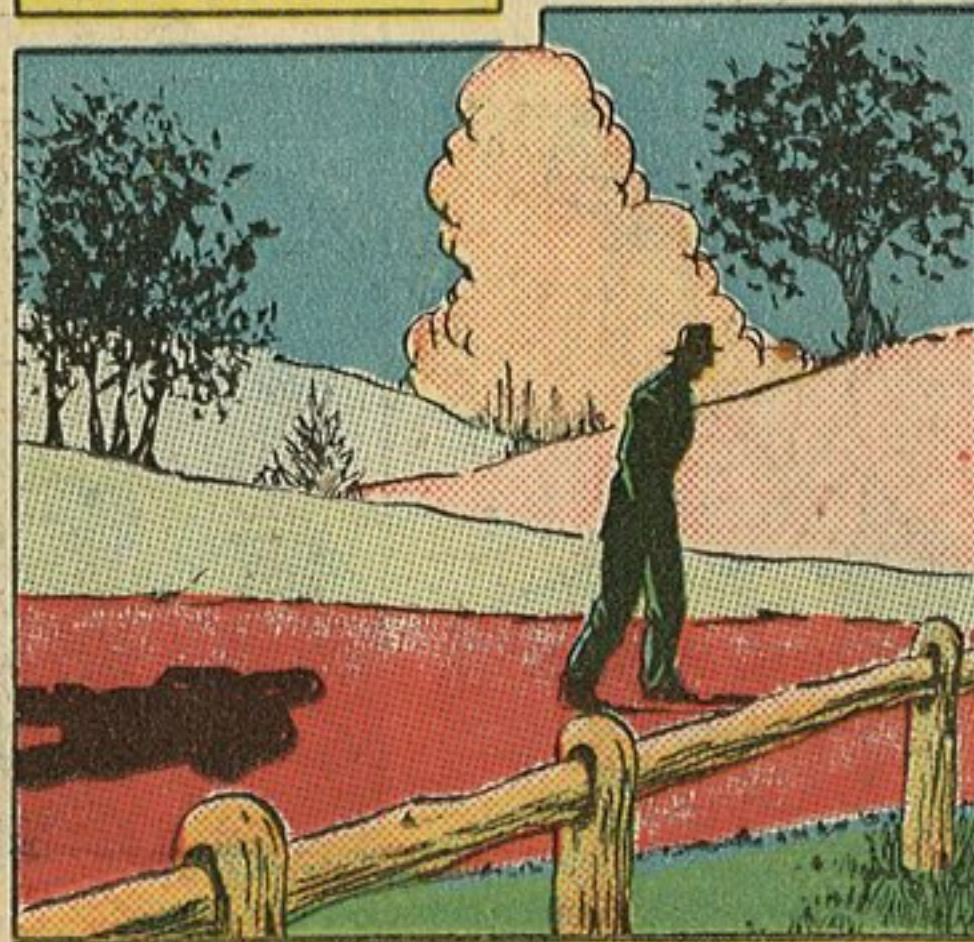
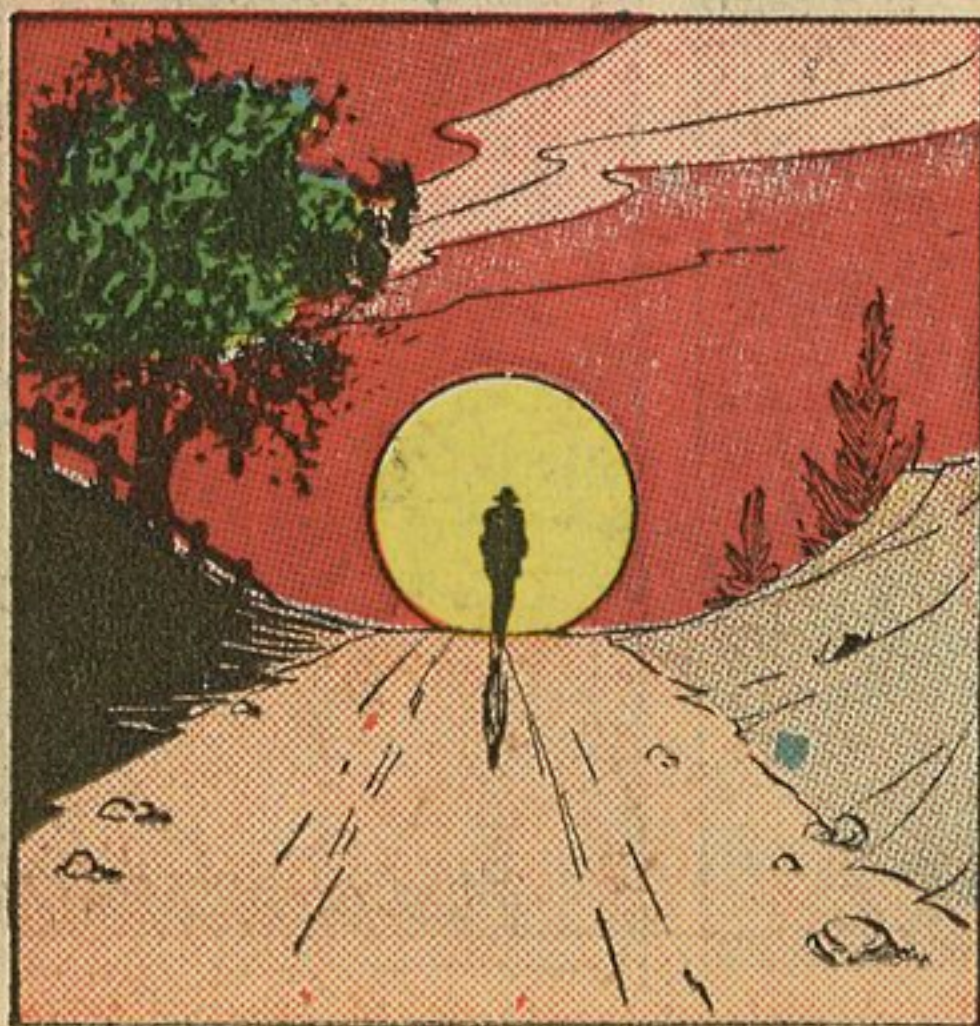
HO!
HO!

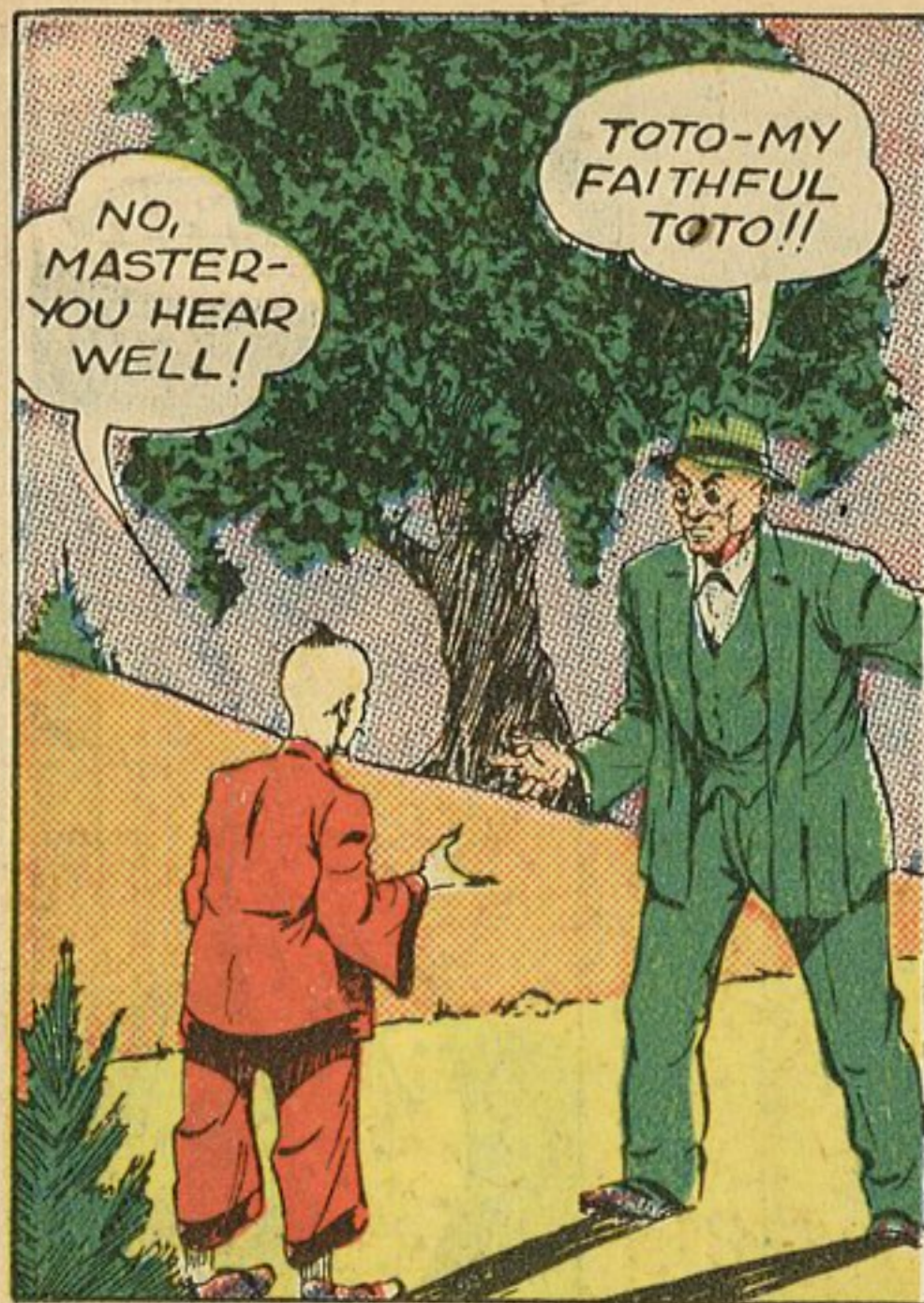


THE PRISON GATES CLOSE BEHIND HIM AND HE TURNS TOWARD THE CITY----



THE SHADOW OF A MAN FOLLOWS THE BENT FIGURE OF THE EX-CON ---



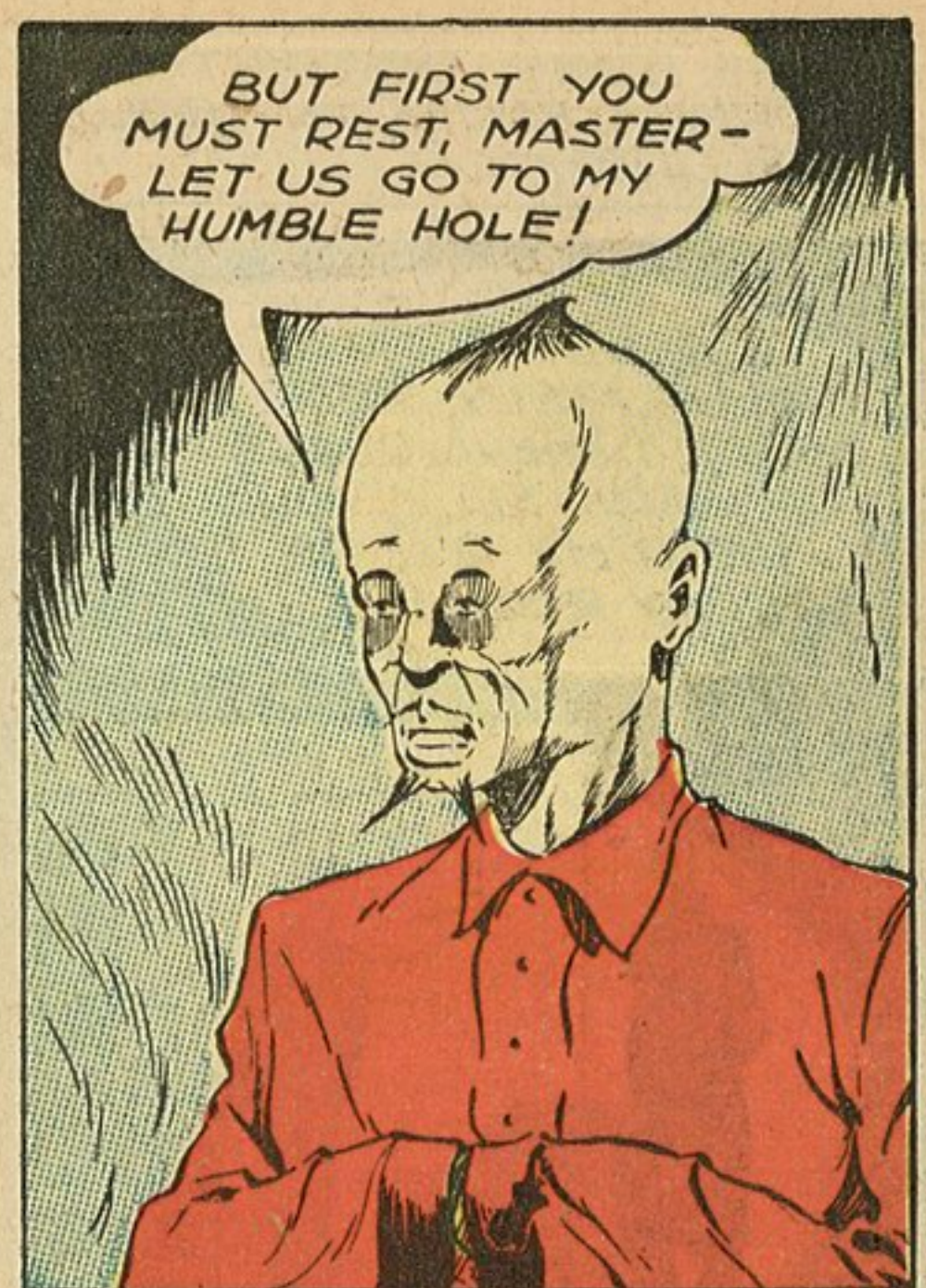


NO, MASTER-YOU HEAR WELL!

TOTO-MY FAITHFUL TOTO!!

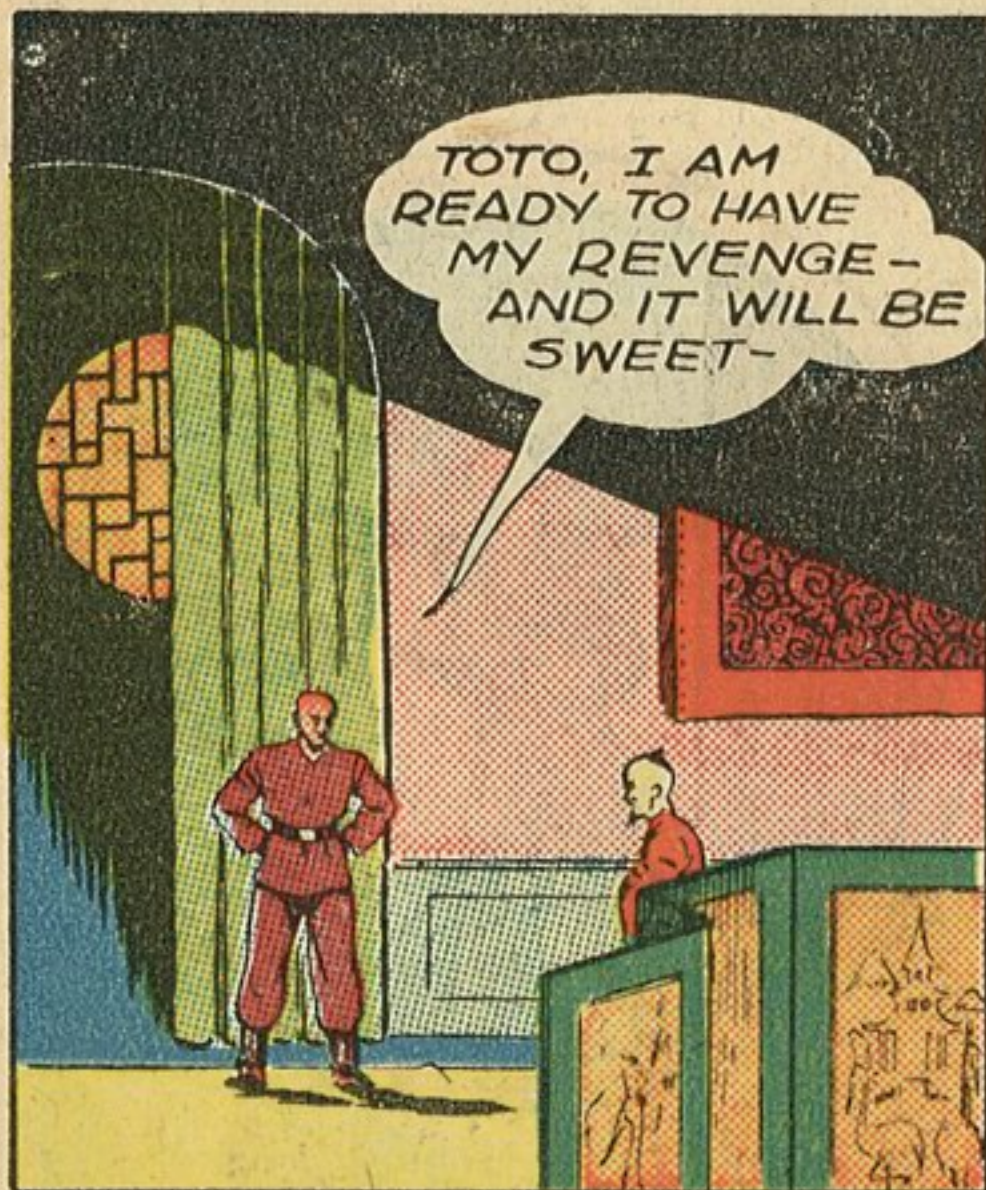


I THOUGHT I WAS ALONE, FORGOTTEN-- BUT YOU GIVE ME COURAGE-- COURAGE **TO GET REVENGE** FOR THE FIVE YEARS THEY STOLE FROM MY LIFE!



BUT FIRST YOU MUST REST, MASTER-- LET US GO TO MY HUMBLE HOLE!

DAYS PASS, AND AKIM TOPTOFF IS READY TO STRIKE---



TOTO, I AM READY TO HAVE MY REVENGE-- AND IT WILL BE SWEET--

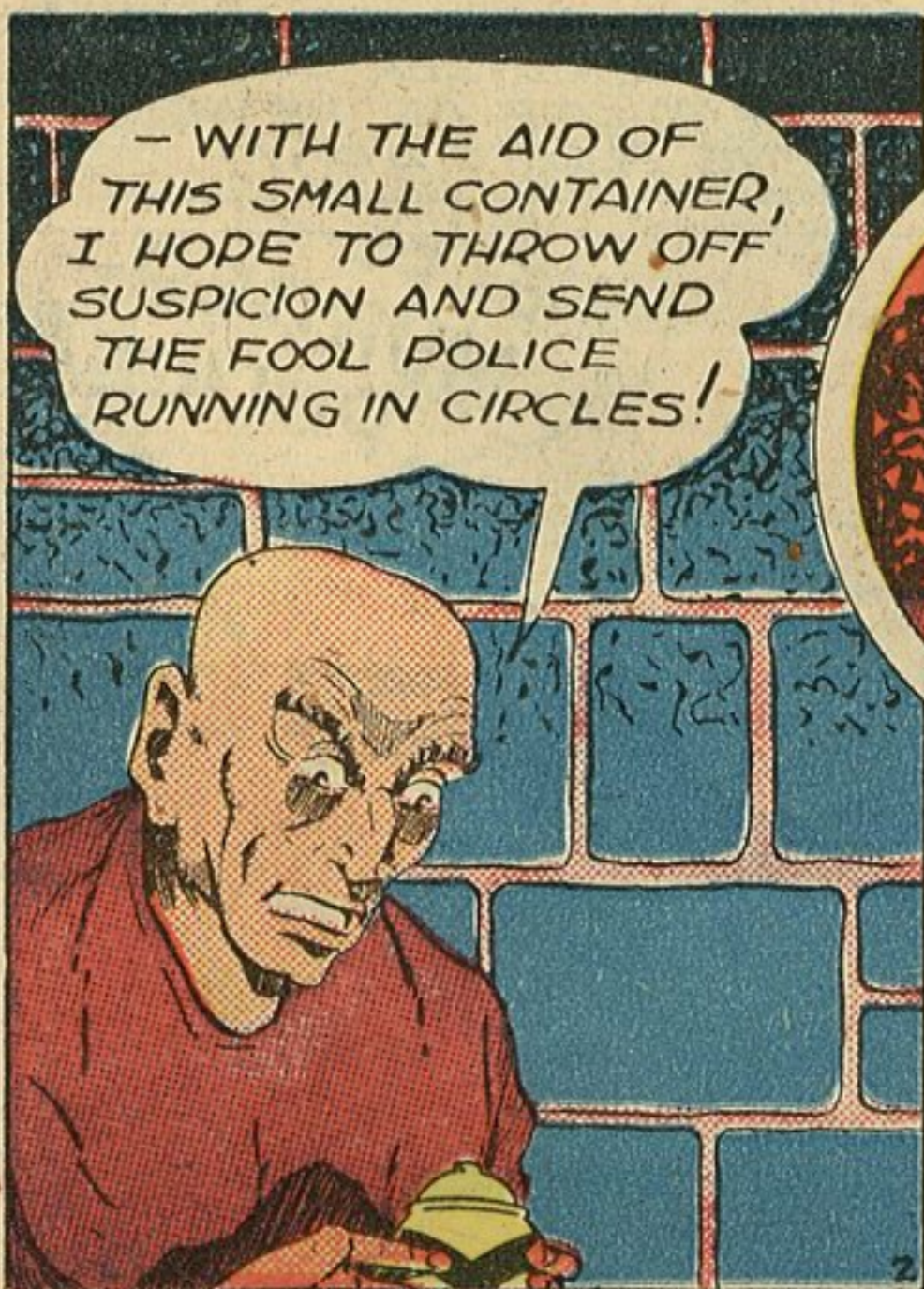


FIRST, WE WILL GET THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND THEN THE JUDGE-- WHEN THEY ARE DISPOSED OF WE CAN CONCENTRATE ON A LIFE OF LUXURY!



WHEN DO WE START, MASTER?

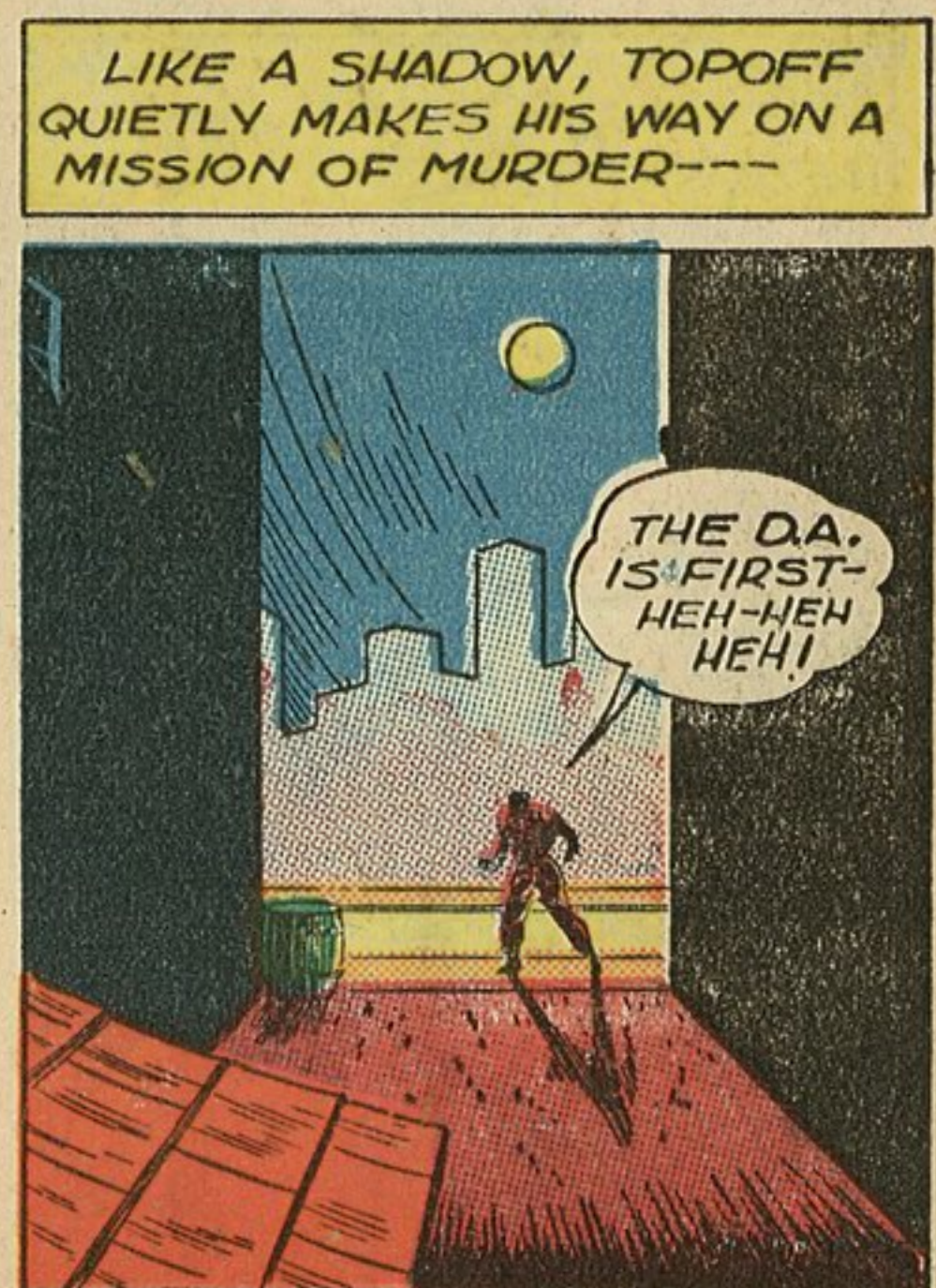
TONIGHT--



-- WITH THE AID OF THIS SMALL CONTAINER, I HOPE TO THROW OFF SUSPICION AND SEND THE FOOL POLICE RUNNING IN CIRCLES!



MY GUN, TOTO-- I'M READY!



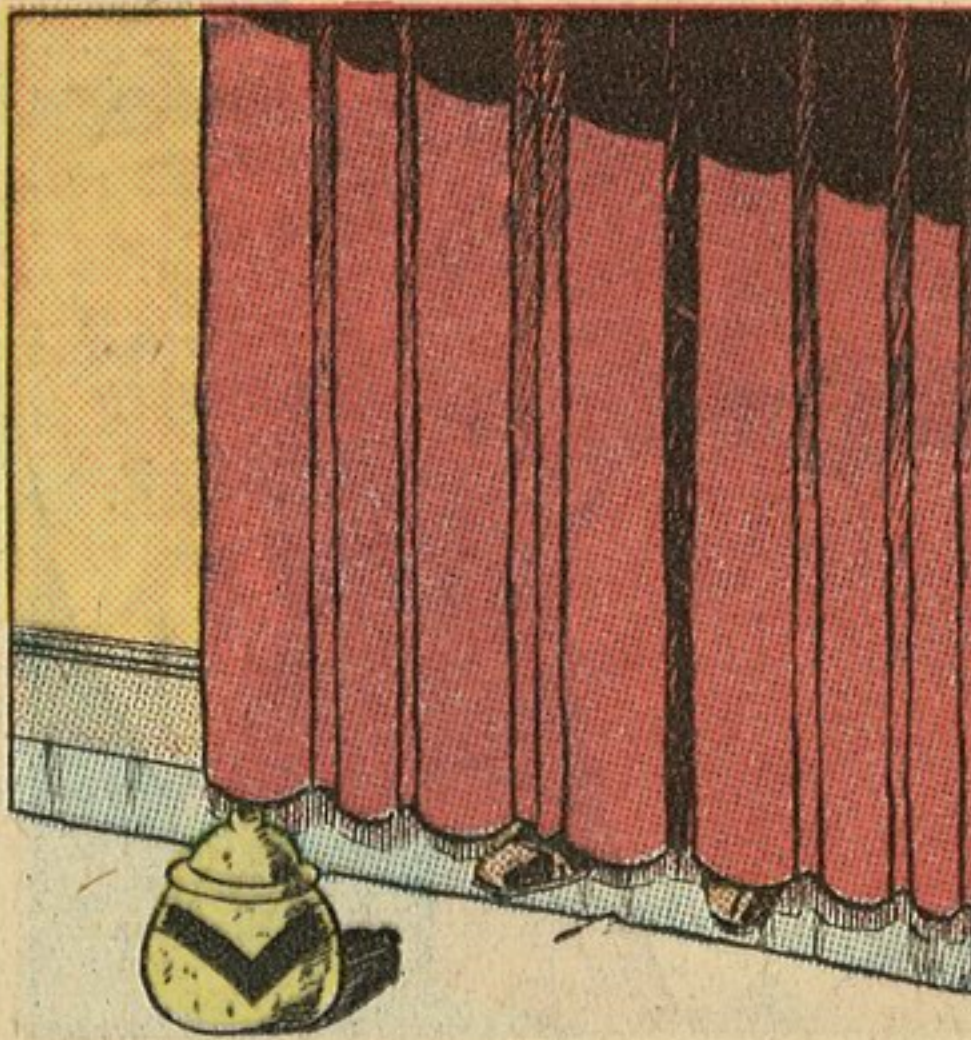
LIKE A SHADOW, TOPTOFF QUIETLY MAKES HIS WAY ON A MISSION OF MURDER---

THE D.A. IS FIRST-- HEH-HEH HEH!

IN HIS HOME, DISTRICT ATTORNEY FROST IS ABOUT TO RETIRE—



AND ALREADY IN THAT ROOM, AKIM STANDS CONCEALED BEHIND A DRAPE, THE LITTLE CONTAINER A FEW INCHES FROM HIS FEET---



AFTER A HOT BATH AND THE WARM MILK, I SHOULD SLEEP!



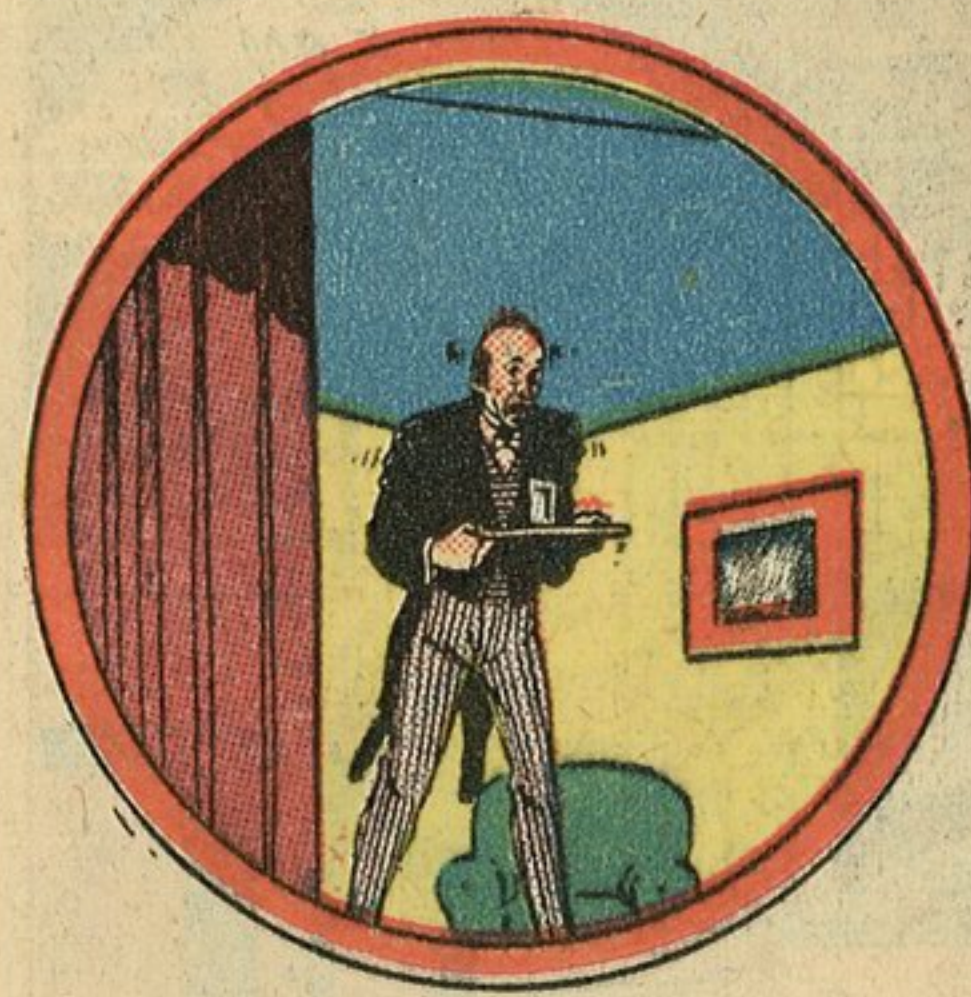
SLOWLY—A MIST SEEPS FROM THE CONTAINER—



AND SEEMINGLY FROM THAT MIST, THE FIGURE OF TOPOFF APPEARS—



RIGID WITH FEAR AND UNABLE TO CRY OUT, THE BUTLER WITNESSES THE APPARITION-LIKE SCENE—



THE SLEEP OF THE DEAD!!



AS THE MIST RISES, ALL SIGNS OF THE MURDERER DISAPPEAR---



AND THE BUTLER SNAPS BACK TO LIFE AS THE WEIRD SCENE FLOATS AWAY!



THE BUTLER RELATES THE STORY TO THE POLICE---

AND I REPEAT, SIRS, IT ALL SEEMED LIKE A DREAM BUT THE SHOT-THAT WAS REAL!



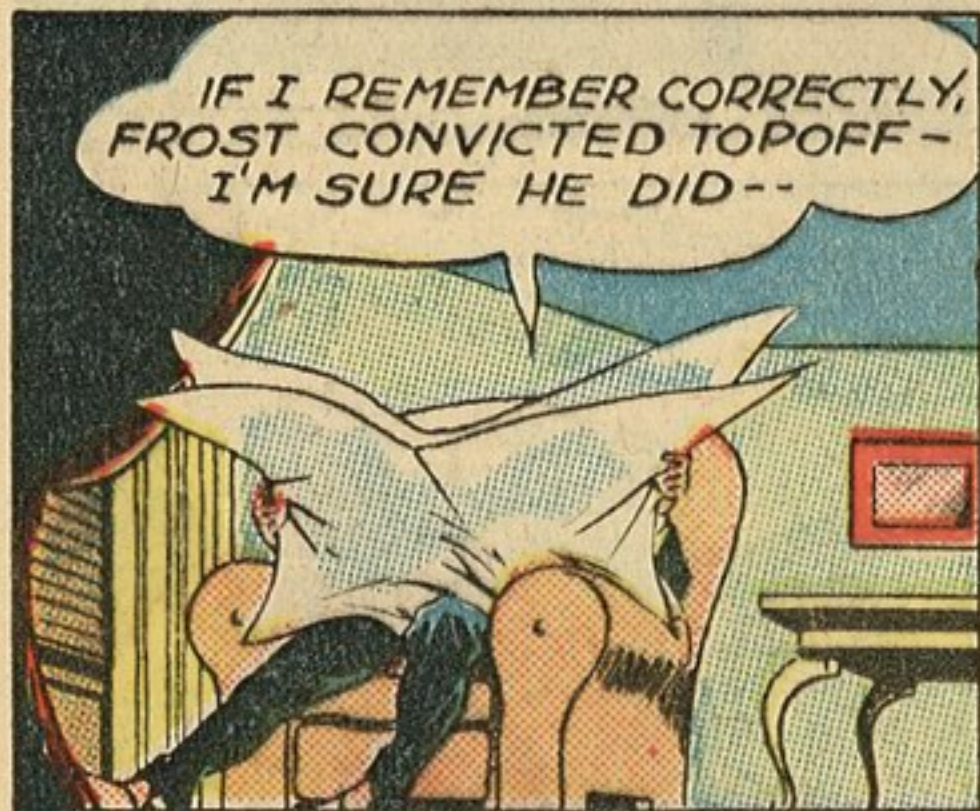
AND TO A NEWS-HUNGRY POPULACE, THE PRESS CARRIES THE STORY OF THE D. A.'S DEATH---

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MURDERED. KILLER APPEARS OUT OF MIST AND SHOOTS ALVIN FROST.

HENRY WELLS, FROST'S BUTLER, IDENTIFIED PICTURES OF AKIM TOPOFF AS THE KILLER. TOPOFF WAS RECENTLY SET FREE AFTER SERVING A FIVE YEAR SENTENCE.

THE STORY IS READ BY HUGH HAZZARD, OWNER OF THE INDESTRUCTIBLE IRON MAN--

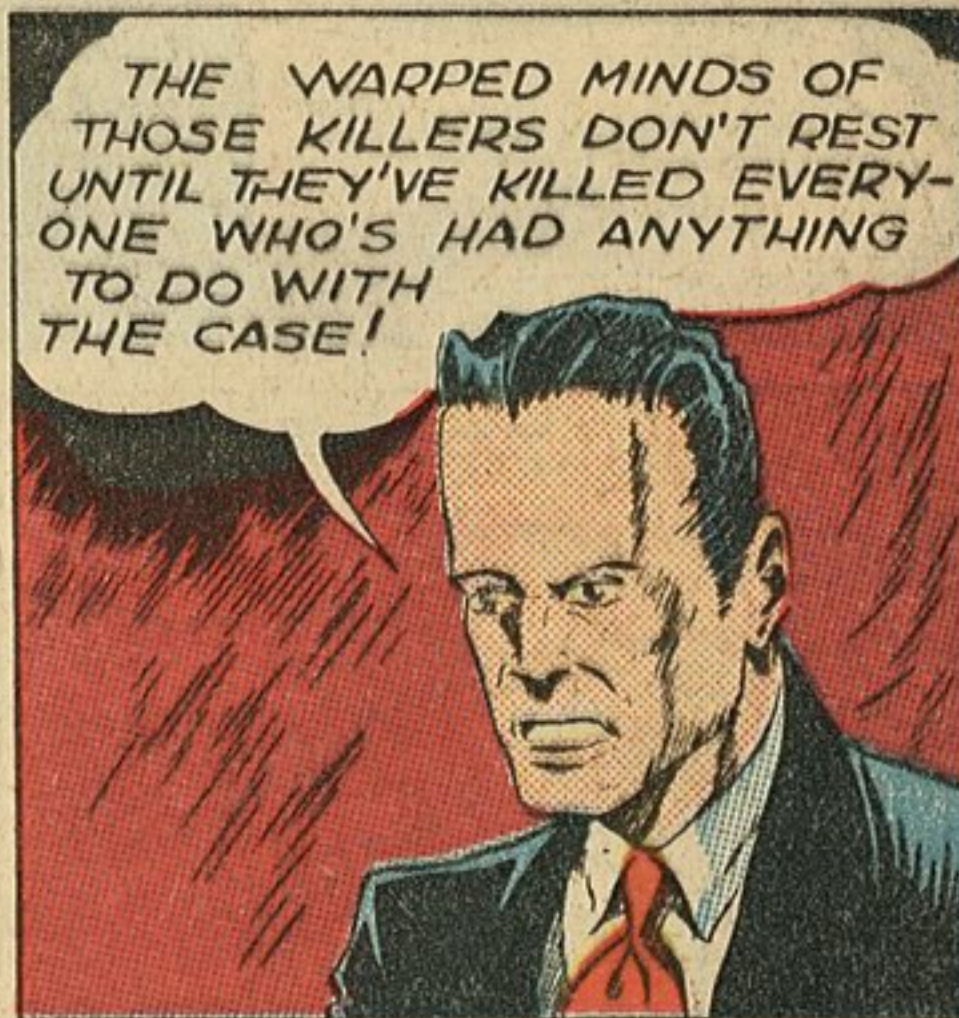
IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY, FROST CONVICTED TOPOFF-- I'M SURE HE DID--



AND TOPOFF KILLED FROST FOR REVENGE-- I WONDER WHAT HIS NEXT MOVE WILL BE?



THE WARPED MINDS OF THOSE KILLERS DON'T REST UNTIL THEY'VE KILLED EVERYONE WHO'S HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE CASE!



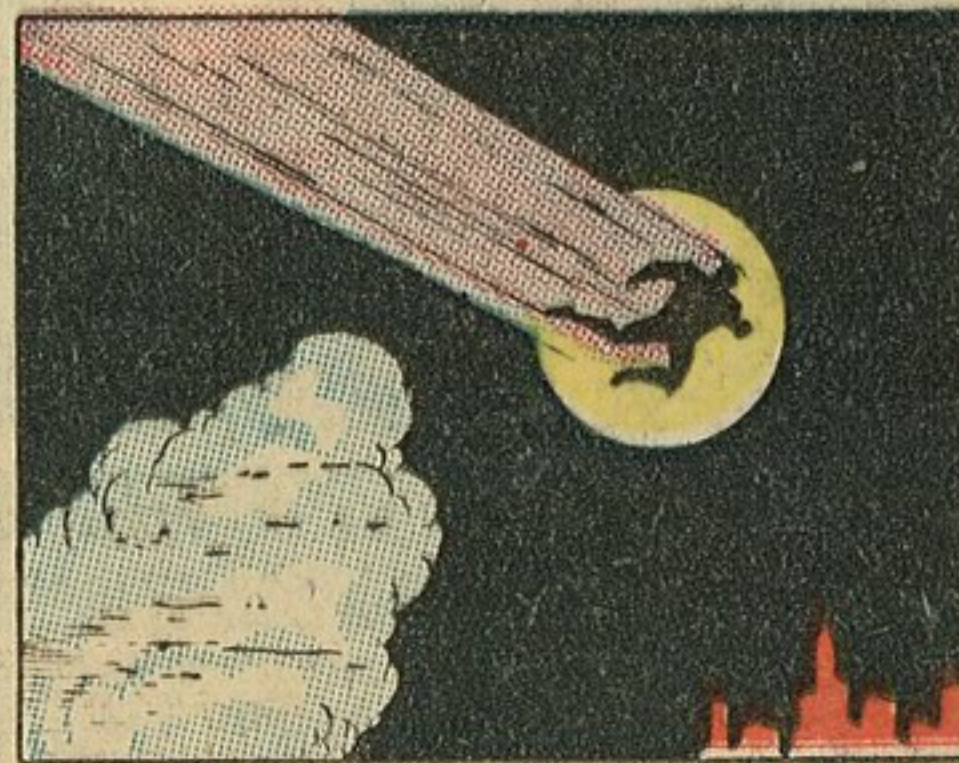
I'VE GOT IT!-- THE JUDGE--HE'LL BE THE NEXT VICTIM!



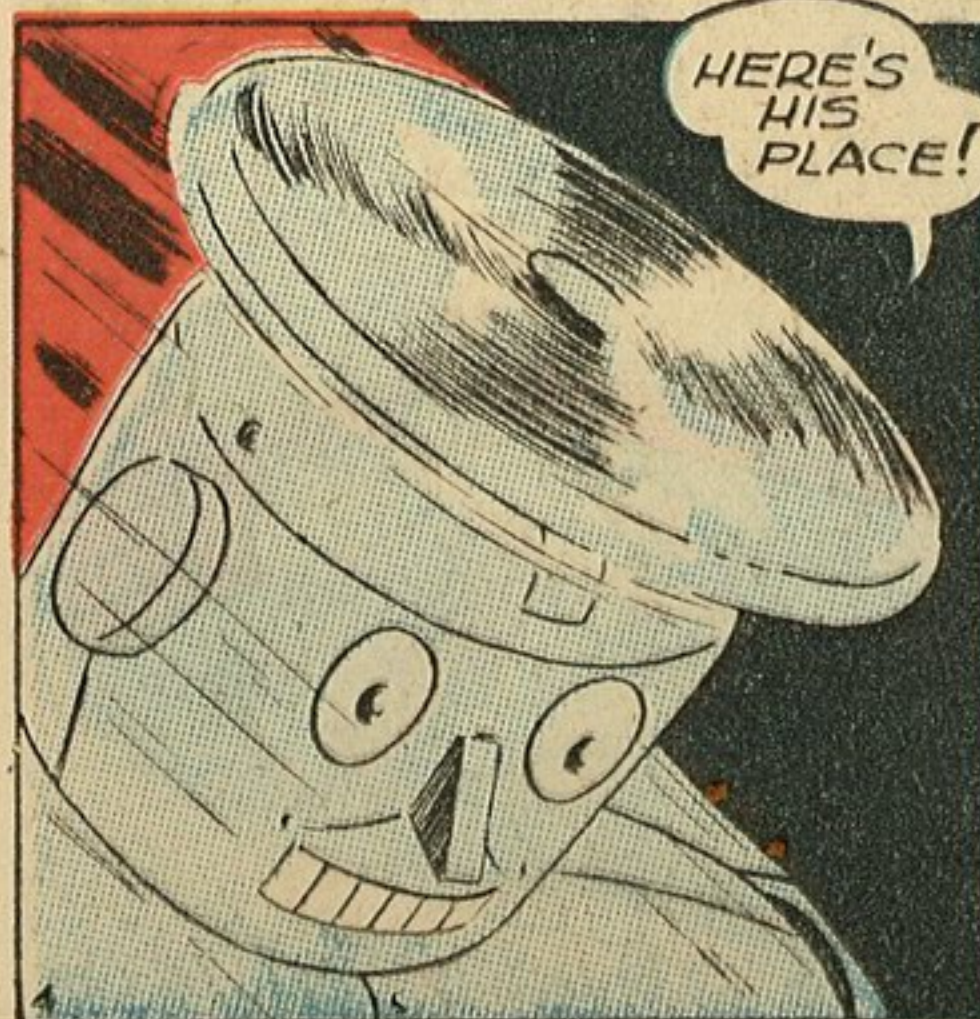
I'LL FIND OUT WHO IT WAS AND GET OUT THERE AS FAST AS I CAN!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, HUGH, INSIDE THE ROBOT, STREAKS FOR THE JUDGE'S RESIDENCE----



HERE'S HIS PLACE!



I MUST APPROACH QUIETLY--

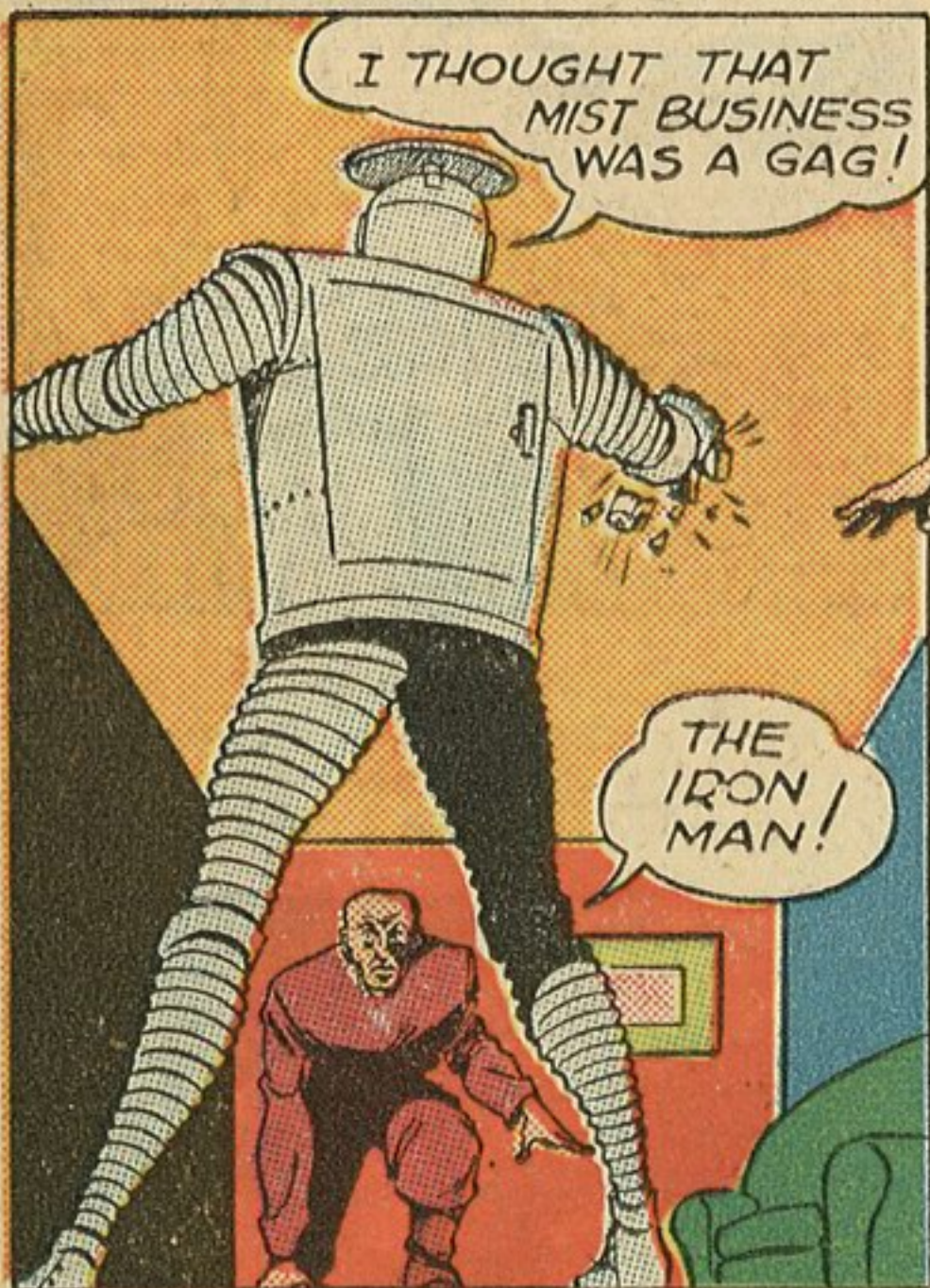
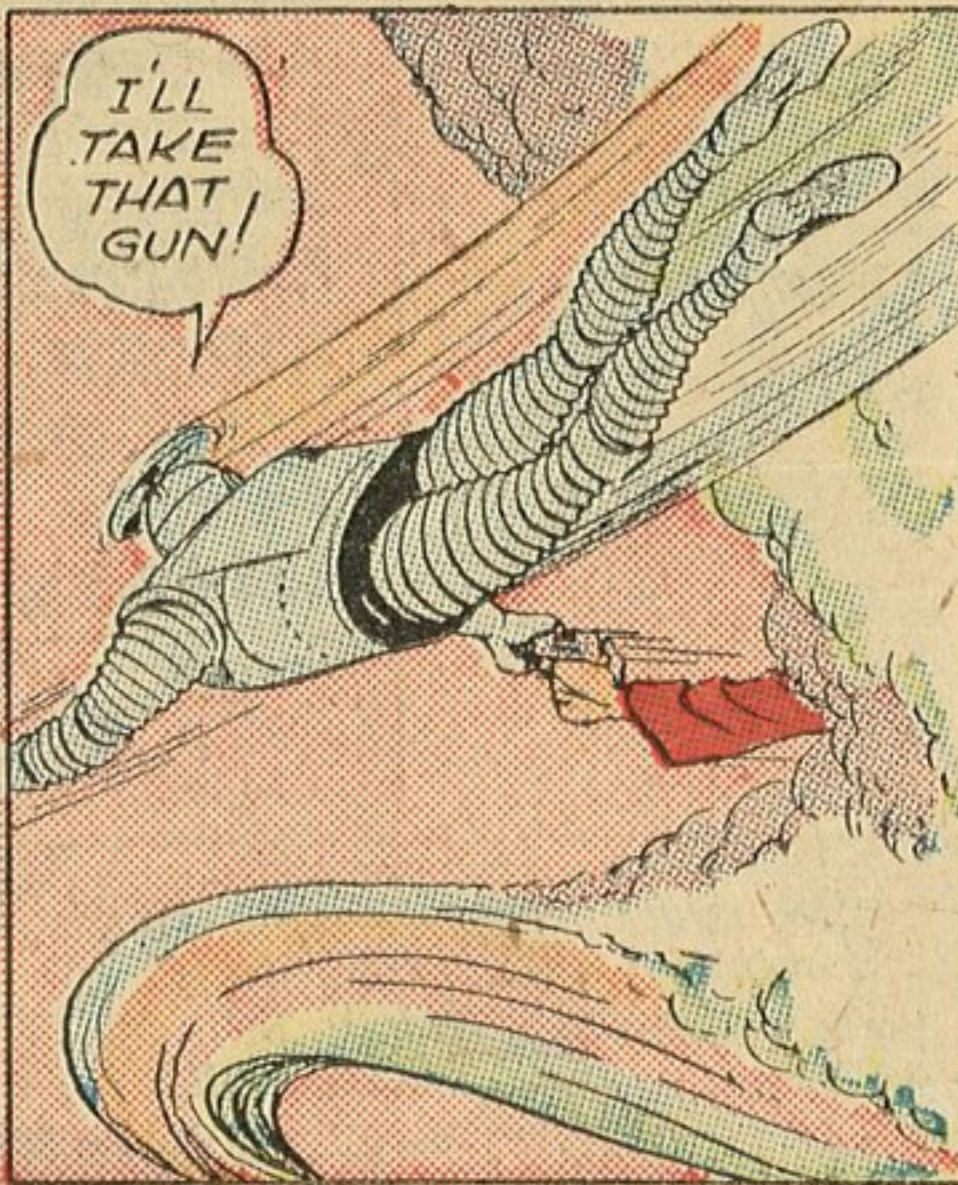


OH-OH-- I'M JUST IN TIME!

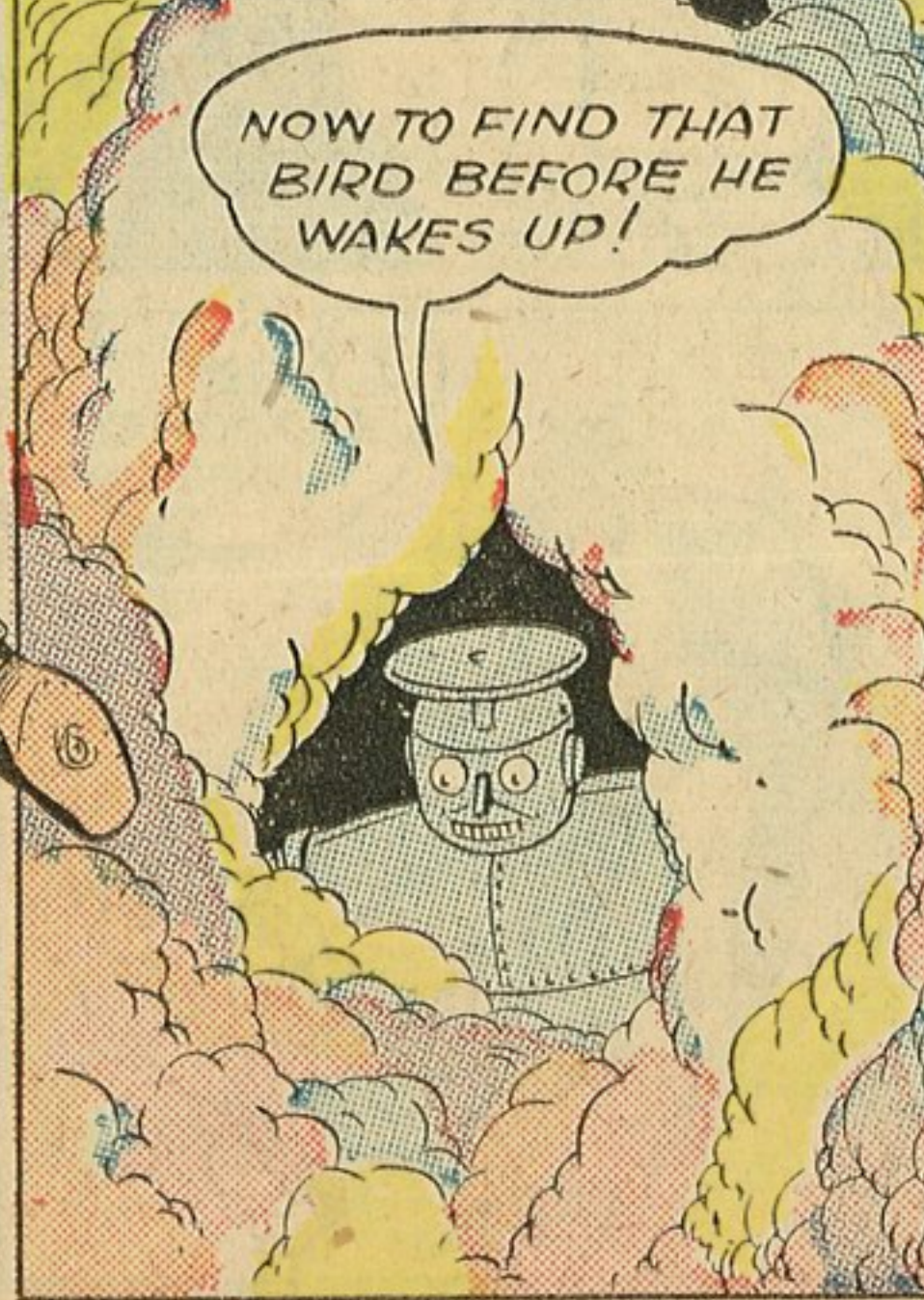


TOPOFF TAKES AIM AT THE
JUDGE'S UNPROTECTED BACK--

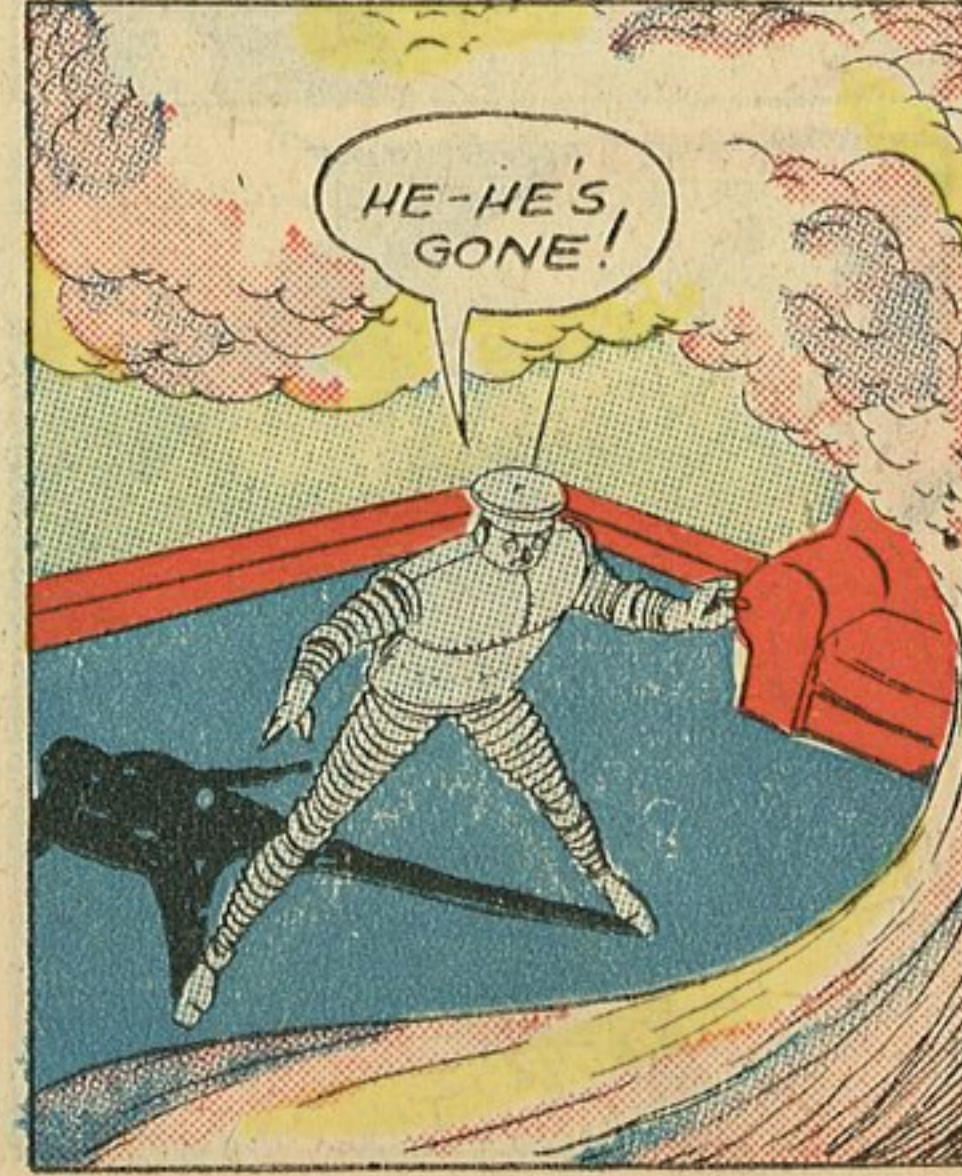
AND SUDDENLY OUT OF
NOWHERE--



A TERRIFIC SMASH SENDS
TOPOFF INTO THE MIST--

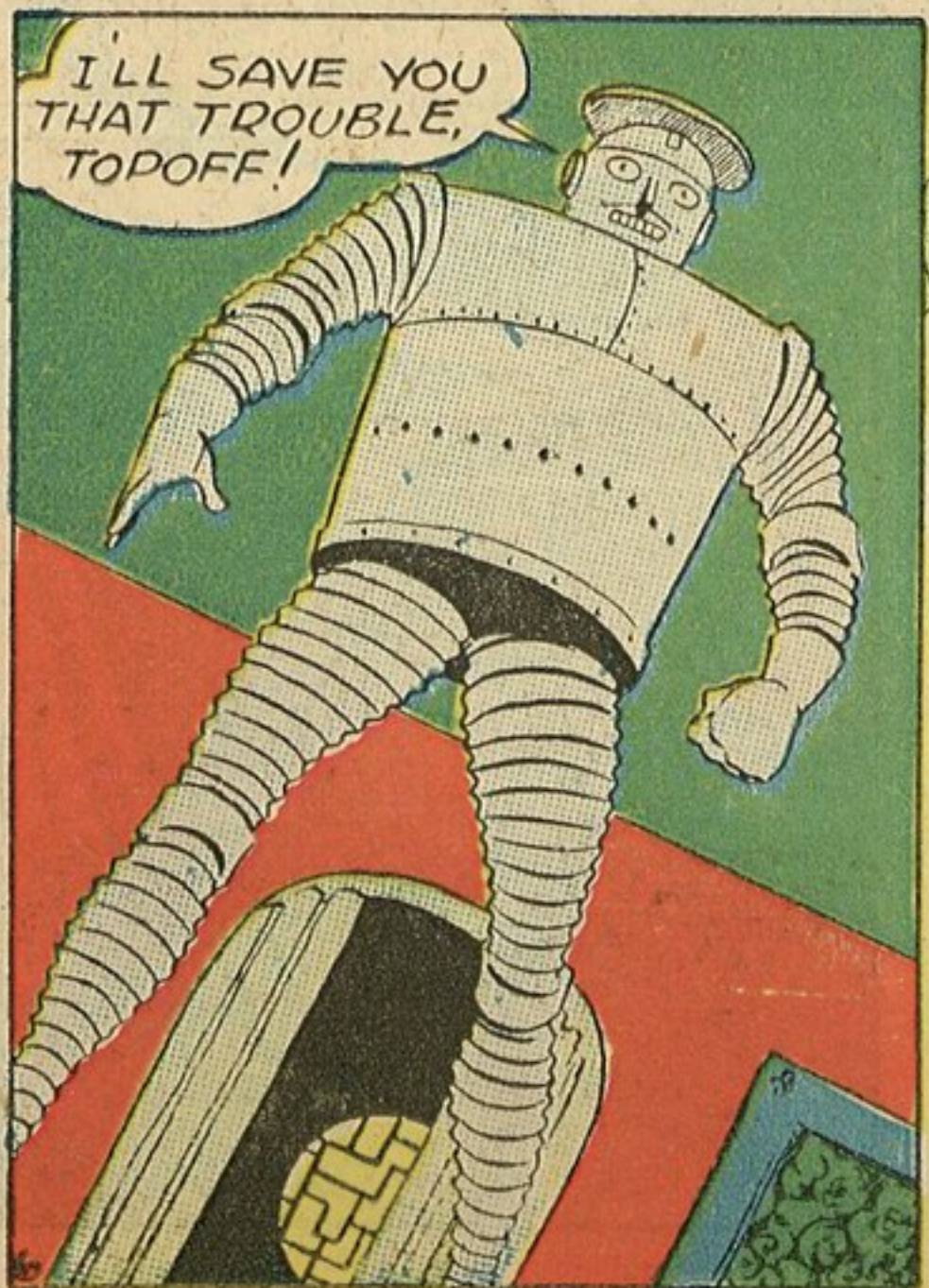
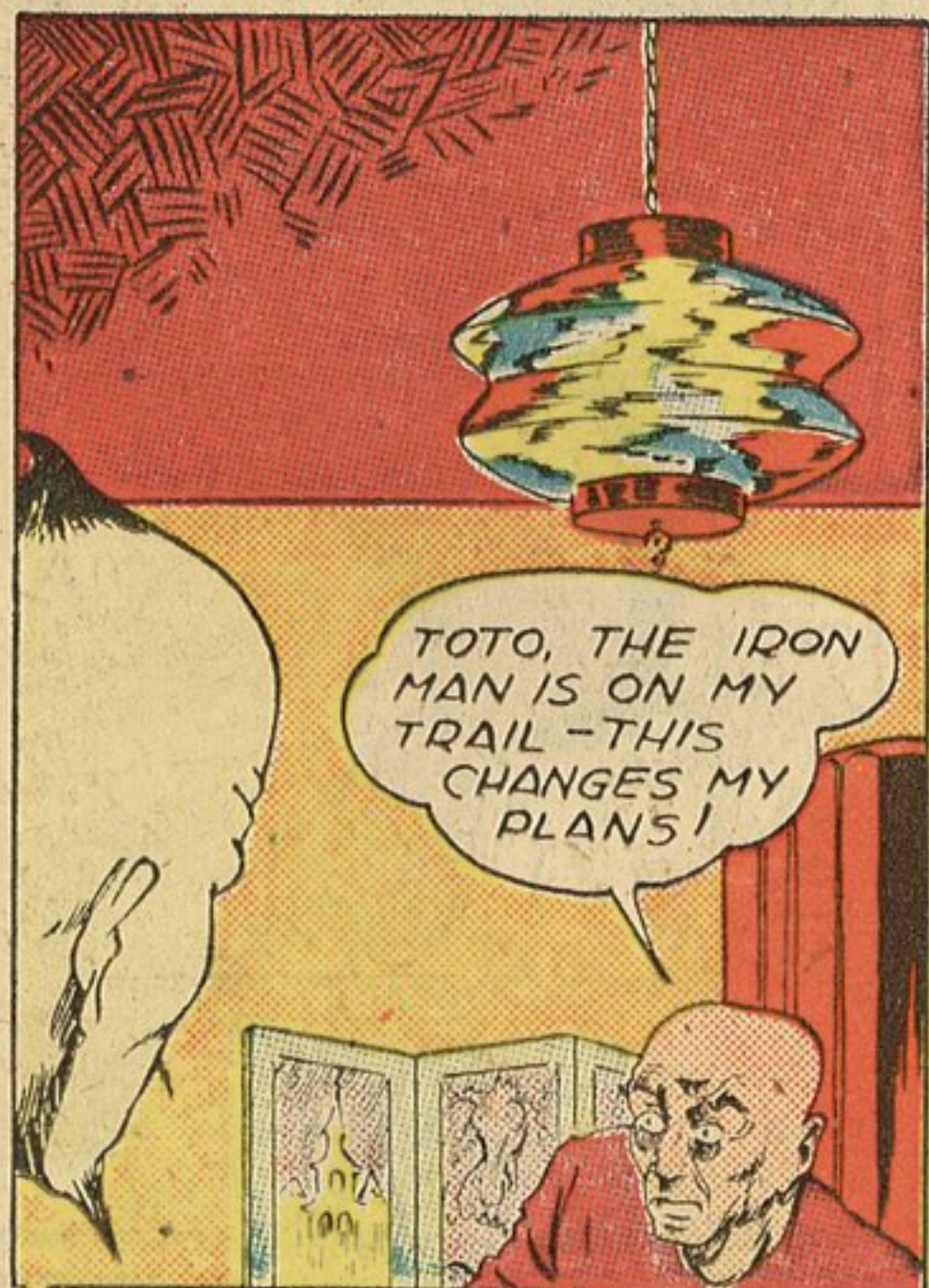


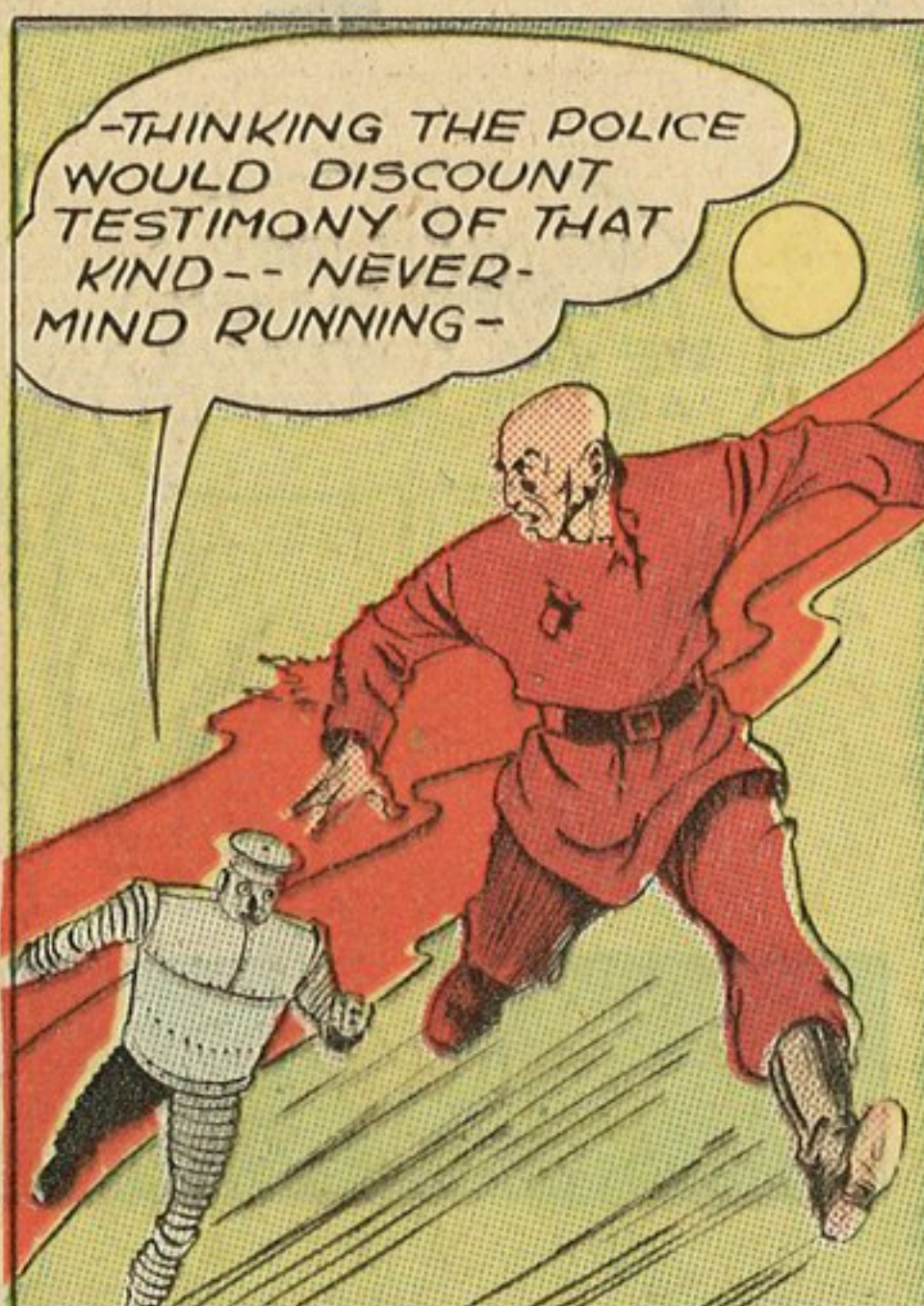
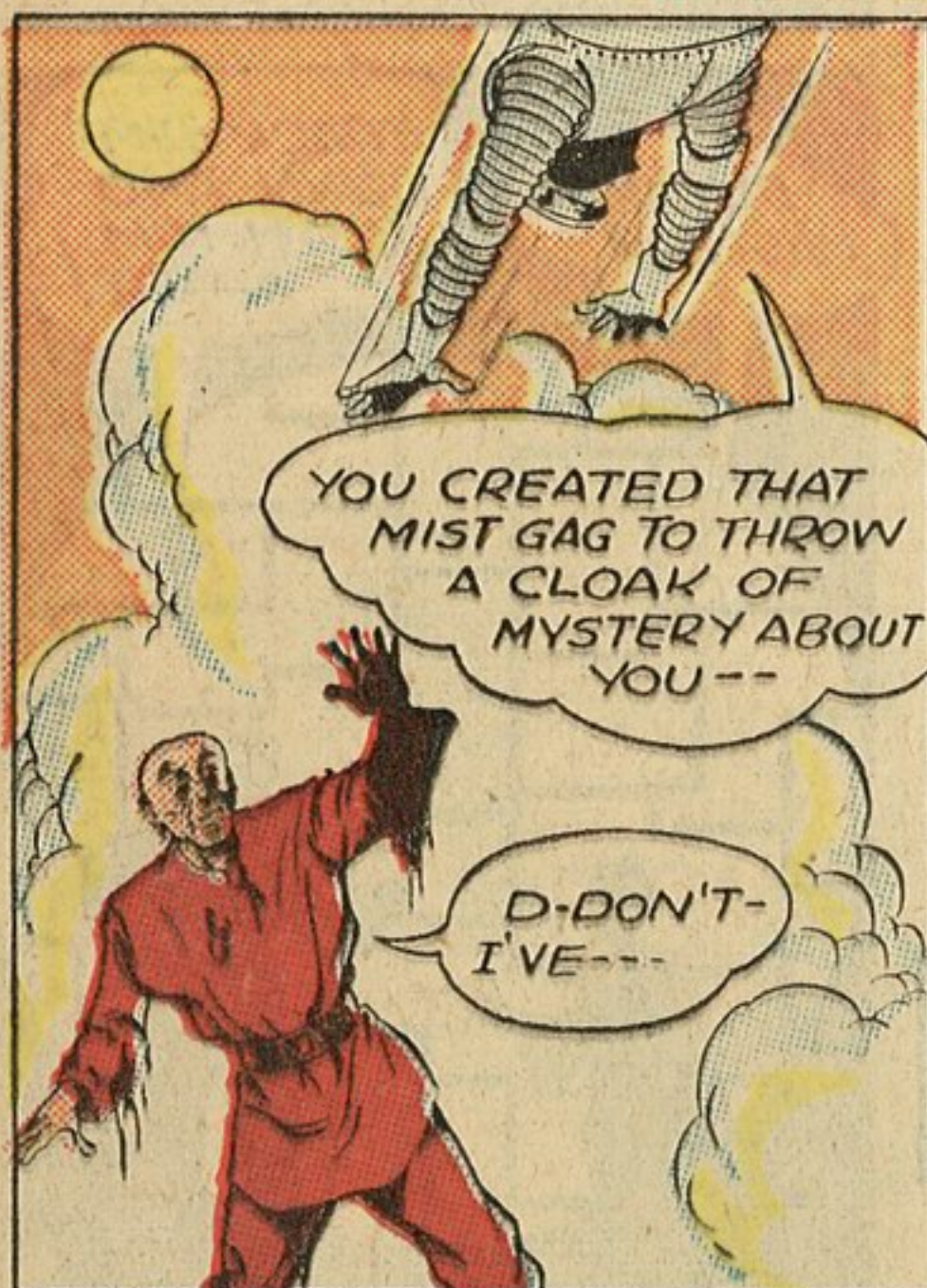
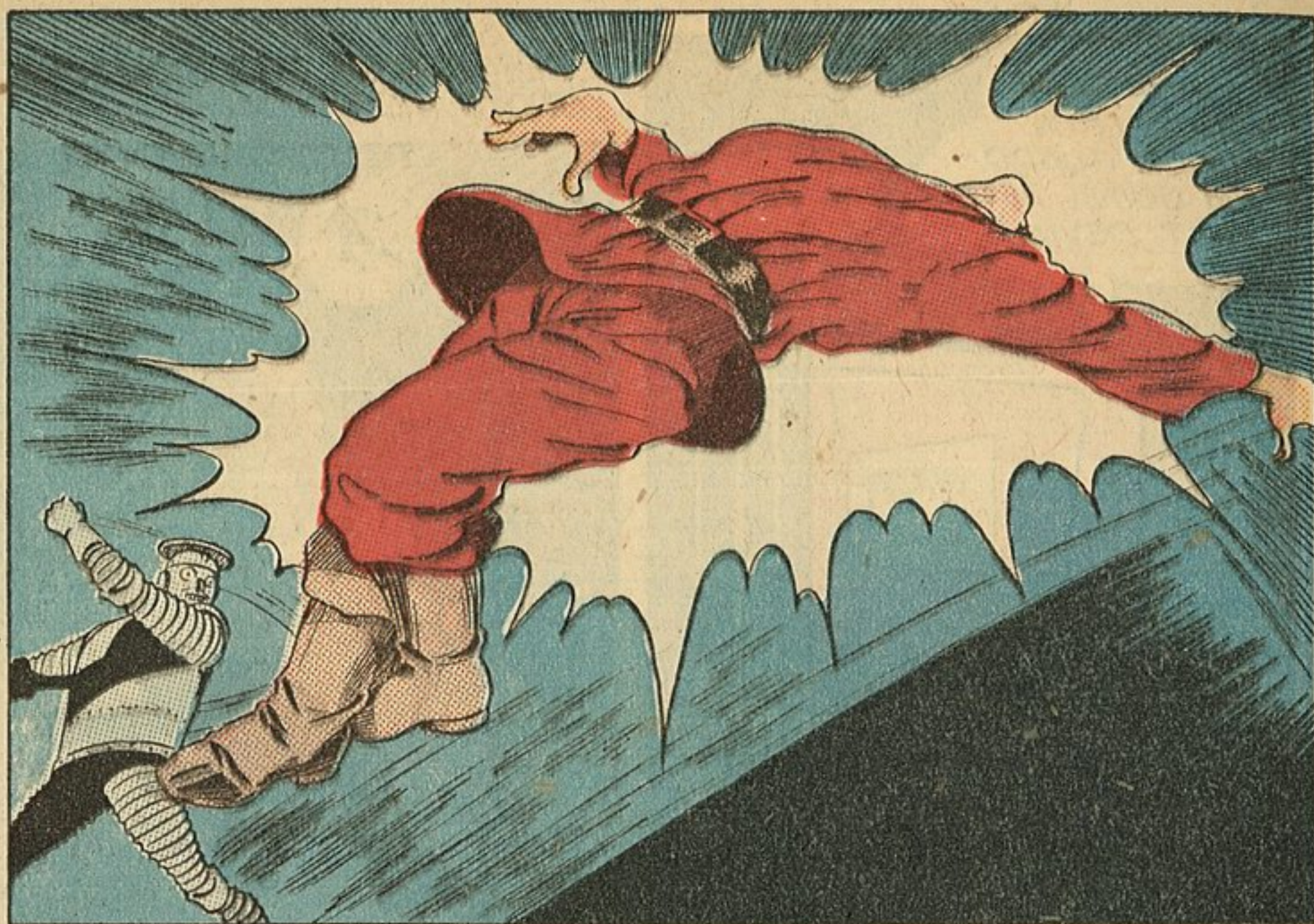
AND AS THE MIST SLOWLY
CLEARS---



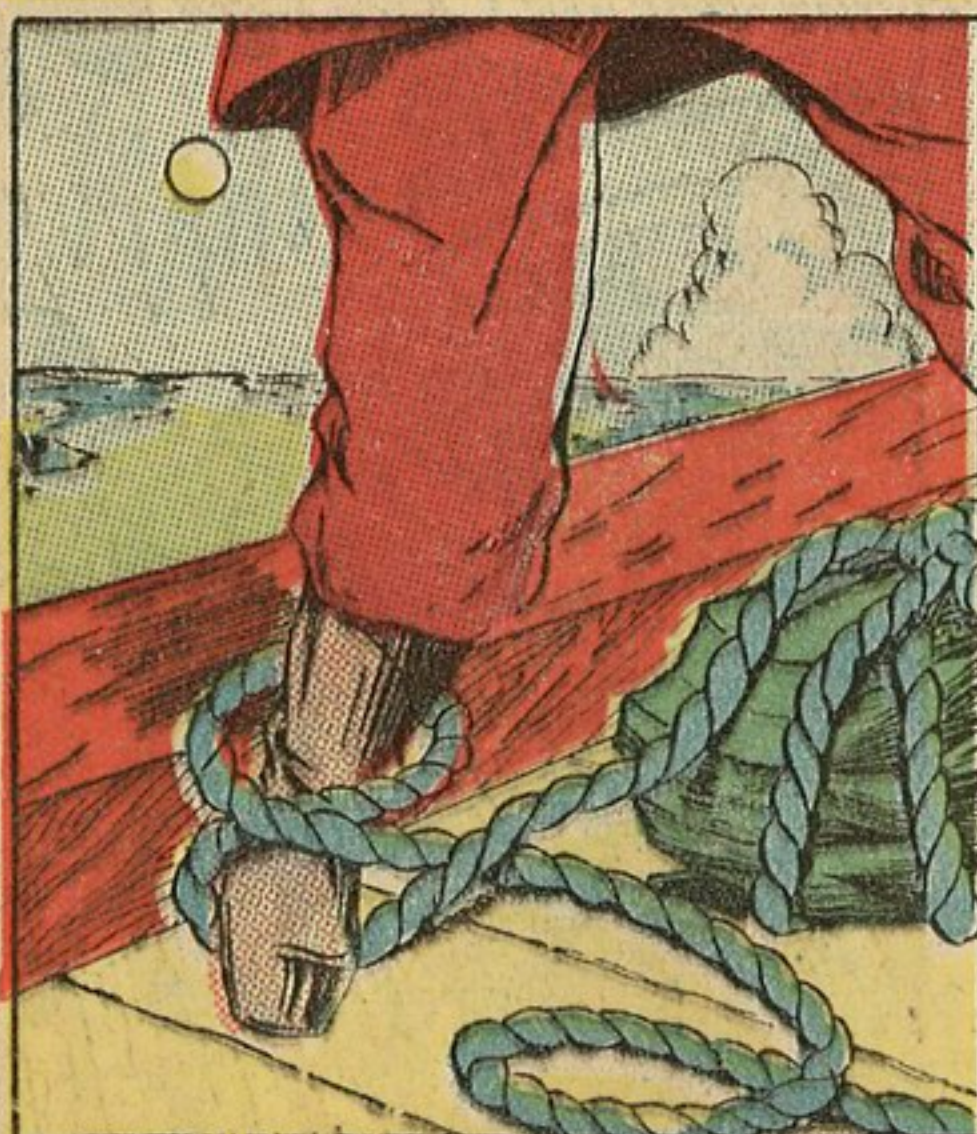


FLYING HIGH, THE IRON MAN SPOTS HIS PREY---





THE BLOW DRIVES AKIM BACK, HIS FOOT CATCHING IN A CRUDELY MADE ANCHOR--



LISTEN FOR ORPHAN ANNIE'S RADIO ADVENTURES EARLY NEXT FALL!

Orphan Annie says—"BOYS and GIRLS!— TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE SWELL GIFTS FREE WITH SPARKIES GUARANTEE SEALS"!

... BUT HURRY!
THIS OFFER IS GOOD FOR
A LIMITED TIME ONLY!

IT'S THE OFFICIAL
"WRIGHT PURSUIT"!

GIRLS! Get this NURSE OUTFIT!

**CAP
FREE**
With
5 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 10c

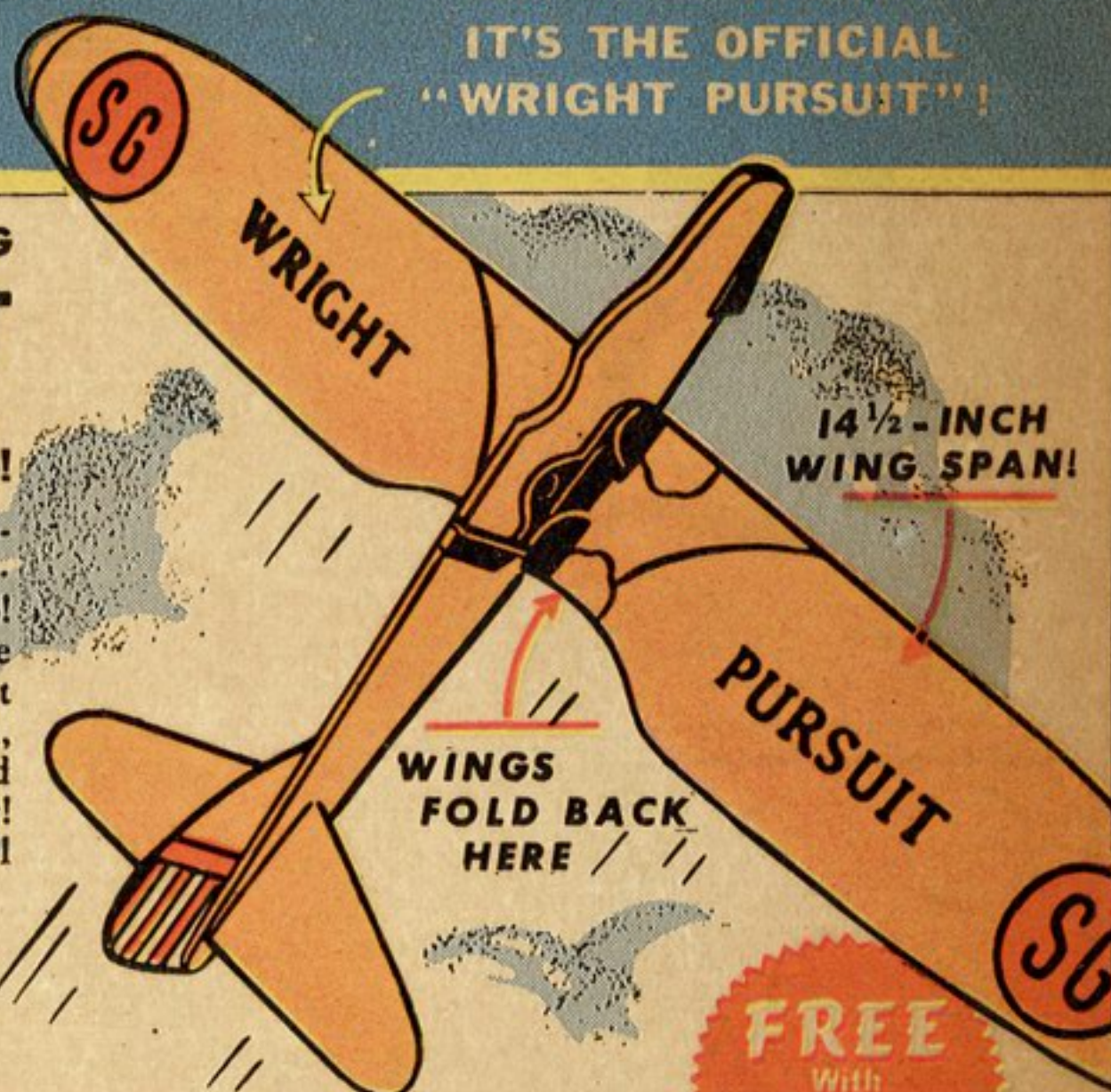


**APRON
FREE**
With
5 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 10c

Here's your chance to get in on things when the fellows are playing "defense"—they'll ask you to play, when you get for your very own, this beautiful snow-white cloth Cap and Bib Apron that look like a real nurse's! The good-looking apron ties in back—the official shape Cap pins around your head. And right on the front of both, you'll see the brilliant red official Secret Guard Insignia! Don't miss out on this—send in now!

AMAZING FOLDING-WING CATAPULT PLANE Like a Navy Fighter Plane!

New-principle plane with automatic folding wings to give it extra height and speed going up! Works on catapult principle, like a battleship's fighter planes. At top of flight, wings snap open, plane banks, stunts, glides and comes to a perfect spot landing! Built of bubble-light special Balsa wood with "tilt" device for folding wings. It's a wonder!



FORM A SQUADRON

Let your friends in on this—because it's not for sale in stores! These special Catapult Planes are just for Annie's friends! Form a Squadron, play defense games, have fun with "endurance flight" contests!

FREE
With
6 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c



HI-SPEEDERS! YOU NEED AVIATOR GOGGLES

Every quick, active fellow and girl wants these swell official-shaped goggles to protect keen sight when bike riding, racing, etc.! Unbreakable lenses, rimmed with soft plush for snug, comfortable fit. Adjusts to fit your head!

FREE
With
6 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c



AMAZING "SILENT WHISTLE"

Like Used for Training Movie Dogs!

Mysterious, startling high-frequency whistle can be heard by dogs and cats, but not by human beings! Train your dog to respond to it—amaze your friends and family! Solid bronze whistle also adjusts to blow piercing G-Man Whistle and to play easy tunes!

FREE
With
7 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c

FREE
With
6 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c



GIANT NINE-INCH PERISCOPE

Three times as much fun as ordinary periscopes because it works three ways! Lets you see around corners without being seen—lets you see in back of you without turning around—lets you see the whole world upside down, crazy as anything. Don't miss this fun!

EAT DELICIOUS SPARKIES* AND GET MARVELOUS FREE GIFTS AND HEALTHFUL "Vitamin Rain*" BESIDES!

ORPHAN ANNIE, BOX L, DEPT. 55, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I've told my Mother how "Vitamin Rain" adds vitamins B₁, D and G to swell-tasting Sparkies, so when I eat Sparkies with fruit and a glass of milk I get almost half my minimum daily need of vitamins A, B₁, C, D and G to help me be a leader. Now my Mother lets me enjoy Sparkies every day, so I'm sending in the valuable Guarantee Seals for the gifts I have marked. I enclose.....Guarantee Seals (or.....Seals and.....c).

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| ☐ CATAPULT PLANE
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c) | ☐ NURSE CAP
5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c) | ☐ NURSE APRON
5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c) |
| ☐ AVIATOR GOGGLES
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c) | ☐ "SILENT" DOG WHISTLE
7 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c) | ☐ GIANT PERISCOPE
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c) |

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(This Offer Expires October 31, 1941)

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Boy! The Bike Keds I am wearing
were built for fast starts

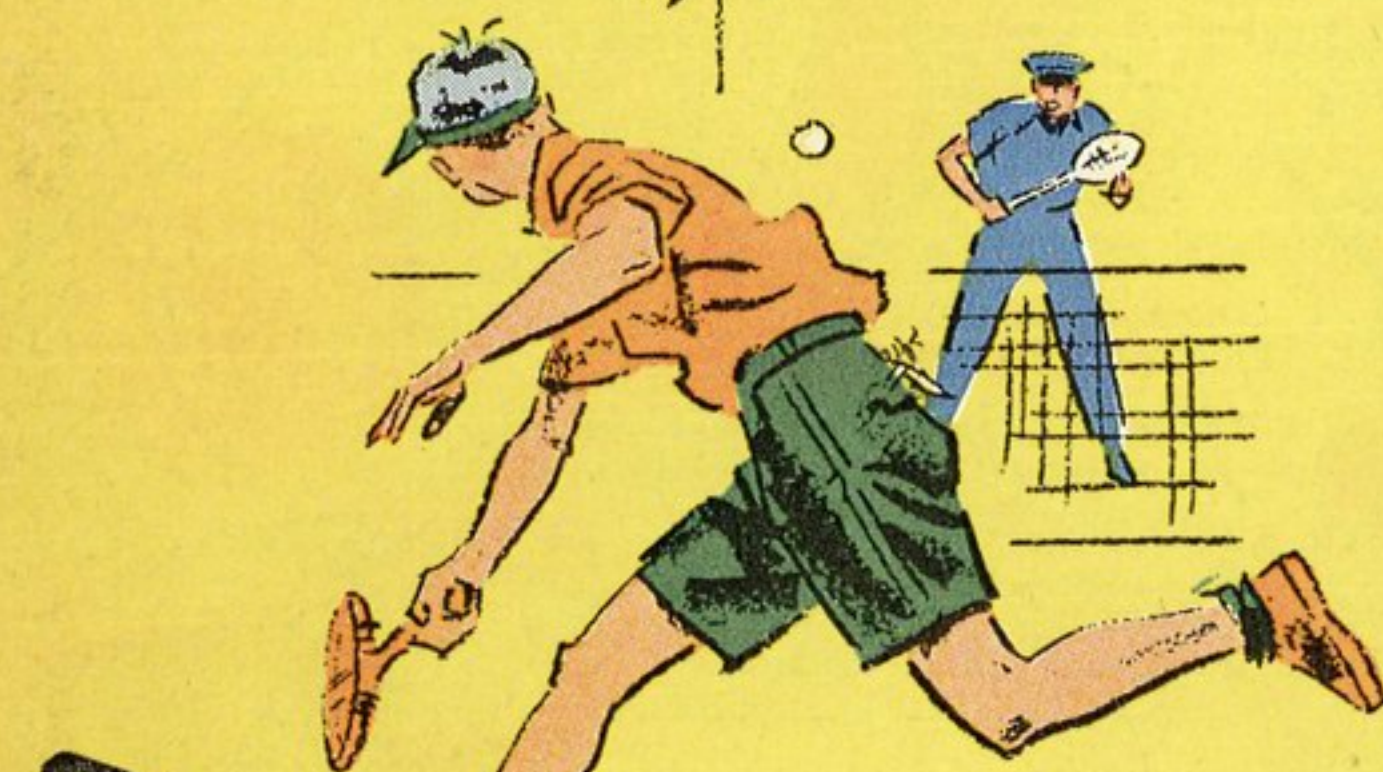


Bike Keds

Missed me by a mile!
Good footwork is a
cinch with Stride Keds



Stride Keds

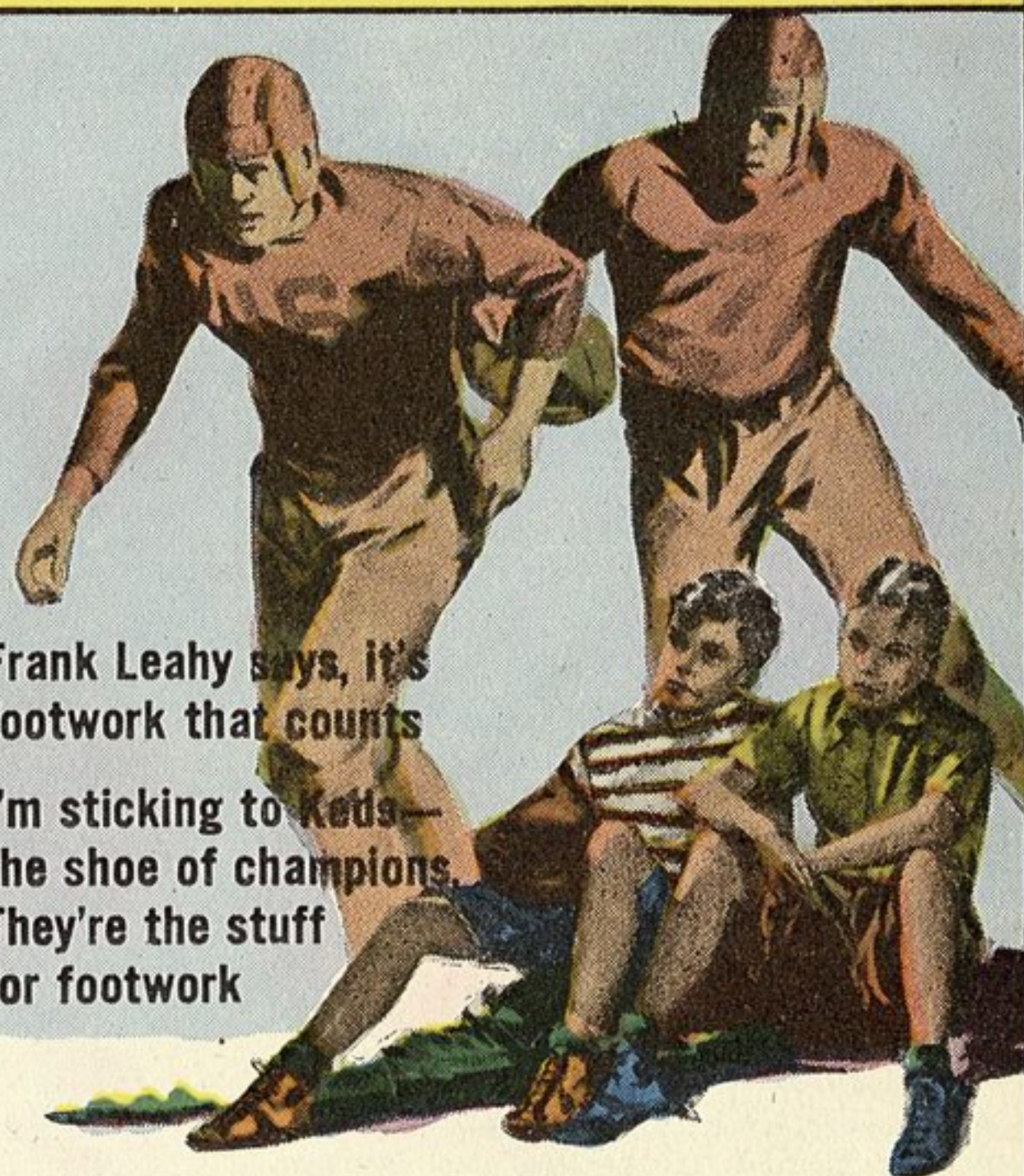


Keds Blue
Supreme Oxford

These Blue Supreme
Oxford Keds
make the tough ones
easy to get

BOB: Frank Leahy says, it's
footwork that counts

NED: I'm sticking to Keds—
the shoe of champions.
They're the stuff
for footwork



*Footwork
makes the Athlete*
Frank Leahy



FREE

For Better Footwork

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Keds

The Shoe of Champions

● Frank Leahy's book on football is written especially for
future champions. To get your free copy send your name
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